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Execution of Egmont and Horn

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The Complete Works *of*
John L. Motley

The Rise of the Dutch Republic
A History

Volume III

SOCIETY OF ENGLISH AND FRENCH
LITERATURE : : NEW YORK

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CONTENTS

PART III *(Continued)*

PAGE

CHAPTER II.—Orange, Count Louis, Hoogstraaten, and others cited before the Blood-Council—Charges against them—Letter of Orange in reply—Position and sentiments of the prince—Seizure of Count de Buren—Details of that transaction—Petitions to the council from Louvain and other places—Sentence of death against the whole population of the Netherlands pronounced by the Spanish Inquisition and proclaimed by Philip—Cruel inventions against heretics—The wild beggars—Preliminary proceedings of the council against Egmont and Horn—Interrogatories addressed to them in prison—Articles of accusation against them—Foreclosure of the cases—Pleas to the jurisdiction—Efforts by the Countesses Egmont and Horn, by many Knights of the Fleece, and by the emperor, in favor of the prisoners—Answers of Alva and of Philip—Obsequious behavior of Viglius—Difficulties arising from the Golden Fleece statutes set aside—Particulars of the charges against Count Horn and of his defense—Articles of accusation against Egmont—Sketch of his reply—Reflections upon the two trials—Attitude of Orange—His published "Justification"—His secret combinations—His commission to Count Louis—Large sums of money subscribed by the Nassau family, by Netherland refugees, and others—Great personal sacrifices made by the prince—Quadruple scheme for invading the Netherlands—Defeat of the patriots under Cocqueville—Defeat of Villers—Invasion of Friesland by Count Louis—Measures of Alva to oppose him—Command of the royalists intrusted to Aremberg and Meghen—The duke's plan for the

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PAGE

campaign—Skirmish at Dam—Detention of Meghen—Count Louis at Heiliger Lee—Nature of the ground—Advance of Aremberg—Disposition of the patriot forces—Impatience of the Spanish troops to engage—Battle of Heiliger Lee—Defeat and death of Aremberg—Death of Adolphus Nassau—Effects of the battle—Anger and severe measures of Alva—Eighteen nobles executed at Brussels—Sentence of death pronounced upon Egmont and Horn—The Bishop of Ypres sent to Egmont—Fruitless intercession by the prelate and the countess—Egmont's last night in prison—The *grande place* at Brussels—Details concerning the execution of Egmont and Horn—Observation upon the characters of the two nobles—Destitute condition of Egmont's family . . . 1

CHAPTER III.—Preparations of the duke against Count Louis—Precarious situation of Louis in Friesland—Timidity of the inhabitants—Alva in Friesland—Skirmishing near Groningen—Retreat of the patriots—Error committed by Louis—His position at Jemmingen—Mutinous demonstrations of his troops—Louis partially restores order—Attempt to destroy the dikes interrupted by the arrival of Alva's forces—Artful strategy of the duke—Defeat of Count Louis and utter destruction of his army—Outrages committed by the Spaniards—Alva at Utrecht—Execution of Vrouw van Diemen—Episode of Don Carlos—Fables concerning him and Queen Isabella—Mystery concerning his death—Secret letters of Philip to the pope—The one containing the truth of the transaction still concealed in the Vatican—Case against Philip as related by Matthieu, De Thou, and others—Testimony in the king's favor by the nuncio, the Venetian envoy, and others—Doubtful state of the question—Anecdotes concerning Don Carlos—His character 77

CHAPTER IV.—Continued and excessive barbarity of the government—Execution of Antony van Straalen, of "Red-Rod" Spelle—The Prince of Orange advised by his German friends to remain quiet—Heroic sentiments of Orange—His religious opinions—His efforts in favor of toleration—His fervent piety—His public correspondence with the emperor—His "Justification," his "Warning," and other papers characterized—The prince, with a considerable army, crosses the

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PAGE

Rhine—Passage of the Meuse at Stockheim—He offers battle to Alva—Determination of the duke to avoid an engagement—Comparison of his present situation with his previous position in Friesland—Masterly tactics of the duke—Skirmish on the Geta—Defeat of the Orangists—Death of Hoogstraaten—Junction with Genlis—Adherence of Alva to his original plan—The prince crosses the frontier of France—Correspondence between Charles IX. and Orange—The patriot army disbanded at Strasburg—Comments by Granvelle upon the position of the prince—Triumphant attitude of Alva—Festivities at Brussels—Colossal statue of Alva erected by himself in Antwerp citadel—Intercession of the emperor with Philip—Memorial of six electors to the emperor—Mission of the Archduke Charles to Spain—His negotiations with Philip—Public and private correspondence between the king and emperor—Duplicity of Maximilian—Abrupt conclusion to the intervention—Granvelle's suggestions to Philip concerning the treaty of Passau 109

CHAPTER V.—Quarrel between Alva and Queen Elizabeth of England—Spanish funds seized by the English government—Non-intercourse between England and the Netherlands—Stringent measures against heresy—Continued persecution—Individual cases—Present of hat and sword to Alva from the pope—Determination of the governor-general to establish a system of arbitrary taxation in the provinces—Assembly of estates at Brussels—Alva's decrees laid before them—The hundredth, tenth, and fifth pence—Opposition of Viglius to the project—Estates of various provinces give a reluctant consent—Determined resistance of Utrecht—The city and province cited before the Blood-Council—Sentence of confiscation and disfranchisement against both—Appeal to the king—Difficulty of collecting the new tax—Commutation for two years—Projects for a pardon-general—Growing disfavor of the duke—His desire to resign his post—Secret hostility between the governor and Viglius—Altered sentiments of the president—Opinions expressed by Granvelle—The pardon pompously proclaimed by the duke at Antwerp—Character of the amnesty—Dissatisfaction of the people with the act—Complaints of Alva to the king—Fortunes and

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PAGE

fate of Baron Montigny in Spain—His confinement at Segovia—His attempt to escape—Its failure—His mock trial—His wife's appeal to Philip—His condemnation—His secret assassination determined upon—Its details, as carefully prescribed and superintended by the king—Terrible inundation throughout the Netherlands—Immense destruction of life and property in Friesland—Loevenstein Castle taken by De Ruyter by stratagem—Recapture of the place by the Spaniards—Desperate resistance and death of De Ruyter . . . 156

CHAPTER VI.—Orange and Count Louis in France—Peace with the Huguenots—Coligny's memoir, presented by request to Charles IX., on the subject of invading the Netherlands—Secret correspondence of Orange organized by Paul Buys—Privateering commissions issued by the prince—Regulations prescribed by him for the fleets thus created—Impoverished condition of the prince—His fortitude—His personal sacrifices and privations—His generosity—Renewed contest between the duke and the estates on the subject of the tenth and twentieth pence—Violent disputes in the council—Firm opposition of Viglius—Edict commanding the immediate collection of the tax—Popular tumults—Viglius denounced by Alva—The duke's fierce complaints to the king—Secret schemes of Philip against Queen Elizabeth of England—The Ridolfi plot to murder Elizabeth countenanced by Philip and Pius V.—The king's orders to Alva to further the plan—The duke's remonstrances—Explosion of the plot—Obstinacy of Philip—Renewed complaints of Alva as to the imprudent service required of him—Other attempts of Philip to murder Elizabeth—Don John of Austria in the Levant—Battle of Lepanto—Slothfulness of Selim—Appointment of Medina-Celi—Incessant wrangling in Brussels upon the tax—Persevering efforts of Orange—Contempt of Alva for the prince—Proposed sentence of ignominy against his name—Sonoy's mission to Germany—Remarkable papers issued by the prince—The "Harangue"—Intense hatred for Alva entertained by the highest as well as lower orders—Visit of Francis de Alava to Brussels—His unfavorable report to the king—Querulous language of the duke—Deputation to Spain—Universal revolt against the tax—Ferocity

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PAGE

of Alva—Execution of eighteen tradesmen secretly ordered —Interrupted by the capture of Brill—Beggars of the sea —The younger Wild Boar of Ardennes—Reconciliation between the English government and that of Alva—The Netherland privateersmen ordered out of English ports— De la Marck's fleet before Brill—The town summoned to surrender—Commissioners sent out to the fleet—Flight of the magistrates and townspeople—Capture of the place— Indignation of Alva—Popular exultation in Brussels—Puns and caricatures—Bossu ordered to recover the town of Brill —His defeat—His perfidious entrance into Rotterdam—Massacre in that city—Flushing revolutionized—Unsuccessful attempt of Governor de Bourgogne to recall the citizens to their obedience—Expedition under Treslong from Brill to assist the town of Flushing—Murder of Pacheco by the patriots—Tseraerts appointed governor of Walcheren by Orange 208

CHAPTER VII.—Municipal revolution throughout Holland and Zealand—Characteristics of the movement in various places —Sonoy commissioned by Orange as governor of North Holland—Theory of the provisional government—Instructions of the prince to his officers—Oath prescribed—Clause of toleration—Surprise of Mons by Count Louis—Exertions of Antony Oliver—Details of the capture—Assembly of the citizens—Speeches of Genlis and of Count Louis—Effect of the various movements upon Alva—Don Frederick ordered to invest Mons—The duke's impatience to retire—Arrival of Medina-Celi—His narrow escape—Capture of the Lisbon fleet—Affectation of cordiality between Alva and Medina— Concessions by king and viceroy on the subject of the tenth penny—Estates of Holland assembled, by summons of Orange, at Dort—Appeals from the prince to this congress for funds to pay his newly levied army—Theory of the provisional states' assembly—Source and nature of its authority —Speech of Sainte-Aldegonde—Liberality of the estates and the provinces—Pledges exchanged between the prince's representative and the congress—Commission to De la Marck ratified—Virtual dictatorship of Orange—Limitation of his power by his own act—Count Louis at Mons—Rein-

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PAGE

forcements led from France by Genlis—Rashness of that officer—His total defeat—Orange again in the field—Roermond taken—Excesses of the patriot army—Proclamation of Orange commanding respect to all personal and religious rights—His reply to the emperor's summons—His progress in the Netherlands—Hopes entertained from France—Reinforcements under Coligny promised to Orange by Charles IX. —The massacre of St. Bartholomew—The event characterized—Effect in England, in Rome, and in other parts of Europe—Excessive hilarity of Philip—Extravagant encomium bestowed by him upon Charles IX.—Order sent by Philip to put all French prisoners in the Netherlands to death—Secret correspondence of Charles IX. with his envoy in the Netherlands—Exultation of the Spaniards before Mons —Alva urged by the French envoy, according to his master's commands, to put all the Frenchmen in Mons and those already captured to death—Effect of the massacre upon the Prince of Orange—Alva and Medina in the camp before Mons—Hopelessness of the prince's scheme to obtain battle from Alva—Romero's *encamisada*—Narrow escape of the prince—Mutiny and dissolution of his army—His return to Holland—His steadfastness—Desperate position of Count Louis in Mons—Sentiments of Alva—Capitulation of Mons —Courteous reception of Count Louis by the Spanish generals—Hypocrisy of these demonstrations—Nature of the Mons capitulation—Horrible violation of its terms—Noircarmes at Mons—Establishment of a Blood-Council in the city—Wholesale executions—Cruelty and cupidity of Noircarmes—Late discovery of the archives of these crimes—Return of the revolted cities of Brabant and Flanders to obedience—Sack of Mechlin by the Spaniards—Details of that event 264

CHAPTER VIII.—Affairs in Holland and Zealand—Siege of Ter Goes by the patriots—Importance of the place—Difficulty of relieving it—Its position—Audacious plan for sending succor across the "Drowned Land"—Brilliant and successful expedition of Mondragon—The siege raised—Horrible sack of Zutphen—Base conduct of Count van den Berg—Refusal of Naarden to surrender—Subsequent unsuccessful deputa-

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PAGE

tion to make terms with Don Frederick—Don Frederick before Naarden—Treachery of Romero—The Spaniards admitted—General massacre of the garrison and burghers—The city burned to the ground—Warm reception of Orange in Holland—Secret negotiations with the estates—Desperate character of the struggle between Spain and the provinces—Don Frederick in Amsterdam—Plans for reducing Holland—Skirmish on the ice at Amsterdam—Preparation in Haarlem for the expected siege—Description of the city—Early operations—Complete investment—Numbers of besiegers and besieged—Mutual barbarities—Determined repulse of the first assault—Failure of Batenburg's expedition—Cruelties in city and camp—Mining and countermining—Second assault victoriously repelled—Suffering and disease in Haarlem—Disposition of Don Frederick to retire—Memorable rebuke by Alva—Efforts of Orange to relieve the place—Sonoy's expedition—Exploit of John Haring—Cruel execution of prisoners on both sides—Quiryn Dirkzoon and his family put to death in the city—Fleets upon the lake—Defeat of the patriot armada—Dreadful suffering and starvation in the city—Parley with the besiegers—Despair of the city—Appeal to Orange—Expedition under Batenburg to relieve the city—His defeat and death—Desperate condition of Haarlem—Its surrender at discretion—Sanguinary executions—General massacre—Expense of the victory in blood and money—Joy of Philip at the news 323

CHAPTER IX.—Position of Alva—Hatred entertained for him by elevated personages—Quarrels between him and Medina-Celi—Departure of the latter—Complaints to the king by each of the other—Attempts at conciliation addressed by government to the people of the Netherlands—Grotesque character of the address—Mutinous demonstration of the Spanish troops—Secret overtures to Orange—Obedience with difficulty restored by Alva—Commencement of the siege of Alkmaar—Sanguinary menaces of the duke—Encouraging and enthusiastic language of the prince—Preparations in Alkmaar for defense—The first assault steadily repulsed—Refusal of the soldiers to storm a second time—Expedition of the carpenter-envoy—Orders of the prince to

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PAGE

flood the country—The carpenter's despatches in the enemy's hands—Effect produced upon the Spaniards—The siege raised—Negotiations of Count Louis with France—Uneasiness and secret correspondence of the duke—Convention with the English government—Objects pursued by Orange—Cruelty of De la Marck—His dismissal from office and subsequent death—Negotiations with France—Altered tone of the French court with regard to the St. Bartholomew—Ill effects of the crime upon the royal projects—Hypocrisy of the Spanish government—Letter of Louis to Charles IX.—Complaints of Charles IX.—Secret aspirations of that monarch and of Philip—Intrigues concerning the Polish election—Renewed negotiations between Schomberg and Count Louis, with consent of Orange—Conditions prescribed by the prince—Articles of secret alliance—Remarkable letter of Count Louis to Charles IX.—Responsible and isolated situation of Orange—The "Address" and the "Epistle"—Religious sentiments of the prince—Naval action on the Zuyder Zee—Captivity of Bossu and of Sainte-Aldegonde—Odious position of Alva—His unceasing cruelty—Execution of Uitenhoove—Fraud practised by Alva upon his creditors—Arrival of Requesens, the new governor-general—Departure of Alva—Concluding remarks upon his administration . . 380

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THE
RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC

CHAPTER II

Orange, Count Louis, Hoogstraaten, and others cited before the Blood-Council—Charges against them—Letter of Orange in reply—Position and sentiments of the prince—Seizure of Count de Buren—Details of that transaction—Petitions to the council from Louvain and other places—Sentence of death against the whole population of the Netherlands pronounced by the Spanish Inquisition and proclaimed by Philip—Cruel inventions against heretics—The wild beggars—Preliminary proceedings of the council against Egmont and Horn—Interrogatories addressed to them in prison—Articles of accusation against them—Foreclosure of the cases—Pleas to the jurisdiction—Efforts by the Countesses Egmont and Horn, by many Knights of the Fleece, and by the emperor, in favor of the prisoners—Answers of Alva and of Philip—Obsequious behavior of Viglius—Difficulties arising from the Golden Fleece statutes set aside—Particulars of the charges against Count Horn and of his defense—Articles of accusation against Egmont—Sketch of his reply—Reflections upon the two trials—Attitude of Orange—His published "Justification"—His secret combinations—His commission to Count Louis—Large sums of money subscribed by the Nassau family, by Netherland refugees, and others—Great personal sacrifices made by the prince—Quadruple scheme for invading the Netherlands—Defeat of the patriots under Cocqueville—Defeat of Villers—Invasion of Friesland by Count Louis—Measures of Alva to oppose him—Command of the royalists intrusted to Aremberg and Meghen—The duke's

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plan for the campaign—Skirmish at Dam—Detention of Meghen—Count Louis at Heiliger Lee—Nature of the ground—Advance of Aremberg—Disposition of the patriot forces—Impatience of the Spanish troops to engage—Battle of Heiliger Lee—Defeat and death of Aremberg—Death of Adolphus Nassau—Effects of the battle—Anger and severe measures of Alva—Eighteen nobles executed at Brussels—Sentence of death pronounced upon Egmont and Horn—The Bishop of Ypres sent to Egmont—Fruitless intercession by the prelate and the countess—Egmont's last night in prison—The *grande place* at Brussels—Details concerning the execution of Egmont and Horn—Observation upon the characters of the two nobles—Destitute condition of Egmont's family.

LATE in October the Duke of Alva made his triumphant entry into the new fortress. During his absence, which was to continue during the remainder of the year, he had ordered the Secretary Courteville and the Councilor del Ryo to superintend the commission which was then actually engaged in collecting materials for the prosecutions to be instituted against the Prince of Orange and the other nobles who had abandoned the country.[1] Accordingly, soon after his return, on the 19th of January, 1568, the prince, his brother Louis of Nassau, his brother-in-law Count van den Berg, the Count Hoogstraaten, the Count Culemburg, and the Baron Montigny were summoned in the name of Alva to appear before the Blood-Council within thrice fourteen days from the date of the proclamation, under pain of perpetual banishment, with confiscation of their estates.[2] It is needless to say that these seigniors did not obey the summons. They knew full well that their obedience would be rewarded only by death.

The charges against the Prince of Orange, which were

[1] Gachard, Notice, etc., 10, 11.

[2] Bor, iv. 220, 221, 222. Meteren, 50. V. d. Vynckt, ii. 77.

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drawn up in ten articles, stated, chiefly and briefly, that he had been, and was, the head and front of the rebellion; that as soon as his Majesty had left the Netherlands he had begun his machinations to make himself master of the country and to expel his sovereign by force if he should attempt to return to the provinces; that he had seduced his Majesty's subjects by false pretenses that the Spanish Inquisition was about to be introduced; that he had been the secret encourager and director of Brederode and the confederated nobles; and that when sent to Antwerp, in the name of the regent, to put down the rebellion, he had encouraged heresy and accorded freedom of religion to the reformers.[1]

The articles against Hoogstraaten and the other gentlemen were of similar tenor. It certainly was not a slender proof of the calm effrontery of the government thus to see Alva's proclamation charging it as a crime upon Orange that he had inveigled the lieges into revolt by a false assertion that the Inquisition was about to be established, when letters from the duke to Philip and from Granvelle to Philip, dated upon nearly the same day, advised the immediate restoration of the Inquisition as soon as an adequate number of executions had paved the way for the measure.[2] It was also a sufficient indication of a reckless despotism that while the duchess, who had made the memorable Accord with the religionists, received a flattering letter of thanks and a farewell pension of fourteen thousand ducats yearly, those who, by her orders, had acted upon that treaty as the basis of their negotiations, were summoned to lay down their heads upon the block.

[1] See the document condensed in Bor, ubi supra.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 624.

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The prince replied to this summons by a brief and somewhat contemptuous plea to the jurisdiction. As a Knight of the Fleece, as a member of the Germanic Empire, as a sovereign prince in France, as a citizen of the Netherlands, he rejected the authority of Alva and of his self-constituted tribunal. His innocence he was willing to establish before competent courts and righteous judges. As a Knight of the Fleece, he said, he could be tried only by his peers, the brethren of the order, and for that purpose he could be summoned only by the king as head of the chapter, with the sanction of at least six of his fellow-knights. In conclusion, he offered to appear before his Imperial Majesty, the electors, and other members of the empire, or before the Knights of the Golden Fleece. In the latter case, he claimed the right, under the statutes of that order, to be placed, while the trial was pending, not in a solitary prison, as had been the fate of Egmont and of Horn, but under the friendly charge and protection of the brethren themselves. The letter was addressed to the procurator-general, and a duplicate was forwarded to the duke.[1]

From the general tenor of the document, it is obvious both that the prince was not yet ready to throw down the gauntlet to his sovereign, nor to proclaim his adhesion to the new religion. On departing from the Netherlands in the spring, he had said openly that he was still in possession of sixty thousand florins yearly, and that he should commence no hostilities against Philip so long as he did not disturb him in his honor or his estates.[2] Far-seeing politician, if man ever were, he

[1] See the letter in Bor, iv. 222, 223, 224.

[2] Reidani, i. 5.

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knew the course whither matters were inevitably tending, but he knew how much strength was derived from putting an adversary irretrievably in the wrong. He still maintained an attitude of dignified respect toward the monarch, while he hurled back with defiance the insolent summons of the viceroy. Moreover, the period had not yet arrived for him to break publicly with the ancient faith. Statesman rather than religionist, at this epoch he was not disposed to affect a more complete conversion than the one which he had experienced. He was, in truth, not for a new doctrine, but for liberty of conscience. His mind was already expanding beyond any dogmas of the age. The man whom his enemies stigmatized as atheist and renegade was really in favor of toleration, and therefore the more deeply criminal in the eyes of all religious parties.

Events personal to himself were rapidly to place him in a position from which he might enter the combat with honor. His character had already been attacked, his property threatened with confiscation. His closest ties of family were now to be severed by the hand of the tyrant. His eldest child, the Count de Buren, torn from his protection, was to be carried into indefinite captivity in a foreign land. It was a remarkable oversight, for a person of his sagacity, that, upon his own departure from the provinces, he should leave his son, then a boy of thirteen years, to pursue his studies at the college of Louvain. Thus exposed to the power of the government, he was soon seized as a hostage for the good behavior of the father. Granvelle appears to have been the first to recommend the step in a secret letter to Philip,[1] but Alva scarcely needed prompting.

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 701.

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Accordingly, upon the 13th of February, 1568, the duke sent the Seigneur de Chassy to Louvain, attended by four officers and by twelve archers. He was furnished with a letter to the Count de Buren, in which that young nobleman was requested to place implicit confidence in the bearer of the despatch, and was informed that the desire which his Majesty had to see him educated for his service was the cause of the communication which the Seigneur de Chassy was about to make.[1]

That gentleman was, moreover, minutely instructed as to his method of proceeding in this memorable case of kidnaping. He was to present the letter to the young count in presence of his tutor. He was to invite him to Spain in the name of his Majesty. He was to assure him that his Majesty's commands were solely with a view to his own good, and that he was not commissioned to arrest, but only to escort him. He was to allow the count to be accompanied only by two valets, two pages, a cook, and a keeper of accounts. He was, however, to induce his tutor to accompany him, at least to the Spanish frontier. He was to arrange that the second day after his arrival at Louvain the count should set out for Antwerp, where he was to lodge with Count Lodron, after which they were to proceed to Flushing, whence they were to embark for Spain. At that city he was to deliver the young prince to the person whom he would find there commissioned for that purpose by the duke. As soon as he had made the first proposition at Louvain to the count, he was, with the assistance of his retinue, to keep the most strict watch over him day and night, but without allowing the supervision to be perceived.[2]

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 730. [2] Ibid., ii. 729.

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The plan was carried out admirably, and in strict accordance with the program. It was fortunate, however, for the kidnapers that the young prince proved favorably disposed to the plan. He accepted the invitation of his captors with alacrity. He even wrote to thank the governor for his friendly offices in his behalf.[1] He received with boyish gratification the festivities with which Lodron enlivened his brief sojourn at Antwerp, and he set forth without reluctance for that gloomy and terrible land of Spain, whence so rarely a Flemish traveler had returned.[2] A changeling, as it were, from his cradle, he seemed completely transformed by his Spanish tuition, for he was educated and not sacrificed by Philip. When he returned to the Netherlands, after a twenty years' residence in Spain, it was difficult to detect in his gloomy brow, saturnine character, and Jesuitical habits a trace of the generous spirit which characterized that race of heroes, the house of Orange-Nassau.

Philip had expressed some anxiety as to the consequences of this capture upon the governments of Germany.[3] Alva, however, reassured his sovereign upon that point, by reason of the extreme docility of the captive, and the quiet manner in which the arrest had been conducted. At that particular juncture, moreover, it would have been difficult for the government of the Netherlands to excite surprise anywhere, except by an act of clemency. The president and a deputation of professors from the University of Louvain waited upon

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 734.

[2] Ibid., ii. 729, 730, 733, 734, 735, 737. Compare Strada, i. 311; 312, Hoofd, iv. 152; Brandt, i. 468; Bor, iv. 222; V. d. Vynckt, ii. 97, 98.

[3] Corresp. Phil. II., i. 731.

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Vargas, by whom, as acting president of the Blood-Council, the arrest had nominally been made, with a remonstrance that the measure was in gross violation of their statutes and privileges. That personage, however, with his usual contempt both for law and Latin, answered brutally, "Non curamus vestros privilegios," and with this memorable answer abruptly closed his interview with the trembling pedants.[1]

Petitions now poured in to the council from all quarters, abject recantations from terror-stricken municipalities, humble intercessions in behalf of doomed and imprisoned victims. To a deputation of the magistracy of Antwerp, who came with a prayer for mercy in behalf of some of their most distinguished fellow-citizens, then in prison, the duke gave a most passionate and ferocious reply. He expressed his wonder that the citizens of Antwerp, that hotbed of treason, should dare to approach him in behalf of traitors and heretics. Let them look to it in future, he continued, or he would hang every man in the whole city, to set an example to the rest of the country; for his Majesty would rather the whole land should become an uninhabited wilderness than that a single dissenter should exist within its territory.[2]

Events now marched with rapidity. The monarch seemed disposed literally to execute the threat of his viceroy. Early in the year the most sublime sentence of death was promulgated which has ever been pronounced since the creation of the world. The Roman tyrant wished that his enemies' heads were all upon a single neck, that he might strike them off at a blow; the Inquisition assisted Philip to place the heads of all

[1] Bor, iv. 222. V. d. Vynckt, ii. 98.
[2] Hoofd, iv. 157. Bor, iv. 215, 216, 217.

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his Netherland subjects upon a single neck for the same fell purpose. Upon the 16th February, 1568, a sentence of the Holy Office condemned *all the inhabitants* of the Netherlands *to death* as heretics. From this universal doom *only a few persons, especially named*, were excepted.[1] A proclamation of the king, dated ten days later, confirmed this decree of the Inquisition, and ordered it to be carried into instant execution, without regard to age, sex, or condition.[2] This is probably the most concise death-warrant that was ever framed. Three millions of people, men, women, and children, were sentenced to the scaffold in three lines; and as it was well known that these were not harmless thunders, like some bulls of the Vatican, but serious and practical measures, which it was intended should be enforced, the horror which they produced may be easily imagined. It was hardly the purpose of government to compel the absolute completion of the wholesale plan in all its length and breadth, yet in the horrible times upon which they had fallen the Netherlanders might be excused for believing that no measure was too monstrous to be fulfilled. At any rate, it was certain that, when *all* were condemned, *any* might at a moment's warning be carried to the scaffold, and this was precisely the course adopted by the authorities. Under this universal decree the industry of the Blood-Council might now seem superfluous. Why should not these mock prosecutions be dispensed with against individuals, now that a common sentence had swallowed the whole population in one vast grave? Yet it may be supposed that if the exertions of the commissioners and councilors served no

[1] Bor, iv. 226. Hoofd, iv. 158. Meteren, 49.
[2] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.

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other purpose, they at least furnished the government with valuable evidence as to the relative wealth and other circumstances of the individual victims. The leading thought of the government being that persecution, judiciously managed, might fructify into a golden harvest,[1] it was still desirable to persevere in the cause in which already such bloody progress had been made.

And under this new decree the executions certainly did not slacken. Men in the highest and the humblest positions were daily and hourly dragged to the stake. Alva, in a single letter to Philip, coolly estimated the number of executions which were to take place immediately after the expiration of Holy Week "*at eight hundred heads.*"[2] Many a citizen, convicted of a hundred thousand florins and of no other crime, saw himself suddenly tied to a horse's tail, with his hands fastened behind him, and so dragged to the gallows.[3] But although wealth was an unpardonable sin, poverty proved rarely a protection. Reasons sufficient could always be found for dooming the starveling laborer as well as the opulent burgher. To avoid the disturbances created in the streets by the frequent harangues or exhortations addressed to the bystanders by the victims on their way to the scaffold, a new gag was invented. The tongue of each prisoner was screwed into an iron ring, and then seared with a hot iron. The swelling and inflammation which were the immediate result prevented the

[1] "Hem (den Koning) opvullende met de hoope van een ander Indie in 't aenslaen der verbeurde goederen opgedaen te hebben; hoewel 't nergens 200 breedt uitviel."—Brandt, i. 475. Batavishe Arcadia, 577. Meteren, 50, et mult. al.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 754.

[3] Meteren, 50.

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tongue from slipping through the ring, and of course effectually precluded all possibility of speech.[1]

Although the minds of men were not yet prepared for concentrated revolt against the tyranny under which they were languishing, it was not possible to suppress all sentiments of humanity and to tread out every spark of natural indignation. Unfortunately, in the bewilderment and misery of this people, the first development of a forcible and organized resistance was of a depraved and malignant character. Extensive bands of marauders and highway robbers sprang into existence, who called themselves the "wild beggars,"[2] and who, wearing the mask and the symbols of a revolutionary faction, committed great excesses in many parts of the country, robbing, plundering, and murdering. Their principal wrath was exercised against religious houses and persons. Many monasteries were robbed, many clerical persons maimed and maltreated. It became a habit to deprive priests of their noses or ears, and to tie them to the tails of horses.[3] This was the work of ruffian gangs, whose very existence was engendered out of the social and moral putrescence to which the country was reduced, and who were willing to profit by the deep and universal hatred which was felt against Catholics and monks. An edict thundered forth by Alva,[4] authorizing and commanding all persons to slay the wild beggars at sight, without trial or hangman, was of comparatively slight avail. An armed force of veterans actively scouring the country was more successful, and the freebooters were, for a time, suppressed.[5]

[1] Meteren, 54. Hoofd, v. 173.
[2] Bor, iv. 224. Hoofd. [3] Bor, iv. 224.
[4] Dated 27th March, 1568. Bor, iv. 225. [5] Bor, iv. 225.

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Meantime the Counts Egmont and Horn had been kept in rigorous confinement at Ghent. Not a warrant had been read or drawn up for their arrest. Not a single preliminary investigation, not the shadow of an information, had preceded the long imprisonment of two men so elevated in rank, so distinguished in the public service.[1] After the expiration of two months, however, the duke condescended to commence a mock process against them. The councilors appointed to this work were Vargas and Del Ryo, assisted by Secretary Praets. These persons visited the admiral on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 17th of November, and Count Egmont on the 12th, 13th, 14th, and 16th of the same month, requiring them to respond to a long, confused, and rambling collection of interrogatories.[2] They were obliged to render these replies in prison, unassisted by any advocates, on penalty of being condemned *in contumaciam*.[3] The questions, awkwardly drawn up as they seemed, were yet tortuously and cunningly arranged with a view of entrapping the prisoners into self-contradiction. After this work had been completed, all the papers by which they intended to justify their answers were taken away from them.[4] Previously, too, their houses and those of their secretaries, Bakkerzeel and Alonzo de la Loo, had been thoroughly ransacked, and every letter and document which could be found placed in the hands of government. Bakkerzeel, moreover, as already stated, had been repeatedly placed upon the rack, for the purpose of extorting confessions which might impli-

[1] La déduction de l'innocence du Comte de Hornes, A. D. 1568, etc., 35, 36. Bor, iv. 195.

[2] Bor, iv. 190.

[3] La déduction, etc., 36, 37.

[4] Ibid., 39.

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cate his master. These preliminaries and precautionary steps having been taken, the counts had again been left to their solitude for two months longer. On the 10th January each was furnished with a copy of the declarations or accusations filed against him by the procurator-general. To these documents, drawn up respectively in sixty-three and in ninety articles,[1] they were required, within five days' time, without the assistance of an advocate, and without consultation with any human being, to deliver a written answer, on pain, as before, of being proceeded against and condemned by default.[2]

This order was obeyed within nearly the prescribed period, and here, it may be said, their own participation in their trial ceased, while the rest of the proceedings were buried in the deep bosom of the Blood-Council. After their answers had been delivered, and not till then, the prisoners were, by an additional mockery, permitted to employ advocates.[3] These advocates, however, were allowed only occasional interviews with their clients, and always in the presence of certain persons especially deputed for that purpose by the duke.[4] They were also allowed commissioners to collect evidence and take depositions, but before the witnesses were ready, a purposely premature day, 8th of May, was fixed upon for declaring the case closed, and not a single tittle of their evidence, personal or documentary, was admitted.[5]

[1] Foppens, Supp. à l'Hist. de Strada, etc., i. 24–63.

[2] Bor, iv. 195. La déduction, etc., 39–41.

[3] La déduction, etc., 42, 43. Compare Vigl. ad Hopp., Ep. 44 and 45.

[4] La déduction de l'innocence, etc., 42, 43.

[5] Ibid., 43, 44. In the case of Egmont, he was declared "exclus et debarté," and therefore deprived of all right to make defense, on the 14th May. V. Supp. to Strada, i. 102, 103, Appointment of Alva.

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Their advocates petitioned for an exhibition of the evidence prepared by government, and were refused.[1] Thus they were forbidden to use the testimony in their favor, while that which was to be employed against them was kept secret. Finally, the proceedings were formally concluded on the 1st of June, and the papers laid before the duke.[2] The mass of matter relating to these two monster processes was declared, *three days* afterward, to have been examined,—a physical impossibility in itself,[3]—and judgment was pronounced upon the 4th of June. This issue was precipitated by the campaign of Louis of Nassau in Friesland, forming a series of important events which it will be soon our duty to describe. It is previously necessary, however, to add a few words in elucidation of the two mock trials which have been thus briefly sketched.

The proceedings had been carried on, from first to last, under protest by the prisoners, under a threat of contumacy on the part of the government.[4] Apart from the totally irresponsible and illegal character of the tribunal before which they were summoned,—the Blood-Council being a private institution of Alva's, without pretext or commission,—these nobles acknowledged the jurisdiction of but three courts.

As Knights of the Golden Fleece, both claimed the privilege of that order to be tried by its statutes. As a citizen and noble of Brabant, Egmont claimed the protection of the *joyeuse entrée*, a constitution which had been sworn to by Philip and his ancestors, and by Philip more amply than by all his ancestors. As a

[1] La déduction, etc., 43.
[2] Bor, iv. 239.
[3] Ibid. La déduction, etc., 45, 46.
[4] La déduction, etc., 40, 41.

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member and count of the Holy Roman Empire, the admiral claimed to be tried by his peers, the electors and princes of the realm.[1]

The Countess Egmont, since her husband's arrest and the confiscation of his estates before judgment, had been reduced to a life of poverty as well as agony. With her eleven children, all of tender age, she had taken refuge in a convent. Frantic with despair, more utterly desolate and more deeply wronged than high-born lady had often been before, she left no stone unturned to save her husband from his fate, or at least to obtain for him an impartial and competent tribunal. She addressed the Duke of Alva, the king, the emperor, her brother the Elector Palatine, and many leading Knights of the Fleece.[2] The Countess Dowager of Horn, both whose sons now lay in the jaws of death, occupied herself also with the most moving appeals to the same high personages.[3] No pains were spared to make the triple plea to the jurisdiction valid. The leading Knights of the Fleece—Mansfeld, whose loyalty was unquestioned, and Hoogstraaten, although himself an outlaw—called upon the King of Spain to protect the statutes of the illustrious order of which he was the chief.[4] The estates of Brabant, upon the petition of Sabina, Countess Egmont, that they would take to heart the privileges of the province, so that her husband might enjoy that protection of which the meanest citizen in the land could not be justly deprived, addressed a feeble and trembling protest to Alva, and inclosed to him the lady's petition.[5]

[1] Bor, iv. 195. [2] Ibid., iv. 188, 189, 190.
[3] La déduction, etc., 605–642. Bor, ubi sup.
[4] La déduction, etc., ubi sup.
[5] Bor, iv. 189. Foppens, Supp. de Strada, i. 16–22.

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The emperor, on behalf of Count Horn, wrote personally to Philip, to claim for him a trial before the members of the realm.[1]

It was all in vain. The conduct of Philip and his viceroy coincided in spirit with the honest brutality of Vargas. "Non curamus vestros privilegios" summed up the whole of the proceedings. "Non curamus vestros privilegios" had been the unanswerable reply to every constitutional argument which had been made against tyranny since Philip mounted his father's throne. It was now the only response deemed necessary to the crowd of petitions in favor of the counts, whether they proceeded from sources humble or august. Personally, the king remained silent as the grave. In writing to the Duke of Alva, he observed that "the emperor, the dukes of Bavaria and Lorraine, the duchess and the duchess dowager, had written to him many times, and in the most pressing manner, in favor of the Counts Horn and Egmont." He added that he had made no reply to them, nor to other Knights of the Fleece who had implored him to respect the statutes of the order, and he begged Alva "to hasten the process as fast as possible." To an earnest autograph letter, in which the emperor, on the 2d of March, 1568, made a last effort to save the illustrious prisoners, he replied that "the whole world would at last approve his conduct, but that, at any rate, he would not act differently, even if he should

[1] The letter is published in the Déduction de l'innocence, etc., 609. It is dated 20th October, 1567. The emperor claims for the admiral, as member of the empire, a trial before the electors and princes of the holy realm, speaks of his distinguished services, and implores his release from a confinement "the reasons for which are entirely concealed and unknown."

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risk the loss of the provinces, and if *the sky should fall on his head.*" [1]

But little heed was paid to the remonstrances in behalf of the imperial courts or the privileges of Brabant. These were but cobweb impediments which, indeed, had long been brushed away. President Viglius was even pathetic on the subject of Madame Egmont's petition to the council of Brabant. It was so bitter, he said, that the duke was slightly annoyed, and took it ill that the royal servants in that council should have his Majesty's interests so little at heart.[2] It seemed indecent in the eyes of the excellent Frisian that a wife pleading for her husband, a mother for her eleven children, so soon to be fatherless, should indulge in strong language!

The statutes of the Fleece were obstacles somewhat more serious. As, however, Alva had come to the Netherlands[3] pledged to accomplish the destruction of these two nobles as soon as he should lay his hands upon them, it was only a question of form, and even that question was, after a little reflection, unceremoniously put aside.

To the petitions in behalf of the two counts, therefore, that they should be placed in the friendly keeping of the order and be tried by its statutes, the duke replied, peremptorily, that he had undertaken the cognizance of this affair by commission of his Majesty, as sovereign of the land, not as head of the Golden Fleece, that he should carry it through as it had been commenced, and

[1] "Y me viniesse caer el mundo encima."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 762. See also ibid., 738, 739, 746, 750.

[2] Vigl. Epist. ad Hopp., xxiv. 400.

[3] V. Gachard, Notice sur le Conseil des Troubles, 13, 14. Wagenaer, Vaderl. Hist. vi. 278. Hoofd, iv.

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that the counts should discontinue presentations of petitions upon this point.[1]

In the embarrassment created by the stringent language of these statutes, Dr. Viglius found an opportunity to make himself very useful. Alva had been turning over the laws and regulations of the order, but could find no loophole. The president, however, came to his rescue, and announced it as his legal opinion that the governor need concern himself no further on the subject, and that the code of the Fleece offered no legal impediment to the process.[2] Alva immediately wrote to communicate this opinion to Philip, adding, with great satisfaction, that he should immediately make it known to the brethren of the order, a step which was the more necessary because Egmont's advocate had been making great trouble with these privileges and had been protesting at every step of the proceedings.[3] In what manner the learned president argued these troublesome statutes out of the way has nowhere appeared; but he completely reinstated himself in favor, and the king wrote to thank him for his legal exertions.

It was now boldly declared that the statutes of the Fleece did not extend to such crimes as those with which the prisoners were charged. Alva, moreover, received an especial patent, antedated eight or nine months, by which Philip empowered him to proceed against all persons implicated in the troubles, and particularly against Knights of the Golden Fleece.[4]

[1] Bor, iv. 189. La déduction, etc., 642. Supp. à l'Hist. de Strada, i. 11–16.

[2] "La chose ne laisse rien à désirer."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 712.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Ibid., i. 553, 705, and ii. 731.

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It is superfluous to observe that these were merely the arbitrary acts of a despot. It is hardly necessary to criticize such proceedings. The execution of the nobles had been settled before Alva left Spain. As they were inhabitants of a constitutional country, it was necessary to stride over the constitution. As they were Knights of the Fleece, it was necessary to set aside the statutes of the order. The Netherland constitutions seemed so entirely annihilated already that they could hardly be considered obstacles; but the Order of the Fleece was an august little republic of which Philip was the hereditary chief, of which emperors, kings, and great seigniors were the citizens. Tyranny might be embarrassed by such subtle and golden filaments as these, even while it crashed through municipal charters as if they had been reeds and bulrushes. Nevertheless, the king's course was taken. Although the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth chapters of the order expressly provided for the trial and punishment of brethren who had been guilty of rebellion, heresy, or treason,[1] and although the eleventh chapter, perpetual and immutable, of additions to that constitution by the Emperor Charles[2] con-

[1] Vide Réponse en Forme de Missive faite par Monseigneur le Comte de Hochstrate au Procureur-Général du Conseil de Crime, 28th February, 1568, with a letter of same date from that nobleman to the Duke of Alva, inclosing copies of the text of all the statutes of the Golden Fleece bearing upon these questions, with the addition of copious citations from the text of the *joyeuse entrée* (Bijv. Auth. Stukken tot de Hist. van P. Bor, 17–32).

[2] See the text of this chapter of additions in the pamphlet above cited. The manner of proceeding against a knight is therein minutely prescribed.

His arrest required a warrant signed by at least six knights, and he was afterward to be kept, not in prison, but in "the ami-

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ferred on the order exclusive jurisdiction over all crimes whatever committed by the knights, yet it was coolly proclaimed by Alva that the crimes for which the admiral and Egmont had been arrested were beyond the powers of the tribunal.

So much for the plea to the jurisdiction. It is hardly worth while to look any further into proceedings which were initiated and brought to a conclusion in the manner already narrated. Nevertheless, as they were called a process, a single glance at the interior of that mass of documents can hardly be superfluous.

The declaration against Count Horn, upon which, supported by invisible witnesses, he was condemned, was in the nature of a narrative. It consisted in a rehearsal of circumstances, some true and some fictitious, with five inferences. These five inferences amounted to five crimes—high treason, rebellion, conspiracy, misprision of treason, and breach of trust.[1] The proof of these crimes was evolved, in a dim and misty manner, out of a purposely confused recital. No events, how-

able company of the said Order" ("amiable compagnie du dit Ordre"), while the process, according to the proper form, was taking its course. These details are curious. The cause of the Golden Fleece is not one of universal interest, but the stringent and imperious character of the statutes, which were thus boldly and contemptuously violated, seemed a barrier which would have resisted even the attacks of the destroyer of the Brabant constitution. Philip had no more difficulty in violating his oath as head of the Fleece than he had as Duke of Brabant. The charter of the *joyeuse entrée* and its annihilation deserve a memorable place in the history of constitutional liberty. The article xvii. alone was a sufficient shield to protect not only a grand seignior like Egmont, but the humblest citizen of the province (Déduction de l'innocence, etc., 581–590).

[1] La déduction, etc., 72, 73.

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ever, were recapitulated which have not been described in the course of this history. Setting out with a general statement that the admiral, the Prince of Orange, Count Egmont, and other lords had organized a plot to expel his Majesty from the Netherlands and to divide the provinces among themselves, the declaration afterward proceeded to particulars. Ten of its sixty-three articles were occupied with the Cardinal Granvelle, who, by an absurd affectation, was never directly named, but called "a certain personage—a principal personage—a grand personage, of his Majesty's state council."[1] None of the offenses committed against him were forgotten: the 11th of March letter, the fool's-cap livery, were reproduced in the most violent colors, and the cabal against the minister was quietly assumed to constitute treason against the monarch.

The admiral, it was further charged, had advised and consented to the fusion of the finance and privy councils with that of state, a measure which was clearly treasonable. He had, moreover, held interviews with the Prince of Orange, with Egmont and other nobles, at Breda and at Hoogstraaten, at which meetings the confederacy and the petition had been engendered. That petition had been the cause of all the evils which had swept the land. "It had scandalously injured the king by affirming that the Inquisition was a tyranny to humanity, *which was an infamous and unworthy proposition.*"[2] The confeder-

[1] Interrogatories of Count Horn, in Bor, iv. 190 seq.

[2] Charges against Count Horn, art. xv., Bor, iv. 191. The same words occur also in the charges against Count Egmont (Procès d'Egmont, art. xii.). "Scavoir de proposer par jurement que l'inquisition contient en soi tyrannie impassant toute barbarie, qui sont parolles infames et indignes d'être pensez."—Supp. de Strada, i. 31.

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acy, with his knowledge and countenance, had enrolled thirty thousand men. He had done nothing, any more than Orange or Egmont, to prevent the presentation of the petition. In the consultation at the state council which ensued, both he and the prince were for leaving Brussels at once, while Count Egmont expressed an intention of going to Aix to drink the waters. Yet Count Egmont's appearance (proceeded this *indictment against another individual*) exhibited not a single sign of sickness.[1] The admiral had, moreover, drunk the toast of "Vivent les gueux!" on various occasions—at the Culemburg House banquet, at the private table of the Prince of Orange, at a supper at the monastery of St. Bernard's, at a dinner given by Burgomaster Straalen. He had sanctioned the treaties with the rebels at Duffel, *by which he had clearly rendered himself guilty of high treason.* He had held an interview with Orange, Egmont, and Hoogstraaten, at Dendermonde, for the treasonable purpose of arranging a levy of troops to prevent his Majesty's entrance into the Netherlands. He had refused to come to Brussels at the request of the Duchess of Parma, when the rebels were about to present the petition. He had written to his secretary that he was thenceforth resolved to serve neither king nor kaiser. He had received from one Taffin, with marks of approbation, a paper stating that the assembling of the States-General was the only remedy for the troubles in the land. He had repeatedly affirmed that the Inquisition and edicts ought to be repealed.

On his arrival at Tournay in August, 1566, the people had cried, "Vivent les gueux!"—a proof that he liked the cry. All his transactions at Tournay, from first to last,

[1] Charges against Count Horn, art. xx.

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had been criminal. He had tolerated Reformed preaching, he had forbidden Catholics and Protestants to molest each other, he had omitted to execute heretics, he had allowed the religionists to erect an edifice for public worship outside the walls. He had said, at the house of Prince Espinoy, that if the king should come into the provinces with force, he would oppose him with fifteen thousand troops. He had said, if his brother Montigny should be detained in Spain, he would march to his rescue at the head of fifty thousand men whom he had at his command. He had on various occasions declared that "men should live according to their consciences"—as if divine and human laws were dead, and men, like wild beasts, were to follow all their lusts and desires. Lastly, he had encouraged the rebellion in Valenciennes.[1]

Of all these crimes and misdeeds the procurator declared himself sufficiently informed, and the aforesaid defendant entirely, commonly, and publicly defamed.[2]

Wherefore that officer terminated his declaration by claiming "that the cause should be concluded summarily, and without figure or form of process; and that therefore, by his Excellency or his subdelegated judges, the aforesaid defendant should be declared to have in diverse ways committed high treason, should be degraded from his dignities, and should be condemned to death, with confiscation of all his estates."[3]

The admiral, thus peremptorily summoned, within five days, without assistance, without documents, and from the walls of a prison, to answer to these charges, *solus ex vinculis causam dicere*, undertook his task with

[1] Charges against Count Horn, v., Bor, iv. 190–195.
[2] Ibid., iv. 195.
[3] Ibid.

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the boldness of innocence.[1] He protested, of course, to the jurisdiction, and complained of the want of an advocate, not in order to excuse any weakness in his defense, but only any inelegance in his statement. He then proceeded flatly to deny some of the facts, to admit others, and to repel the whole treasonable inference.[2] His answer in all essential respects was triumphant. Supported by the evidence which, alas! was not collected and published till after his death, it was impregnable.

He denied that he had ever plotted against his king, to whom he had ever been attached, but admitted that he had desired the removal of Granvelle, to whom he had always been hostile. He had, however, been an open and avowed enemy to the cardinal, and had been engaged in no secret conspiracy against his character or against his life.[3] He denied that the livery (for which, however, he was not responsible) had been intended to ridicule the cardinal, but asserted that it was intended to afford an example of economy to an extravagant nobility.[4] He had met Orange and Egmont at Breda and Hoogstraaten, and had been glad to do so, for he had been long separated from them. These interviews, however, had been social, not political, for good cheer and merrymaking,[5] not for conspiracy and treason. He had never had any connection with the confederacy; he had neither advised nor protected the petition, but, on the contrary, after hearing of the contemplated movement, had written to give notice thereof

[1] Charges against Count Horn, v., Bor. iv. 195. La déduction, etc., 57, 68.

[2] Answer of Count Horn to the charges of the procureur-général, in Bor, iv. 195–209.

[3] Ibid., 196, 197.

[4] Ibid., art. v., 197.

[5] Ibid., art. xiii. xiv. 198.

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to the duchess. He was in no manner allied with Brederode, but, on the contrary, for various reasons, was not upon friendly terms with him.[1] He had not entered his house since his return from Spain.[2] He had not been a party to the dinner at Culemburg House. Upon that day he had dined with the Prince of Orange, with whom he was lodging, and after dinner they had both gone together to visit Mansfeld, who was confined with an inflamed eye. There they had met Egmont, and the three had proceeded together to Culemburg House in order to bring away Hoogstraaten, whom the confederates had compelled to dine with them, and also to warn the nobles not to commit themselves by extravagant and suspicious excesses. They had remained in the house but a few minutes, during which time the company had insisted upon their drinking a single cup to the toast of "Vivent le roi et les gueux!" They had then retired, taking with them Hoogstraaten, and all thinking that they had rendered a service to the government by their visit, instead of having made themselves liable to a charge of treason.[3] As to the cries of "Vivent les gueux!" at the tables of Orange, of the Abbot of St. Bernard, and at other places, those words had been uttered by simple, harmless fellows; and as he considered the table a place of freedom, he had not felt himself justified in rebuking the manners of his associates, particularly in houses where he was himself but a guest.[4] As for committing treason at the Duffel meeting, he had not been there at all.[5] He thanked God that at that epoch he had been absent from Brussels, for had he, as

[1] Answer of Count Horn, art. xxi. 199, 200.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., art. xxii.
[4] Ibid., art. xxiv. xxv. 200. [5] Ibid., art. xxvi.

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well as Orange and Egmont, been commissioned by the duchess to arrange those difficult matters, he should have considered it his duty to do as they did.[1] He had never thought of levying troops against his Majesty. The Dendermonde meeting had been held to consult upon four subjects: the affairs of Tournay; the intercepted letters of the French ambassador, Alava; the letter of Montigny, in which he warned his brother of the evil impression which the Netherland matters were making in Spain; and the affairs of Antwerp, from which city the Prince of Orange found it necessary at that moment to withdraw.[2] With regard to his absence from Brussels, he stated that he had kept away from the court because he was ruined. He was deeply in debt, and so complete was his embarrassment that he had been unable in Antwerp to raise one thousand crowns upon his property, even at an interest of one hundred per cent.[3] So far from being able to levy troops, he was hardly able to pay for his daily bread. With regard to his transactions at Tournay, he had, throughout them all, conformed himself to the instructions of Madame de Parma. As to the cry of "Vivent les gueux!" he should not have cared at that moment if the populace had cried "Vive Comte Horn!" for his thoughts were then occupied with more substantial matters. He had gone thither under a special commission from the duchess, and had acted under instructions daily received by her own hand. He had, by her orders, effected a temporary compromise between the two religious parties on the basis of the Duffel treaty. He had permitted the public preaching to continue, but had not introduced it for the first time.

[1] Answer of Count Horn, etc., art. xxx.
[2] Ibid., art. xxxiii. [3] Ibid., art. xxxiv.

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He had allowed temples to be built outside the gates, but it was by express command of Madame, as he could prove by her letters. She had even reproved him before the council because the work had not been accomplished with sufficient despatch.[1] With regard to his alleged threat that he would oppose the king's entrance with fifteen thousand men, he answered, with astonishing simplicity, that he did not remember making any such observation, but it was impossible for a man to retain in his mind all the nonsense which he might occasionally utter.[2] The honest admiral thought that his poverty, already pleaded, was so notorious that the charge was not worthy of a serious answer. He also treated the observation which he was charged with having made relative to his marching to Spain with fifty thousand men to rescue Montigny as "frivolous and ridiculous."[3] He had no power to raise a hundred men. Moreover, he had rejoiced at Montigny's detention, for he had thought that to be out of the Netherlands was to be out of harm's way.[4] On the whole, he claimed that in all those transactions of his which might be considered anti-Catholic he had been governed entirely by the instructions of the regent, and by her Accord with the nobles. That Accord, as she had repeatedly stated to him, was to be kept sacred until his Majesty, by advice of the States-General, should otherwise ordain.[5]

Finally, he observed that law was not his vocation. He was no pettifogger, but he had endeavored loyally

[1] Answer of Count Horn, art. xxxix. xlvii.

[2] "Niet moglijk te gedenken van alle sulke kleine proposten." —Ibid., art. i. 205.

[3] Ibid., art. iii. [4] Ibid.

[5] Ibid., passim, but particularly art. iv. 206.

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to conform himself to the broad and general principles of honor, justice, and truth. In a very few and simple words he begged his judges to have regard to his deeds and to a life of loyal service. If he had erred occasionally in those times of tumult, his intentions had ever been faithful and honorable.[1]

The charges against Count Egmont were very similar to those against Count Horn. The answers of both defendants were nearly identical. Interrogations thus addressed to two different persons, as to circumstances which had occurred long before, could not have been thus separately, secretly, but simultaneously answered in language substantially the same had not that language been the words of truth. Egmont was accused generally of plotting with others to expel the king from the provinces and to divide the territory among themselves. Through a long series of ninety articles he was accused of conspiring against the character and life of Cardinal Granvelle. He was the inventor, it was charged, of the fool's-cap livery. He had joined in the letters to the king demanding the prelate's removal. He had favored the fusion of the three councils. He had maintained that the States-General ought to be forthwith assembled, that otherwise the debts of his Majesty and of the country could never be paid, and that the provinces would go to the French, to the Germans, or to the devil.[2] He had asserted that he would not be instrumental in burning forty or fifty thousand men in order that the Inquisition and the edicts might be sustained.[3] He had declared that the edicts were rigorous. He had advised the duchess to moderate them and remove the Inquisi-

[1] Answer of Count Horn, Conclusion, 208, 209.

[2] Interrogatoires de Comte d'Egmont, 315.

[3] Ibid.

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tion, saying that these measures, with a pardon general in addition, were the only means of quieting the country. He had advised the formation of the confederacy, and promised to it his protection and favor. He had counseled the presentation of the petition. He had arranged all these matters, in consultation with the other nobles, at the interviews at Breda and Hoogstraaten. He had refused the demand of Madame de Parma to take arms in her defense. He had expressed his intention, at a most critical moment, of going to the baths of Aix for his health, although his personal appearance gave no indication of any malady whatever.[1] He had countenanced and counseled the proceedings of the rebel nobles at St.-Trond. He had made an accord with those of "the religion" at Ghent, Bruges, and other places. He had advised the duchess to grant a pardon to those who had taken up arms. He had maintained, in common with the Prince of Orange, at a session of the state council, that if Madame should leave Brussels they would assemble the States-General of their own authority and raise a force of forty thousand men.[2] He had plotted treason and made arrangements for the levy of troops at the interview at Dendermonde with Horn, Hoogstraaten, and the Prince of Orange. He had taken under his protection on the 20th April, 1566, the confederacy of the rebels; had promised that they should never be molested, for the future, on account of the Inquisition or the edicts, and that so long as they kept within the terms of the petition and the Com-

[1] Procès d'Egmont, art. xx., Supp. Strada, i. 34. This remark of Egmont's was deemed so treasonable that, as already stated, it was brought most superfluously into the indictment against Horn.

[2] Interrogatoires d'Egmont, 326.

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promise he would defend them with his own person. He had granted liberty of preaching outside the walls in many cities within his government. He had said repeatedly that if the king desired to introduce the Inquisition into the Netherlands he would sell all his property and remove to another land, thus declaring with how much contempt and detestation he regarded the said Inquisition.[1] He had winked at all the proceedings of the sectaries. He had permitted the cry of "Vivent les gueux!" at his table. He had assisted at the banquet at Culemburg House.[2]

These were the principal points in the interminable act of accusation. Like the admiral, Egmont admitted many of the facts and flatly denied the rest. He indignantly repelled the possibility of a treasonable inference from any of, or all, his deeds. He had certainly desired the removal of Granvelle, for he believed that the king's service would profit by his recall. He replied almost in the same terms as the admiral had done to the charge concerning the livery, and asserted that its principal object had been to set an example of economy. The fool's cap and bells had been changed to a bundle of arrows *in consequence of a certain rumor which became rife in Brussels*, and in obedience to an ordinance of Madame de Parma.[3] As to the assembling of the States-General, the fusion of the councils, the moderation of the edicts, he had certainly been in favor of these measures, which he considered to be wholesome and lawful, not mischievous or treasonable.[4] He had certainly

[1] Procès d'Egmont, art. lxxiii. 54.

[2] Interrogatoires d'Egmont, 327–348. Procès d'Egmont, 24–63.

[3] Interrogatoires, 314. Procès d'Egmont, 65.

[4] Interrogatoires, 312.

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maintained that the edicts were rigorous, and had advised the duchess, under the perilous circumstances of the country, to grant a temporary modification until the pleasure of his Majesty could be known. With regard to the Compromise, he had advised all his friends to keep out of it, and many in consequence had kept out of it.[1] As to the presentation of the petition, he had given Madame de Parma notice thereof so soon as he had heard that such a step was contemplated.[2] He used the same language as had been employed by Horn with regard to the interview at Breda and Hoogstraaten—that they had been meetings of "good cheer" and good-fellowship.[3] He had always been at every moment at the command of the duchess, save when he had gone to Flanders and Artois to suppress the tumults, according to her express orders. He had no connection with the meeting of the nobles at St.-Trond. He had gone to Duffel as special envoy from the duchess, to treat with certain plenipotentiaries appointed at the St.-Trond meeting.[4] He had strictly conformed to the letter of instructions drawn up by the duchess, which would be found among his papers,[5] but he had never promised the nobles his personal aid or protection. With regard to the Dendermonde meeting, he gave almost exactly the same account as Horn had given. The prince, the admiral, and himself had conversed between a quarter past eleven and dinner-time, which was twelve o'clock, on various matters, particularly upon the king's dissatisfaction with recent events in the Netherlands, and upon a

[1] Interrogatoires, 317.
[2] Ibid., 318.
[3] Ibid., 319. Procès d'Egmont, 78.
[4] Interrogatoires, 330, 331.
[5] Ibid., 330.

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certain letter from the ambassador Alava in Paris to the Duchess of Parma.[1] He had, however, expressed his opinion to Madame that the letter was a forgery. He had permitted public preaching in certain cities, outside the walls, where it had already been established, because this was in accordance with the treaty which Madame had made at Duffel, which she had ordered him honorably to maintain. He had certainly winked at the religious exercises of the reformers, because he had been expressly commanded to do so, and because the government at that time was not provided with troops to suppress the new religion by force. He related the visit of Horn, Orange, and himself to Culemburg House, at the memorable banquet, in almost the same words which the admiral had used. He had done all in his power to prevent Madame from leaving Brussels, in which effort he had been successful, and from which much good had resulted to the country. He had never recommended that a pardon should be granted to those who had taken up arms, but, on the contrary, had advised their chastisement, as had appeared in his demeanor toward the rebels at Austruweel, Tournay, and Valenciennes. He had never permitted the cry of "Vivent les gueux!" at his own table, nor encouraged it in his presence anywhere else.[2]

Such were the leading features in these memorable cases of what was called high treason. Trial there was none. The tribunal was incompetent; the prisoners were without advocates; the government evidence was concealed; the testimony for the defense was excluded; and the cause was finally decided before a thousandth

[1] Interrogatoires, 326, 327.

[2] Ibid., 327–346. Procès d'Egmont, 74, 75, sqq.

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part of its merits could have been placed under the eyes of the judge who gave the sentence.[1]

But it is almost puerile to speak of the matter in the terms usually applicable to state trials. The case had been settled in Madrid long before the arrest of the prisoners in Brussels. The sentence, signed by Philip in blank, had been brought in Alva's portfolio from Spain.[2] The proceedings were a mockery, and, so far as any effect upon public opinion was concerned, might as well have been omitted. If the gentlemen had been shot in the courtyard of the Jasse house, by decree of a drumhead court martial, an hour after their arrest, the rights of the provinces and the sentiments of humanity would not have been outraged more utterly. Every constitutional and natural right was violated from first to last. This certainly was not a novelty. Thousands of obscure individuals, whose relations and friends were not upon thrones and in high places, but in booths and cellars, and whose fate therefore did not send a shudder of sympathy throughout Europe, had already been sacrificed by the Blood-Tribunal. Still this great case presented a colossal emblem of the condition in which the Netherlands were now gasping. It was a monumental exhibition of the truth which thousands had already learned to their cost, that law and justice were abrogated

[1] La déduction de l'innocence du Comte de Hornes, 57, 58, 59.

[2] Hoofd, v. 168, who relates the fact on the authority of Simon de Rycke, councilor of Amsterdam, who had it from Philip, eldest son of Count Egmont. Compare address of the estates of Holland to the States-General: "om dat u den Hertog somwijlen een blank signet met des Coninx hand getekent laet sien, schrijvende daer in wat hem gelust en gelieft en seggende dat het al versch, uit Spangien komt," etc.—Bor, vi. 463. Wagenaer, Vaderl. Hist., vi. 278. Gachard, Notice sur le Conseil des Troubles, 13.

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throughout the land. The country was simply under martial law, the entire population under sentence of death. The whole civil power was in Alva's hand, the whole responsibility in Alva's breast. Neither the most ignoble nor the most powerful could lift their heads in the sublime desolation which was sweeping the country. This was now proved beyond peradventure. A miserable cobbler or weaver might be hurried from his shop to the scaffold, invoking the *jus de non evocando* till he was gagged, but the emperor would not stoop from his throne, nor electors palatine and powerful nobles rush to his rescue; but in behalf of these prisoners the most august hands and voices of Christendom had been lifted up at the foot of Philip's throne, and their supplications had proved as idle as the millions of tears and death-cries which had been shed or uttered in the lowly places of the land. It was obvious, then, that all intercession must thereafter be useless. Philip was fanatically impressed with his mission. His viceroy was possessed by his loyalty as by a demon. In this way alone that conduct which can never be palliated may at least be comprehended. It was Philip's enthusiasm to embody the wrath of God against heretics. It was Alva's enthusiasm to embody the wrath of Philip. Narrow-minded, isolated, seeing only that section of the world which was visible through the loophole of the fortress in which nature had imprisoned him for life, placing his glory in unconditional obedience to his superior, questioning nothing, doubting nothing, fearing nothing, the viceroy accomplished his work of hell with all the tranquillity of an angel. An iron will, which clove through every obstacle; adamantine fortitude, which sustained without flinching a mountain of responsibility sufficient to crush

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a common nature, were qualities which, united to his fanatical obedience, made him a man for Philip's work such as could not have been found again in the world.

The case, then, was tried before a tribunal which was not only incompetent, under the laws of the land, but not even a court of justice in any philosophical or legal sense. Constitutional and municipal law were not more outraged in its creation than all national and natural maxims.

The reader who has followed step by step the career of the two distinguished victims through the perilous days of Margaret's administration is sufficiently aware of the amount of treason with which they are chargeable. It would be an insult to common sense for us to set forth in full the injustice of their sentence. Both were guiltless toward the crown, while the hands of one, on the contrary, were deeply dyed in the blood of the people. This truth was so self-evident that even a member of the Blood-Council, Pierre Arsens, president of Artois, addressed an elaborate memoir to the Duke of Alva, criticizing the case according to the rules of law, and maintaining that Egmont, instead of deserving punishment, was entitled to a signal reward.[1]

So much for the famous treason of Counts Egmont and Horn, so far as regards the history of the proceedings and the merits of the case. The last act of the tragedy was precipitated by occurrences which must be now narrated.

The Prince of Orange had at last thrown down the gauntlet. Proscribed, outlawed, with his Netherland property confiscated and his eldest child kidnaped, he

[1] Van der Vynckt, ii. 92, 93.

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saw sufficient personal justification for at last stepping into the lists, the avowed champion of a nation's wrongs. Whether the revolution was to be successful or to be disastrously crushed, whether its result would be to place him upon a throne or a scaffold, not even he, the deep-revolving and taciturn politician, could possibly foresee. The Reformation, in which he took both a political and a religious interest, might prove a sufficient lever in his hands for the overthrow of Spanish power in the Netherlands. The Inquisition might roll back upon his country and himself, crushing them forever. The chances seemed with the Inquisition. The Spaniards, under the first chieftain in Europe, were encamped and intrenched in the provinces. The Huguenots had just made their fatal peace in France, to the prophetic dissatisfaction of Coligny.[1] The leading men of liberal sentiments in the Netherlands were captive or in exile. All were embarrassed by the confiscations which, in anticipation of sentence, had severed the nerves of war. The country was terror-stricken, paralyzed, motionless, abject, forswearing its convictions, and imploring only life. At this moment William of Orange reappeared upon the scene.

He replied to the act of condemnation which had been pronounced against him in default by a published paper of moderate length and great eloquence. He had repeatedly offered to place himself, he said, upon trial before a competent court. As a Knight of the Fleece, as a member of the Holy Roman Empire, as a sovereign prince, he could acknowledge no tribunal save the chapters of the knights or of the realm. The emperor's personal intercession with Philip had been employed

[1] De Thou, v. 414–417.

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in vain to obtain the adjudication of his case by either.[1] It would be both death and degradation on his part to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the infamous Council of Blood. He scorned, he said, to plead his cause "before he knew not what base knaves, not fit to be the valets of his companions and himself."[2]

He appealed, therefore, to the judgment of the world. He published, not an elaborate argument, but a condensed and scathing statement of the outrages which had been practised upon him.[3] He denied that he had been a party to the Compromise. He denied that he had been concerned in the Request, although he denounced with scorn the tyranny which could treat a petition to government as an act of open war against the sovereign. He spoke of Granvelle with unmeasured wrath. He maintained that his own continuance in office had been desired by the cardinal in order that his personal popularity might protect the odious designs of the government. The edicts, the Inquisition, the persecution, the new bishoprics, had been the causes of the tumults. He concluded with a burst of indignation against Philip's conduct toward himself. The monarch had forgotten his services and those of his valiant ancestors. He had robbed him of honor, he had robbed him of his son—both dearer to him than life. By thus doing he had degraded himself more than he had injured him, for he had broken all his royal oaths and obligations.[4]

[1] Hoofd, iv. 159. De Thou, v. 362, 363, 369.

[2] Apologie d'Orange, 64, 65.

[3] Bor, iv. 227; and the text of the Justification in Bijv. Aut. Stukk., i. 3 et seq.

[4] Bijv., i. 3 sqq.

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The paper was published early in the summer of 1568. At about the same time, the Count of Hoogstraaten published a similar reply to the act of condemnation with which he had been visited. He defended himself mainly upon the ground that all the crimes of which he stood arraigned had been committed in obedience to the literal instructions of the Duchess of Parma, after her Accord with the confederates.[1]

The prince now made the greatest possible exertions to raise funds and troops. He had many meetings with influential individuals in Germany. The Protestant princes, particularly the Landgrave of Hesse and the Elector of Saxony, promised him assistance. He brought all his powers of eloquence and of diplomacy to make friends for the cause which he had now boldly espoused. The high-born Demosthenes electrified large assemblies by his indignant invectives against the Spanish Philip.[2] He excelled even his royal antagonist in the industrious subtlety with which he began to form a thousand combinations. Swift, secret, incapable of fatigue, this powerful and patient intellect sped to and fro, disentangling the perplexed skein where all had seemed so hopelessly confused, and gradually unfolding broad schemes of a symmetrical and regenerated polity. He had high correspondents and higher hopes in England. He was already secretly or openly in league with half the sovereigns of Germany. The Huguenots of France looked upon him as their friend, and on Louis of Nassau as their inevitable chieftain, were Coligny destined to fall.[3] He was in league with all the exiled

[1] Bor, iv. 224.
[2] Hoofd, v. 161–163. Bentivoglio, lib. iv. 62–64.
[3] De Thou, vi. 36.

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and outlawed nobles of the Netherlands.[1] By his orders recruits were daily enlisted, without sound of drum. He granted a commission to his brother Louis, one of the most skilful and audacious soldiers of the age, than whom the revolt could not have found a more determined partizan, nor the prince a more faithful lieutenant.

This commission, which was dated Dillenburg, 6th April, 1568, was a somewhat startling document. It authorized the count to levy troops and wage war against Philip, strictly for Philip's good. The fiction of loyalty certainly never went further. The Prince of Orange made known to all "to whom those presents should come" that through the affection which he bore the gracious king he purposed to expel his Majesty's forces from the Netherlands. "To show our love for the monarch and his hereditary provinces," so ran the commission, "to prevent the desolation hanging over the country by the ferocity of the Spaniards, to maintain the privileges sworn to by his Majesty and his predecessors, to prevent the extirpation of all religion by the edicts, and to save the sons and daughters of the land from abject slavery, we have requested our dearly beloved brother Louis Nassau to enroll as many troops as he shall think necessary."[2]

Van den Berg, Hoogstraaten, and others, provided with similar powers, were also actively engaged in levying troops;[3] but the right hand of the revolt was Count Louis, as his illustrious brother was its head and heart. Two hundred thousand crowns was the sum which the prince considered absolutely necessary for organizing

[1] Hoofd, v. 163, 164. Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., 266–268. Van d. Vynckt, ii. 23, 24. Bor, iv. 227. De Thou, vi. 36.

[2] Bor, iv. 233, 234.

[3] Ibid., iv. 234.

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the army with which he contemplated making an entrance into the Netherlands. Half this amount had been produced by the cities of Antwerp, Amsterdam, Leyden, Haarlem, Middelburg, Flushing, and other towns, as well as by refugee merchants in England. The other half was subscribed by individuals. The prince himself contributed 50,000 florins, Hoogstraaten 30,000, Louis of Nassau 10,000, Culemburg 30,000, Van den Berg 30,000, the Dowager Countess Horn 10,000, and other persons in less proportion.[1] Count John of Nassau also pledged his estates to raise a large sum for the cause. The prince himself sold all his jewels, plate, tapestry, and other furniture, which were of almost regal magnificence.[2] Not an enthusiast, but a deliberate, cautious man, he now staked his all upon the hazard, seemingly so desperate. The splendor of his station has been sufficiently depicted. His luxury, his fortune, his family, his life, his children, his honor, all were now ventured, not with the recklessness of a gambler, but with the calm conviction of a statesman.

A private and most audacious attempt to secure the person of Alva and the possession of Brussels had failed.[3] He was soon, however, called upon to employ all his energies against the open warfare which was now commenced.

According to the plan of the prince, the provinces were to be attacked simultaneously in three places by his lieutenants, while he himself was waiting in the neighborhood of Cleves, ready for a fourth assault. An

[1] Confession of the Seigneur de Villers. Vide Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 757.

[2] Hoofd, v. 163.

[3] Meteren, 51. Hoofd, v. 163, 164. Mendoza, ii. 39, 40.

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army of Huguenots and refugees was to enter Artois, upon the frontier of France; a second, under Hoogstraaten, was to operate between the Rhine and the Meuse; while Louis of Nassau was to raise the standard of revolt in Friesland.[1]

The two first adventures were destined to be signally unsuccessful. A force under Seigneur de Cocqueville, latest of all, took the field toward the end of June. It entered the bailiwick of Hesdin, in Artois, was immediately driven across the frontier by the Count de Roeulx, and cut to pieces at St.-Valéry by Maréchal de Cossé, governor of Picardy. This action was upon the 18th July. Of the twenty-five hundred men who composed the expedition, scarce three hundred escaped. The few Netherlanders who were taken prisoners were given to the Spanish government, and of course hanged.[2]

The force under the Seigneur de Villers was earlier under arms, and the sooner defeated. This luckless gentleman, who had replaced the Count of Hoogstraaten, crossed the frontier of Juliers, in the neighborhood of Maestricht, by the 20th April. His force, infantry and cavalry, amounted to nearly three thousand men. The object of the enterprise was to raise the country, and, if possible, to obtain a foothold by securing an important city. Roermond was the first point of attack, but the attempts, both by stratagem and by force, to secure the town were fruitless. The citizens were not ripe for revolt, and refused the army admittance. While the invaders were, therefore, endeavoring to fire the gates,

[1] Bor, iv. 233, 234. Hoofd, v. 164, 165. Mendoza, f. 39 et seq.

[2] Bor, iv. 238. Hoofd, v. 164. Mendoza. Gachard, Correspondance du Duc d'Albe sur l'Invasion du Comte L. de Nassau en Frise, etc., pp. 10, 11.

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they were driven off by the approach of a Spanish force.

The duke, so soon as the invasion was known to him, had acted with great promptness. Don Sancho de Lodroño and Don Sancho d'Avila, with five vanderas [1] of Spanish infantry, three companies of cavalry, and about three hundred pikemen under Count Eberstein,—a force amounting in all to about sixteen hundred picked troops,—had been at once despatched against Villers. The rebel chieftain, abandoning his attempt upon Roermond, advanced toward Erkelens. Upon the 25th April, between Erkelens and Dalem, the Spaniards came up with him and gave him battle. Villers lost all his cavalry and two vanderas of his infantry in the encounter. With the remainder of his force, amounting to thirteen hundred men, he effected his retreat in good order to Dalem. Here he rapidly intrenched himself. At four in the afternoon, Sancho de Lodroño, at the head of six hundred infantry, reached the spot. He was unable to restrain the impetuosity of his men, although the cavalry under Avila, prevented by the difficult nature of the narrow path through which the rebels had retreated, had not yet arrived. The enemy were two to one, and were fortified; nevertheless, in half an hour the intrenchments were carried, and almost every man in the patriot army put to the sword. Villers himself, with a handful of soldiers, escaped into the town, but was soon afterward taken prisoner, with all his followers. He sullied the cause in which he was engaged by a base confession of the designs formed by the Prince of Orange—a treachery, however, which did

[1] A vandera in Alva's army amounted, on an average, to one hundred and seventy men.

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not save him from the scaffold. In the course of this day's work the Spanish lost twenty men, and the rebels nearly two hundred. This portion of the liberating forces had been thus disastrously defeated on the eve of the entrance of Count Louis into Friesland.[1]

As early as the 22d April, Alva had been informed, by the lieutenant-governor of that province, that the beggars were mustering in great force in the neighborhood of Emden. It was evident that an important enterprise was about to be attempted.[2] Two days afterward Louis of Nassau entered the provinces, attended by a small body of troops. His banners blazed with patriotic inscriptions. "Nunc aut nunquam," "Recuperare aut mori," were the watchwords of his desperate adventure. "Freedom for fatherland and conscience" was the device which was to draw thousands to his standard.[3] On the western wolds of Frisia he surprised the castle of Wedde, a residence of the absent Aremberg, stadholder of the province. Thence he advanced to Appingadam, or Dam, on the tide-waters of the Dollart. Here he was met by his younger brother, the gallant Adolphus, whose days were so nearly numbered, who brought with him a small troop of horse.[4] At Wedde, at Dam, and at Slochteren the standard was set up. At these three points there daily gathered armed bodies of troops, voluntary adventurers, peasants with any rustic weapon which they could find to their hand. Lieutenant-Gov-

[1] Bor, iv. 234. Hoofd, v. 194. Mendoza, 40–46. Gachard, Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 7, 8. Cabrera, lib. viii. c. i. 483, 484. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 756, 757.

[2] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 13–16.

[3] Hoofd, v. 164, 165. Brandt, i. 477. Meurs, Gul. Aur. iv. 44.

[4] Bor, 235. Mendoza, 46. Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 15,16.

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ernor Groesbeck wrote urgently to the duke that the beggars were hourly increasing in force; that the leaders perfectly understood their game; that they kept their plans a secret, but were fast seducing the heart of the country.[1]

On the 4th May, Louis issued a summons to the magistracy of Groningen, ordering them to send a deputation to confer with him at Dam. He was prepared, he said, to show the commission with which he was provided. He had not entered the country on a mere personal adventure, but had received orders to raise a sufficient army. By the help of the eternal God, he was determined, he said, to extirpate the detestable tyranny of those savage persecutors who had shed so much Christian blood. He was resolved to lift up the down-trod privileges, and to protect the fugitive, terror-stricken Christians and patriarchs of the country.[2] If the magistrates were disposed to receive him with friendship, it was well. Otherwise he should, with regret, feel himself obliged to proceed against them as enemies of his Majesty and of the commonweal.

As the result of this summons, Louis received a moderate sum of money, on condition of renouncing for the moment an attack upon the city. With this temporary supply he was able to retain a larger number of the adventurers who were daily swarming around him.[3]

In the meantime Alva was not idle. On the 30th April he wrote to Groesbeck that he must take care

[1] Correspondance du Duc d' Albe, 15–17.

[2] Address of Louis of Nassau to the burgomasters and magistracy of Groningen, 4th May, 1568, in Gachard, Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 21, 22.

[3] Bor, iv. 235.

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not to be taken napping; that he must keep his eyes well open until the arrival of succor, which was already on the way.[1] He then immediately ordered Count Aremberg, who had just returned from France on conclusion of hostilities, to hasten to the seat of war. Four vanderas of his own regiment, a small body of cavalry, and Bracamonte's Sardinian legion, making in all a force of nearly twenty-five hundred men, were ordered to follow him with the utmost expedition. Count Meghen, stadholder of Guelders, with five vanderas of infantry, three of light horse, and some artillery, composing a total of about fifteen hundred men, was directed to coöperate with Aremberg.[2] Upon this point the orders of the governor-general were explicit. It seemed impossible that the rabble rout under Louis of Nassau could stand a moment before nearly four thousand picked and veteran troops, but the duke was earnest in warning his generals not to undervalue the enemy.[3]

On the 7th May, Counts Meghen and Aremberg met and conferred at Arnheim, on their way to Friesland. It was fully agreed between them, after having heard full reports of the rising in that province and of the temper throughout the eastern Netherlands, that it would be rash to attempt any separate enterprise. On the 11th Aremberg reached Vollenhoven, where he was laid up in his bed with the gout.[4] Bodies of men, while he lay sick, paraded hourly with fife and drum before his windows, and discharged pistols and harquebuses across the ditch of the blockhouse where he was quartered.[5] On the

[1] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 17–20.
[2] Ibid., 29. Mendoza, 46, 47. Bor, iv. 235.
[3] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 49.
[4] Ibid., 33–37. [5] Ibid., 59, 60.

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18th, Bracamonte, with his legion, arrived by water at Harlingen. Not a moment more was lost. Aremberg, notwithstanding his gout, which still confined him to a litter, started at once in pursuit of the enemy.[1] Passing through Groningen, he collected all the troops which could be spared. He also received six pieces of artillery. Six cannon, which the lovers of harmony had baptized with the notes of the gamut, *ut*, *re*, *mi*, *fa*, *sol*, *la*, were placed at his disposal by the authorities, and have acquired historical celebrity.[2] It was, however, ordained that when those musical pieces piped, the Spaniards were not to dance. On the 22d, followed by his whole force, consisting of Bracamonte's legion, his own four vanderas, and a troop of Germans, he came in sight of the enemy at Dam. Louis of Nassau sent out a body of harquebusiers, about one thousand strong, from the city. A sharp skirmish ensued, but the beggars were driven into their intrenchments, with a loss of twenty or thirty men, and nightfall terminated the contest.

It was beautiful to see, wrote Aremberg to Alva, how brisk and eager were the Spaniards, notwithstanding the long march which they had that day accomplished.[3] Time was soon to show how easily immoderate valor might swell into a fault. Meantime Aremberg quartered his troops in and about Wittewerum Abbey, close to the little unwalled city of Dam.

On the other hand, Meghen, whose coöperation had been commanded by Alva and arranged personally with Aremberg a fortnight before at Arnheim, had been delayed in his movements. His troops, who had re-

[1] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 73, 74.
[2] Hoofd, v. 166. Strada, i. 320.
[3] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 87, 88. Bor, iv. 235.

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ceived no wages for a long time, had mutinied.[1] A small sum of money, however, sent from Brussels, quelled this untimely insubordination. Meghen then set forth to effect his junction with his colleague, having assured the governor-general that the war would be ended in six days. The beggars had not a stiver, he said, and must disband or be beaten to pieces as soon as Aremberg and he had joined forces. Nevertheless, he admitted that these same "master-beggars," as he called them, might prove too many for either general alone.[2]

Alva, in reply, expressed his confidence that four or five thousand choice troops of Spain would be enough to make a short war of it, but nevertheless warned his officers of the dangers of overweening confidence.[3] He had been informed that the rebels had assumed the red scarf of the Spanish uniform. He hoped the stratagem would not save them from broken heads, but was unwilling that his Majesty's badge should be altered.[4] He reiterated his commands that no enterprise should be undertaken except by the whole army in concert, and enjoined the generals incontinently to hang and strangle all prisoners the moment they should be taken.[5]

Marching directly northward, Meghen reached Coeverden, some fifty miles from Dam, on the night of the 22d. He had informed Aremberg that he might expect him with his infantry and his light horse in the course of the next day. On the following morning, the 23d, Aremberg wrote his last letter to the duke, promising to send a good account of the beggars within a very few hours.[6]

[1] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 39.
[2] Ibid., 43–45, etc.
[3] Ibid., 49. [4] Ibid., 77. [5] Ibid. [6] Ibid., 92.

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Louis of Nassau had broken up his camp at Dam about midnight. Falling back, in a southerly direction, along the Wold-weg, or forest road, a narrow causeway through a swampy district, he had taken up a position some three leagues from his previous encampment. Near the monastery of Heiliger Lee, or the "Holy Lion," he had chosen his ground.[1] A little money in hand, ample promises, and the hopes of booty, had effectually terminated the mutiny which had also broken out in his camp. Assured that Meghen had not yet effected his junction with Aremberg, prepared to strike, at last, a telling blow for freedom and fatherland, Louis awaited the arrival of his eager foe.

His position was one of commanding strength and fortunate augury. Heiliger Lee was a wooded eminence, artificially reared by Premonstrant monks. It was the only rising ground in that vast extent of watery pastures inclosed by the Ems and Lippe[2]—the "fallacious fields" described by Tacitus. Here Hermann, first of Teutonic heroes, had dashed out of existence three veteran legions of tyrant Rome. Here the specter of Varus, begrimed and gory, had risen from the morass to warn Germanicus,[3] who came to avenge him, that Gothic freedom was a dangerous antagonist.[4] And now, in the perpetual reproductions of history, another German warrior occupied a spot of vantage in that same perilous region. The tyranny with which he contended strove to be as universal as that of Rome, and had stretched its wings of conquest into worlds of which the Cæsars had never dreamed. It was in arms, too, to

[1] Bor, iv. 235. Mendoza, 47.
[2] Bor, iv. 235. De Thou, v. 445–448.
[3] Tacit. Ann., i. [4] Ibid.

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crush not only the rights of man, but the rights of God. The battle of freedom was to be fought not only for fatherland, but for conscience. The cause was even holier than that which had inspired the arm of Hermann.

Although the swamps of that distant age had been transformed into fruitful pastures, yet the whole district was moist, deceitful, and dangerous. The country was divided into squares, not by hedges, but by impassable ditches.[1] Agricultural intrenchments had long made the country almost impregnable, while its defenses against the ocean rendered almost as good service against a more implacable human foe.

Aremberg, leading his soldiers along the narrow causeway, in hot pursuit of what they considered a rabble rout of fugitive beggars, soon reached Winschoten. Here he became aware of the presence of his despicable foe. Louis and Adolphus of Nassau, while sitting at dinner in the convent of the Holy Lion, had been warned by a friendly peasant of the approach of the Spaniards. The opportune intelligence had given the patriot general time to make his preparations. His earnest entreaties had made his troops ashamed of their mutinous conduct on the preceding day, and they were now both ready and willing to engage.[2] The village was not far distant from the abbey, and in the neighborhood of the abbey Louis of Nassau was now posted. Behind him was a wood, on his left a hill of moderate elevation, before him an extensive and swampy field. In the front of the field was a causeway leading to the

[1] Mendoza, 52. Guicciardini, Belg. Descript. De Thou, ubi sup.

[2] Détails sur la bataille de Heiliger Lee, Groen van Prinst., iii. 220–223.

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abbey. This was the road which Aremberg was to traverse. On the plain which lay between the wood and the hill, the main body of the beggars were drawn up. They were disposed in two squares or squadrons, rather deep than wide, giving the idea of a less number than they actually contained. The lesser square, in which were two thousand eight hundred men, was partially sheltered by the hill. Both were flanked by musketeers. On the brow of the hill was a large body of light-armed troops, the *enfants perdus* of the army. The cavalry, amounting to not more than three hundred men, was placed in front, facing the road along which Aremberg was to arrive.[1]

That road was bordered by a wood extending nearly to the front of the hill. As Aremberg reached its verge, he brought out his artillery and opened a fire upon the body of light troops. The hill protected a large part of the enemy's body from this attack. Finding the rebels so strong in numbers and position, Aremberg was disposed only to skirmish. He knew better than did his soldiers the treacherous nature of the ground in front of the enemy. He saw that it was one of those districts where peat had been taken out in large squares for fuel, and where a fallacious and verdant scum upon the surface of deep pools simulated the turf that had been removed. He saw that the battle-ground presented to him by his sagacious enemy was one great sweep of traps and pitfalls.[2] Before he could carry the position, many men must necessarily be engulfed.

He paused for an instant. He was deficient in cavalry, having only Martinengo's troop, hardly amounting to

[1] Mendoza, 48, 49. De Thou, v. 445, 446.

[2] Mendoza, 49.

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four hundred men.[1] He was sure of Meghen's arrival within twenty-four hours. If, then, he could keep the rebels in check, without allowing them any opportunity to disperse, he should be able, on the morrow, to cut them to pieces, according to the plan agreed upon a fortnight before. But the count had to contend with a double obstacle. His soldiers were very hot, his enemy very cool. The Spaniards, who had so easily driven a thousand musketeers from behind their windmill the evening before, who had seen the whole rebel force decamp in hot haste on the very night of their arrival before Dam, supposed themselves in full career of victory. Believing that the name alone of the old legions had stricken terror to the hearts of the beggars, and that no resistance was possible to Spanish arms, they reviled their general for his caution. His reason for delay was theirs for hurry. Why should Meghen's loitering and mutinous troops, arriving at the eleventh hour, share in the triumph and the spoil? No man knew the country better than Aremberg, a native of the Netherlands, the stadholder of the province. Cowardly or heretical motives alone could sway him if he now held them back in the very hour of victory.[2] Inflamed beyond endurance by these taunts, feeling his pride of country touched to the quick, and willing to show that a Netherlander would lead wherever Spaniards dared to follow, Aremberg allowed himself to commit the grave error for which he was so deeply to atone. Disregarding the dictates of his own experience and the arrangements of his superior, he yielded to the braggart humor of his soldiers, which he had not, like Alva, learned to moderate or to despise.

[1] Bor, iv. 235.

[2] Mendoza, 49, 50. Bor, iv. 235, 236. Hoofd, v. 165, 166.

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In the meantime the body of light troops which had received the fire from the musical pieces of Groningen was seen to waver. The artillery was then brought beyond the cover of the wood, and pointed more fully upon the two main squares of the enemy. A few shots told. Soon afterward the *enfants perdus* retreated helter-skelter, entirely deserting their position. This apparent advantage, which was only a preconcerted stratagem, was too much for the fiery Spaniards. They rushed merrily [1] forward to attack the stationary squares, their general being no longer able to restrain their impetuosity. In a moment the whole vanguard had plunged into the morass. In a few minutes more they were all helplessly and hopelessly struggling in the pools, while the musketeers of the enemy poured in a deadly fire upon them, without wetting the soles of their own feet. The pikemen, too, who composed the main body of the larger square, now charged upon all who were extricating themselves from their entanglement, and drove them back again to a muddy death. Simultaneously, the lesser patriot squadron, which had so long been sheltered, emerged from the cover of the hill, made a detour around its base, enveloped the rear-guard of the Spaniards before they could advance to the succor of their perishing comrades, and broke them to pieces almost instantly.[2] Gonzalo de Bracamonte, the very Spanish colonel who had been foremost in denunciation of Aremberg for his disposition to delay the contest, was now the first to fly. To his bad conduct was ascribed the loss of the day. The anger of Alva was so high, when

[1] "Lustig aangetogen."—Bor, iv. 235.

[2] Mendoza, 50. Hoofd, v. 166. Bor, 235, 236. Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 92-97.

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he was informed of the incident, that he would have condemned the officer to death but for the intercession of his friends and countrymen.[1] The rout was sudden and absolute. The foolhardiness of the Spaniards had precipitated them into the pit which their enemies had dug. The day was lost. Nothing was left for Aremberg but to perish with honor. Placing himself at the head of his handful of cavalry, he dashed into the mêlée. The shock was sustained by young Adolphus of Nassau, at the head of an equal number of riders. Each leader singled out the other. They met as "captains of might" should do, in the very midst of the affray.[2] Aremberg, receiving and disregarding a pistol-shot from his adversary, laid Adolphus dead at his feet, with a bullet through his body and a saber-cut on his head. Two troopers in immediate attendance upon the young count shared the same fate from the same hand. Shortly

[1] This at least is the statement made by the author of the MS. heretofore cited, Pièces concernant les Troubles des Pays-Bas, etc. The writer adds that Alphonse d'Ulloa had taken good care not to mention the circumstance, as telling too hard upon the Spaniards. It is remarkable, however, that Ulloa does distinctly state that Alva, upon arriving in Amsterdam after the battle of Jemmingen, caused the captains and colonels of the Sardinian regiment to be beheaded for having been the cause of Aremberg's defeat and death. Bracamonte was the *maestro de campo* of the terzio of Sardinia. Commentaire du Seigneur A. d'Ulloa, i. 57. Mendoza, ii. 28vo.

[2] This hotly contested field, with the striking catastrophe of Adolphus and Aremberg, suggests the chivalrous pictures in "Chevy Chase":

> "At last these two stout earls did meet,
> Like captains of great might;
> Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
> And made a cruel fight," etc.

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afterward the horse of Aremberg, wounded by a musket-ball, fell to the ground. A few devoted followers lifted the charger to his legs and the bleeding rider to his saddle. They endeavored to bear their wounded general from the scene of action. The horse staggered a few paces and fell dead. Aremberg disengaged himself from his body and walked a few paces to the edge of a meadow near the road. Here, wounded in the action, crippled by the disease which had so long tormented him, and scarcely able to sustain longer the burden of his armor, he calmly awaited his fate. A troop of the enemy advanced soon afterward, and Aremberg fell, covered with wounds, fighting like a hero of Homer, single-handed, against a battalion, with a courage worthy a better cause and a better fate. The sword by which he received his final death-blow was that of the Seigneur de Haultain.[1] That officer, having just seen his brother slain before his eyes, forgot the respect due to unsuccessful chivalry.[2]

The battle was scarcely finished when an advancing trumpet was heard. The sound caused the victors to

[1] Meteren, f. 52. De Thou, v. 447.

[2] The principal authority followed in the foregoing description of the first victory gained by the rebels in the eighty years' war, which had now fairly commenced, is the Spaniard Mendoza, who fought through this whole campaign in Friesland. Other historians give a still more picturesque aspect to the main incident of the battle. According to Strada, i. 320 (who gives as his authority a letter from Mic. Barbanson to Margaret of Parma, 30th May, 1568), Adolphus and Aremberg fell by each other's hands, and lay dead side by side. The story is adopted with some hesitation by Hoofd and Bentivoglio. Cabrera, lib. viii. 486, 487, follows Mendoza literally, and ascribes the death of Adolphus to the hand of Aremberg, who in his turn was slain afterward in the mêlée. Meteren, on the contrary, seeming to think, as well as the Span-

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pause in their pursuit, and enabled a remnant of the conquered Spaniards to escape. Meghen's force was thought to be advancing. That general had indeed arrived, but he was alone. He had reached Zuidlaren, a village some four leagues from the scene of action, on the noon of that day. Here he had found a letter from Aremberg, requesting him to hasten. He had done so. His troops, however, having come from Coeverden that morning, were unable to accomplish so long a march in addition. The count, accompanied by a few attendants, reached the neighborhood of Heiliger Lee only in time to meet with some of the camp-sutlers and other fugitives, from whom he learned the disastrous news of the defeat. Finding that all was lost, he very properly returned to Zuidlaren, from which place he made the best of his way to Groningen. That important city, the key of Friesland, he was thus enabled to secure. The troops which he brought, in addition to the four German vanderas of Schaumburg, already quartered there, were sufficient to protect it against the ill-equipped army of Louis of Nassau.[1]

iards, that the honor of the respective nations was at stake on the individual prowess of the champions, prefers to appear ignorant that this striking single combat had taken place. He mentions the death of Adolphus as having occurred in the mêlée, and ascribes Aremberg's death-blow to the Sieur de Haultain. Amelis van Amstel, in a report to the council of Guelders, relates, on the authority of a prisoner taken in the battle, that the body of Aremberg was brought before Count Louis after the fight, and that the unfortunate but chivalrous officer had been shot through the throat, through the body, and through the head; or, in his own respectful language, "his lordship was shot through the windpipe of his lordship's throat, in his side through and through again, and likewise his lordship's forehead, above his eyes, was very valiantly wounded."

[1] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 94–98.

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The patriot leader had accomplished, after all, but a barren victory. He had, to be sure, destroyed a number of Spaniards, amounting, according to the different estimates, from five hundred to sixteen hundred men.[1] He had also broken up a small but veteran army. More than all, he had taught the Netherlanders, by this triumphant termination to a stricken field, that the choice troops of Spain were not invincible. But the moral effect of the victory was the only permanent one. The count's badly paid troops could with difficulty be kept together. He had no sufficient artillery to reduce the city whose possession would have proved so important to the cause. Moreover, in common with the Prince of Orange and all his brethren, he had been called to mourn for the young and chivalrous Adolphus, whose life-blood had stained the laurels of this first patriot victory.[2] Having remained, and thus wasted the normal three days upon the battle-field, Louis now sat down before Groningen, fortifying and intrenching himself in a camp within cannon-shot of the city.[3]

On the 23d we have seen that Aremberg had written, full of confidence, to the governor-general, promising soon to send him good news of the beggars. On the 26th Count Meghen wrote that, having spoken with a man who had helped to place Aremberg in his coffin, he could hardly entertain any further doubt as to his fate.[4]

The wrath of the duke was even greater than his sur-

[1] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 111. Mendoza only allows four hundred and fifty Spaniards killed. Compare Hoofd, v. 166; Cabrera, lib. viii. 485–487; Meteren, 52, et alios.

[2] Hoofd, v. 166. Bor, iv. 236.

[3] Hoofd, Bor, ubi sup.

[4] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 102.

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prise. Like Augustus, he called in vain on the dead commander for his legions, but prepared himself to inflict a more rapid and more terrible vengeance than the Roman's. Recognizing the gravity of his situation, he determined to take the field in person, and to annihilate this insolent chieftain who had dared not only to cope with, but to conquer his veteran regiments. But before he could turn his back upon Brussels, many deeds were to be done. His measures now followed each other in breathless succession, fulminating and blasting at every stroke. On the 28th May he issued an edict banishing, on pain of death, the Prince of Orange, Louis of Nassau, Hoogstraaten, Van den Berg, and others, with confiscation of all their property.[1] At the same time he razed the Culemburg Palace to the ground, and erected a pillar upon its ruins, commemorating the accursed conspiracy which had been engendered within its walls.[2] On the 1st June, eighteen prisoners of distinction, including the two Barons Batenburg, Maximilian Kock, Blois de Treslong, and others, were executed upon the Horse Market in Brussels. In the vigorous language of Hoogstraaten, this horrible tragedy was enacted directly before the windows of that "cruel animal, Noircarmes," who, in company of his friend Berlaymont and the rest of the Blood-Council, looked out upon the shocking spectacle.[3] The heads of the victims were exposed upon stakes, to which also their bodies were fastened. Eleven of these victims were afterward deposited, uncoffined, in unconsecrated ground; the other seven were left unburied to

[1] Bor, iv. 238.
[2] Meteren, 50. Bor, iv. 248. Hoofd, v. 167.
[3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, iii. 239.

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molder on the gibbet.[1] On the 2d June, Villers, the leader in the Dalem rising, suffered on the scaffold, with three others.[2] On the 3d Counts Egmont and Horn were brought in a carriage from Ghent to Brussels, guarded by ten companies of infantry and one of cavalry. They were then lodged in the "Broodhuis," opposite the town hall, on the great square of Brussels.[3] On the 4th, Alva having, as he solemnly declared before God and the world, examined thoroughly the mass of documents appertaining to those two great prosecutions which had only been closed three days before, pronounced sentence against the illustrious prisoners.[4] These documents of iniquity, signed and sealed by the duke, were sent to the Blood-Council, where they were read by Secretary Praets.[5] The signature of Philip was not wanting, for the sentences had been drawn upon blanks signed by the monarch, of which the viceroy had brought a whole trunkful from Spain. The sentence against Egmont declared very briefly that the Duke of Alva, having read all the papers and evidence in the

[1] Bor, iv. 238. Hoofd, v. 167, 168.

[2] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[3] Bor, iv. 238, 239. Hoofd, v. 168. The building is now called the "Maison du Roi."

[4] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, 52, 53.

[5] Bor, iv. 239. "Les procès instruits furent lus et visitez au Conseil des Troubles y assistans journellement le Ducq comme President avec les seigneurs de Berlaymont et de Noircarmes—trop bien le Ducq se feit delivrer par escript leurs opinions secrètes de chacune, la pluralité desquelles inclina à la condemnation."—Renom de France MS., ii. c. 5. The same writer adds that the sentence, drawn up by Hessels and signed by the duke, was read two or three days afterward in presence of Berlaymont and Noircarmes. "Par où l'on a présumé, à bonne raison, que la résolution venait d'Espagne."—Ibid.

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case, had found the count guilty of high treason. It was proved that Egmont had united with the confederates, that he had been a party to the accursed conspiracy of the Prince of Orange, that he had taken the rebel nobles under his protection, and that he had betrayed the government and the Holy Catholic Church by his conduct in Flanders. Therefore the duke condemned him to be executed by the sword on the following day, and decreed that his head should be placed on high in a public place, there to remain until the duke should otherwise direct. The sentence against Count Horn was similar in language and purport.[1]

That afternoon the duke sent for the Bishop of Ypres. The prelate arrived at dusk. As soon as he presented himself, Alva informed him of the sentence which had just been pronounced, and ordered him to convey the intelligence to the prisoners. He further charged him with the duty of shriving the victims and preparing their souls for death. The bishop fell on his knees, aghast at the terrible decree. He implored the governor-general to have mercy upon the two unfortunate nobles. If their lives could not be spared, he prayed him at any rate to grant delay. With tears and earnest supplications the prelate endeavored to avert or to postpone the doom which had been pronounced. It was in vain. The sentence, inflexible as destiny, had been long before ordained. Its execution had been but hastened by the temporary triumph of rebellion in Friesland. Alva told the bishop roughly that he had not been summoned to give advice. Delay or pardon was alike impossible. He was to act as confessor to the criminals, not as councilor to the viceroy. The bishop,

[1] Bor, iv. 289.

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thus rebuked, withdrew to accomplish his melancholy mission.[1] Meanwhile, on the same evening, the miserable Countess of Egmont had been appalled by rumors too vague for belief, too terrible to be slighted. She was in the chamber of Countess Aremberg, with whom she had come to condole for the death of the count, when the order for the immediate execution of her own husband was announced to her.[2] She hastened to the presence of the governor-general. The Princess Palatine, whose ancestors had been emperors, remembered only that she was a wife and a mother. She fell at the feet of the man who controlled the fate of her husband, and implored his mercy in humble and submissive terms. The duke, with calm and almost incredible irony, reassured the countess by the information that on the morrow her husband was certainly to be released.[3] With this ambiguous phrase, worthy the paltering oracles of antiquity, the wretched woman was obliged to withdraw. Too soon afterward the horrible truth of the words was revealed to her—words of doom, which she had mistaken for consolation.

An hour before midnight the Bishop of Ypres reached Egmont's prison. The count was confined in a chamber on the second story of the Broodhuis, the mansion of the crossbowmen's gild, in that corner of the building which rests on a narrow street running back from the great square.[4] He was aroused from his sleep by the approach of his visitor. Unable to speak, but indicating

[1] Bor, iv. 239. Hoofd, v. 168, 169. Strada, i. 327, et multi alii.

[2] Brantôme, Hommes Illustres, etc., usâ ii. 176.

[3] Hoofd, v. 169, who is the only authority for an anecdote which, for the honor of humanity, one wishes to think false.

[4] Bruxelles et ses Environs, par Alphonse Wauters, 93.

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by the expression of his features the occurrence of a great misfortune, the bishop, soon after his entrance, placed the paper given to him by Alva in Egmont's hands. The unfortunate noble thus suddenly received the information that his death-sentence had been pronounced, and that its execution was fixed for the next morning. He read the paper through without flinching, and expressed astonishment rather than dismay at its tidings.[1] Exceedingly sanguine by nature, he had never believed, even after his nine months' imprisonment, in a fatal termination to the difficulties in which he was involved. He was now startled both at the sudden condemnation which had followed his lingering trial, and at the speed with which his death was to fulfil the sentence. He asked the bishop, with many expressions of amazement, whether pardon was impossible, whether delay at least might not be obtained. The prelate answered by a faithful narrative of the conversation which had just occurred between Alva and himself.[2] Egmont, thus convinced of his inevitable doom, then observed to his companion, with exquisite courtesy, that, since he was to die, he rendered thanks both to God and to the duke that his last moments were to be consoled by so excellent a father confessor.[3]

[1] "Met grooter Verwondering dan Versleegenheit."—Hoofd, v. 169.

[2] Hoofd, ubi sup. Bor, iv. 239.

[3] Bor, iv. 239. Hoofd, v. 169. It is painful to reflect that, notwithstanding the kind words exchanged between the bishop and Egmont upon this melancholy occasion, the prelate expressed to others his *entire approbation of the count's execution.* "Ypres considers the punishment of Egmont as *very just and necessary* for an example," wrote Morillon to Granvelle a week after the murder. "To try the bishop further," he continued, "I observed that the

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Afterward, with a natural burst of indignation, he exclaimed that it was indeed a cruel and unjust sentence. He protested that he had never in his whole life wronged his Majesty—certainly never so deeply as to deserve such a punishment. All that he had done had been with loyal intentions. The king's true interest had been his constant aim. Nevertheless, if he had fallen into error, he prayed to God that his death might wipe away his misdeeds, and that his name might not be dishonored, nor his children brought to shame. His beloved wife and innocent children were to endure misery enough by his death and the confiscation of his estates. It was at least due to his long services that they should be spared further suffering.[1] He then asked his father confessor what advice he had to give touching his present conduct. The bishop replied by an exhortation that he should turn himself to God; that he should withdraw his thoughts entirely from all earthly interests, and prepare himself for the world beyond the grave. He accepted the advice, and kneeling before the bishop, confessed himself. He then asked to receive the sacrament, which the bishop administered after the customary mass. Egmont asked what prayer would be most appropriate at the hour of execution. His confessor replied that there was none more befitting than the one which Jesus had taught his disciples—"Our Father, which art in heaven."

king was very near giving Egmont the office which he had since bestowed upon Alva; upon which he replied that it would have been our ruin," etc.—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., Supplément, 83.

[1] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, 53. Pièces concernant les Troubles, etc., 331vo, MS.

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Some conversation ensued, in which the count again expressed his gratitude that his parting soul had been soothed by these pious and friendly offices. By a revulsion of feeling, he then bewailed again the sad fate of his wife and of his young children. The bishop entreated him anew to withdraw his mind from such harrowing reflections and to give himself entirely to God. Overwhelmed with grief, Egmont exclaimed with natural and simple pathos, "Alas! how miserable and frail is our nature, that, when we should think of God only, we are unable to shut out the images of wife and children!"[1]

Recovering from his emotion, and having yet much time, he sat down and wrote with perfect self-possession two letters, one to Philip and one to Alva. The celebrated letter to the king was as follows:

"SIRE: I have learned, this evening, the sentence which your Majesty has been pleased to pronounce upon me. Although I have never had a thought, and believe myself never to have done a deed, which could tend to the prejudice of your Majesty's person or service, or to the detriment of our true, ancient, and Catholic religion, nevertheless I take patience to bear that which it has pleased the good God to send. If, during these troubles in the Netherlands, I have done or permitted aught which had a different appearance, it has been with the true and good intent to serve God and your Majesty, and the necessity of the times. Therefore I pray your Majesty to forgive me, and to have compassion on my poor wife, my children, and my servants,

[1] Bor, iv. 240. Hoofd v. 169. Pièces concernant les Troubles des Pays-Bas, 332ᵛᵒ, MS. Gérard Collection, Archives of The Hague.

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having regard to my past services. In which hope I now commend myself to the mercy of God.

"From Brussels,

"*Ready to die*, this 5th June, 1568,

"Your Majesty's very humble and loyal vassal and servant, LAMORAL D'EGMONT."[1]

Having thus kissed the murderous hand which smote him, he handed the letter, stamped rather with superfluous loyalty than with Christian forgiveness, to the bishop, with a request that he would forward it to its destination, accompanied by a letter from his own hand. This duty the bishop solemnly promised to fulfil.[2]

Facing all the details of his execution with the fortitude which belonged to his character, he now took counsel with his confessor as to the language proper for him to hold from the scaffold to the assembled people. The bishop, however, strongly dissuaded him from addressing the multitude at all. The persons farthest removed, urged the priest, would not hear the words, while the Spanish troops in the immediate vicinity would not understand them. It seemed, therefore, the part of wisdom and of dignity for him to be silent, communing only with his God. The count assented to this reasoning, and abandoned his intention of saying a few farewell words to the people, by many of whom he

[1] Bor, iv. 240. Hoofd, v. 169, 170. Strada, i. 327, 328, et alii. See also Gachard, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 764; Foppens, Supplément, i. 261.

[2] Hoofd, v. 170. According to Bor, iv. 240, Egmont also wrote a letter to the duke; according to Meteren, 53, he wrote one to his wife. Compare Strada, i. 327, 328; Haraeus, Ann. Tum. Belgic., iii. 90; Foppens, Supplément, i. 260.

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believed himself tenderly beloved.[1] He now made many preparations for the morrow, in order that his thoughts in the last moments might not be distracted by mechanical details, cutting the collar from his doublet and from his shirt with his own hands,[2] in order that those of the hangman might have no excuse for contaminating his person. The rest of the night was passed in prayer and meditation.

Fewer circumstances concerning the last night of Count Horn's life have been preserved. It is, however, well ascertained that the admiral received the sudden news of his condemnation with absolute composure. He was assisted at his devotional exercises in prison by the curate of La Chapelle.[3]

During the night the necessary preparations for the morning tragedy had been made in the great square of Brussels. It was the intention of government to strike terror to the heart of the people by the exhibition of an impressive and appalling spectacle. The absolute and irresponsible destiny which ruled them was to be made manifest by the immolation of these two men, so elevated by rank, powerful connection, and distinguished service.

The effect would be heightened by the character of the locality where the gloomy show was to be presented. The great square of Brussels had always a striking and theatrical aspect. Its architectural effects, suggesting in some degree the meretricious union between Oriental

[1] Bor, iv. 240. Hoofd, v. 170.

[2] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Pièces concernant l'Hist. des Troubles, MS., f. 333.

[3] Letter of Alva to Philip, Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 252.

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and a corrupt Grecian art, accomplished in the medieval midnight, have amazed the eyes of many generations. The splendid Hôtel de Ville, with its daring spire and elaborate front, ornamented one side of the place; directly opposite was the graceful but incoherent façade of the Broodhuis, now the last earthly resting-place of the two distinguished victims; while grouped around these principal buildings rose the fantastic palaces of the archers, mariners, and of other gilds, with their festooned walls and toppling gables bedizened profusely with emblems, statues, and quaint decorations. The place had been alike the scene of many a brilliant tournament and of many a bloody execution. Gallant knights had contended within its precincts, while bright eyes rained influence from all those picturesque balconies and decorated windows. Martyrs to religious and to political liberty had, upon the same spot, endured agonies which might have roused every stone of its pavement to mutiny or softened them to pity. Here Egmont himself, in happier days, had often borne away the prize of skill or of valor, the cynosure of every eye; and hence, almost in the noon of a life illustrated by many brilliant actions, he was to be sent, by the hand of tyranny, to his great account.

On the morning of the 5th of June three thousand Spanish troops[1] were drawn up in battle array around a scaffold which had been erected in the center of the square. Upon this scaffold, which was covered with black cloth, were placed two velvet cushions, two iron

[1] Nineteen vanderas occupied the square, two were left to guard the palace, and one went the rounds of the city during the execution. Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Compare Ulloa, Commentaire, premier et second (Paris, 1570), i. 43.

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spikes, and a small table. Upon the table was a silver crucifix. The provost-marshal, Spelle, sat on horseback below, with his red wand in his hand, little dreaming that for him a darker doom was reserved than that of which he was now the minister. The executioner was concealed beneath the draperies of the scaffold.[1]

At eleven o'clock a company of Spanish soldiers, led by Julien Romero and Captain Salinas, arrived at Egmont's chamber. The count was ready for them. They were about to bind his hands, but he warmly protested against the indignity, and opening the folds of his robe, showed them that he had himself shorn off his collars and made preparations for his death. His request was granted. Egmont, with the bishop at his side, then walked with a steady step the short distance which separated him from the place of execution. Julien Romero and the guard followed him. On his way he read aloud the Sixty-first Psalm: "Hear my cry, O God, and give ear unto my prayer." He seemed to have selected these scriptural passages as a proof that, notwithstanding the machinations of his enemies and the cruel punishment to which they had led him, loyalty to his sovereign was as deeply rooted and as religious a sentiment in his bosom as devotion to his God. "Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations. He shall abide before God forever: O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him." Such was the remarkable prayer of the condemned traitor on his way to the block.[2]

[1] Bor, iv. 240. Hoofd, v. 170, 171. Strada, i. 328.

[2] Chronike oft Journal van het gene in de Nederlanden en namentlyk tot Antwerpen is voorgerallen ten tyde der Troublen van

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Having ascended the scaffold, he walked across it twice or thrice. He was dressed in a tabard or robe of red damask, over which was thrown a short black mantle embroidered in gold. He had a black silk hat, with black and white plumes, on his head, and held a handkerchief in his hand. As he strode to and fro, he expressed a bitter regret that he had not been permitted to die, sword in hand, fighting for his country and his king. Sanguine to the last, he passionately asked Romero whether the sentence was really irrevocable, whether a pardon was not even then to be granted. The marshal shrugged his shoulders, murmuring a negative reply. Upon this, Egmont gnashed his teeth together, rather in rage than despair. Shortly afterward commanding himself again, he threw aside his robe and mantle, and took the badge of the Golden Fleece from his neck. Kneeling, then, upon one of the cushions, he said the Lord's Prayer aloud, and requested the bishop, who knelt at his side, to repeat it thrice. After this the prelate gave him the silver crucifix to kiss, and then pronounced his blessing upon him. This done, the count rose again to his feet, laid aside his hat and handkerchief, knelt again upon the cushion, drew a little cap over his eyes, and folding his hands together, cried with a loud voice, "Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit." The executioner then suddenly appeared, and severed his head from his shoulders at a single blow.[1]

A moment of shuddering silence succeeded the stroke. The whole vast assembly seemed to have felt it in their

den Jaer 1566 tot 1593, door N. de Weert, MS. Coll. Gérard, Library of The Hague. Compare Hoofd; Meteren, 53; Ulloa, i. 42.

[1] Bor, iv. 240. Hoofd, v. 170, 171. Strada, i. 328.

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own hearts. Tears fell from the eyes even of the Spanish soldiery, for they knew and honored Egmont as a valiant general. The French ambassador, Mondoucet, looking upon the scene from a secret place, whispered that he had now seen the head fall before which France had twice trembled. Tears were even seen upon the iron cheek of Alva, as, from a window in a house directly opposite the scaffold, he looked out upon the scene.[1]

A dark cloth was now quickly thrown over the body and the blood, and within a few minutes the admiral was seen advancing through the crowd. His bald head was uncovered, his hands were unbound. He calmly saluted such of his acquaintances as he chanced to recognize upon his path.[2] Under a black cloak, which he threw off when he had ascended the scaffold, he wore

[1] "En hem niet bet door den hals, dan den omstanderen in 't hart sneed," says Hoofd, v. 170, 171. Even Bentivoglio becomes softened in relating the pathetic scene. "E veramente parve," says the cardinal, "che sotto il suo collo n' havesse come un altro la Fiandra tutta, si grande fû il senso, che mostrò allora del suo supplicio."—Liv. iv. 69. Compare Strada, i. 329; Meteren, 53; Bor, iv. 241. "I hear," wrote Morillon to Granvelle (June 7, 1568), "that his Excellency shed tears *as big as pease* during the execution" ("At jecté des larmes aussi grosses que poix").—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, Supplément, 81. Certainly, if the fable of the crocodile had never before been heard of, it would have been necessary to invent it then. The prebendary goes on to say that he had caused the story of the duke's tenderness to be trumpeted in many places—"à faict sonner où il luy a semblé convenir, quia multorum animi exacerbeti."—Ibid. Morillon also quotes Alva as having had the effrontery to say that he desired a mitigation of the punishment, but that the king had answered, "he could forgive offenses against himself, but the crimes committed against God were unpardonable"!—Ibid.

[2] Foppens, Supplément, i. 264.

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a plain dark doublet, and he did not, like Egmont, wear the insignia of the Fleece. Casting his eyes upon the corpse, which lay covered with the dark cloth, he asked if it were the body of Egmont. Being answered in the affirmative, he muttered a few words in Spanish, which were not distinctly audible. His attention was next caught by the sight of his own coat of arms reversed, and he expressed anger at this indignity to his escutcheon, protesting that he had not deserved the insult.[1] He then spoke a few words to the crowd below, wishing them happiness, and begging them to pray for his soul. He did not kiss the crucifix, but he knelt upon the scaffold to pray, and was assisted in his devotions by the Bishop of Ypres. When they were concluded, he rose again to his feet. Then drawing a Milan cap completely over his face, and uttering, in Latin, the same invocation which Egmont had used, he submitted his neck to the stroke.[2]

Egmont had obtained, as a last favor, that his execution should precede that of his friend. Deeming himself in part to blame for Horn's reappearance in Brussels after the arrival of Alva, and for his death, which was the result, he wished to be spared the pang of seeing him dead. Gemma Frisius, the astrologer who had cast the horoscope of Count Horn at his birth, had come to him in the most solemn manner to warn him against visiting Brussels. The count had answered stoutly that he placed his trust in God, and that, moreover, his friend Egmont was going thither also, who had engaged

[1] N. de Weert, Chronike MS.

[2] The Duke of Alva assured Philip that both the counts "sont morts fort catholiquement et modestement." Compare Bor, iv. 240; Hoofd, v. 171; Meteren, f. 53; Ulloa, i. 43; De Weert MS.

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that no worse fate should befall the one of them than the other.[1]

The heads of both sufferers were now exposed for two hours upon the iron stakes. Their bodies, placed in coffins, remained during the same interval upon the scaffold. Meantime, notwithstanding the presence of the troops, the populace could not be restrained from tears and from execrations. Many crowded about the scaffold and dipped their handkerchiefs in the blood, to be preserved afterward as memorials of the crime and as ensigns of revenge.[2]

The bodies were afterward delivered to their friends. A stately procession of the gilds, accompanied by many of the clergy, conveyed their coffins to the Church of St. Gudule. Thence the body of Egmont was carried to the Convent of St. Clara, near the old Brussels gate, where it was embalmed.[3] His escutcheon and banners were hung upon the outward wall of his residence, by order of the countess. By command of Alva, they were

[1] Bor, iv. 241. Hoofd, v. 170.

[2] Bor. Hoofd. Meteren. Strada, i. 328. Bentivoglio, liv. iv. 69.

[3] Bor, iv. 241. Ulloa, i. 44. The latter writer, who was maréchal-de-camp in Alva's army and had commanded the citadel of Ghent during the imprisonment of the counts, observes that the coffin of Egmont, after its removal to St. Clara, was visited by crowds of people, all bathed in tears, who kissed it as if it had been the shrine of saintly remains, offering up prayers the while for the repose of the departed soul. He adds that the same devotion was not paid to the body of Horn, which remained almost deserted in the great church. There is something pathetic in this image of the gloomy, melancholy Horn lying thus in his bloody shroud as solitary and deserted as he had been in the latter years of his life in his desolate home. Certainly the admiral deserved as much popular sympathy as Egmont.

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immediately torn down.[1] His remains were afterward conveyed to his city of Sottegem, in Flanders, where they were interred. Count Horn was entombed at Kempen. The bodies had been removed from the scaffold at two o'clock. The heads remained exposed between burning torches for two hours longer. They were then taken down, inclosed in boxes, and, as it was generally supposed, despatched to Madrid.[2] The king was thus enabled to look upon the dead faces of his victims without the trouble of a journey to the provinces.

Thus died Philip Montmorency, Count of Horn, and Lamoral of Egmont, Prince of Gaveren. The more intense sympathy which seemed to attach itself to the fate of Egmont rendered the misfortune of his companion in arms and in death comparatively less interesting.[3]

Egmont is a great historical figure, but he was certainly not a great man. His execution remains an enduring monument not only of Philip's cruelty and perfidy, but of his dullness. The king had everything to

[1] Bor, iv. 241. Hoofd, v. 171. Meteren, f. 53.

[2] Meteren: "Te vier uren werden de hoofden gesloten elk besundere in een houten kiste d'welck by de Spangaerden was daer toe gemaekt, want de selve naer Spaengnien werdden gesonden, soo men seyde." The author of this manuscript, which contains many curious details, was a contemporary, and occupied a place under government afterward at Antwerp. Compare the letter of Geronimo de Roda in Gachard, Notice sur le Conseil des Troubles, p. 29 (Bulletins de l'Acad. Roy. de Belg., xvi. 6): "Y preguntàron si era verdad que Julian habia tomado las cabezas y echado las no sè donde; que aunque en esto hablò Berleymonte creo quisò dar à entender que las debian haber guardado."

[3] "Defleri," says Strada (i. 330), "profecto haud modice potuisset hujus viri (Hornani) mors, si non Egmontius omnium lacrymas consumpsisset." Compare Ulloa, i. 44.

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hope from Egmont, and nothing to fear. Granvelle knew the man well, and, almost to the last, could not believe in the possibility of so unparalleled a blunder as that which was to make a victim, a martyr, and a popular idol of a personage brave indeed, but incredibly vacillating and inordinately vain, who by a little management might have been converted into a most useful instrument for the royal purposes.

It is not necessary to recapitulate the events of Egmont's career. Step by step we have studied his course, and at no single period have we discovered even a germ of those elements which make the national champion. His pride of order rendered him furious at the insolence of Granvelle, and caused him to chafe under his dominion. His vanity of high rank and of distinguished military service made him covet the highest place under the crown, while his hatred of those by whom he considered himself defrauded of his claims converted him into a malcontent. He had no sympathy with the people, but he loved, as a grand seignior, to be looked up to and admired by a gaping crowd. He was an unwavering Catholic, held sectaries in utter loathing, and, after the image-breaking, took a positive pleasure in hanging ministers, together with their congregations, and in pressing the besieged Christians of Valenciennes to extremities. Upon more than one occasion he pronounced his unequivocal approval of the infamous edicts, and he exerted himself at times to enforce them within his province. The transitory impression made upon his mind by the lofty nature of Orange was easily effaced in Spain by court flattery and by royal bribes. Notwithstanding the coldness, the rebuffs, and the repeated warnings which might have saved him from

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destruction, nothing could turn him at last from the fanatic loyalty toward which, after much wavering, his mind irrevocably pointed. His voluntary humiliation as a general, a grandee, a Fleming, and a Christian before the insolent Alva, upon his first arrival, would move our contempt were it not for the gentler emotions suggested by the infatuated nobleman's doom. Upon the departure of Orange, Egmont was only too eager to be employed by Philip in any work which the monarch could find for him to do. Yet this was the man whom Philip chose, through the executioner's sword, to convert into a popular idol, and whom poetry has loved to contemplate as a romantic champion of freedom.

As for Horn, details enough have likewise been given of his career to enable the reader thoroughly to understand the man. He was a person of mediocre abilities and thoroughly commonplace character. His high rank and his tragic fate are all which make him interesting. He had little love for court or people. Broken in fortunes, he passed his time mainly in brooding over the ingratitude of Charles and Philip, and in complaining bitterly of the disappointments to which their policy had doomed him. He cared nothing for cardinalists or confederates. He disliked Brederode, he detested Granvelle. Gloomy and morose, he went to bed while the men who were called his fellow-conspirators were dining and making merry in the same house with himself. He had as little sympathy with the cry of "Vivent les gueux!" as for that of "Vive le roi!" The most interesting features in his character are his generosity toward his absent brother and the manliness with which, as Montigny's representative at Tournay, he chose rather to confront the anger of the government and to incur

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the deadly revenge of Philip than make himself the executioner of the harmless Christians in Tournay. In this regard his conduct is vastly more entitled to our respect than that of Egmont, and he was certainly more deserving of reverence from the people, even though deserted by all men while living, and left headless and solitary in his coffin at St. Gudule.

The hatred for Alva, which sprang from the graves of these illustrious victims, waxed daily more intense. "Like things of another world," wrote Hoogstraaten,[1] "seem the cries, lamentations, and just compassion which all the inhabitants of Brussels, noble or ignoble, feel for such barbarous tyranny, while this Nero of an Alva is boasting that he will do the same to all whom he lays his hands upon." No man believed that the two nobles had committed a crime, and many were even disposed to acquit Philip of his share in the judicial murder. The people ascribed the execution solely to the personal jealousy of the duke. They discoursed to each other not only of the envy with which the governor-general had always regarded the military triumphs of his rival, but related that Egmont had at different times won large sums of Alva at games of hazard, and that he had, moreover, on several occasions carried off the prize from the duke in shooting at the popinjay.[2] Nevertheless, in spite of all these absurd rumors, there is no doubt that Philip and Alva must share equally in the guilt of the transaction, and that the "chastisement" had been arranged before Alva had departed from Spain.

The Countess Egmont remained at the convent of

[1] Groen van Prinsterer, Archives, etc., iii. 240, 241.

[2] Strada, i. 326.

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Cambre with her eleven children, plunged in misery and in poverty. The duke wrote to Philip that he doubted if there were so wretched a family in the world. He at the same time congratulated his sovereign on the certainty that the more intense the effects, the more fruitful would be the example of this great execution. He stated that the countess was considered a most saintly woman, and that there had been scarcely a night in which, attended by her daughters, she had not gone forth barefooted to offer up prayers for her husband in every church within the city. He added that it was doubtful whether they had money enough to buy themselves a supper that very night, and he begged the king to allow them the means of supporting life. He advised that the countess should be placed without delay in a Spanish convent, where her daughters might at once take the veil, assuring his Majesty that her dower was entirely inadequate to her support. Thus humanely recommending his sovereign to bestow an alms on the family which his own hand had reduced from a princely station to beggary, the viceroy proceeded to detail the recent events in Friesland, together with the measures which he was about taking to avenge the defeat and death of Count Aremberg.[1]

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 765–774.

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CHAPTER III

Preparations of the duke against Count Louis—Precarious situation of Louis in Friesland—Timidity of the inhabitants—Alva in Friesland—Skirmishing near Groningen—Retreat of the patriots—Error committed by Louis—His position at Jemmingen—Mutinous demonstrations of his troops—Louis partially restores order—Attempt to destroy the dikes interrupted by the arrival of Alva's forces—Artful strategy of the duke—Defeat of Count Louis and utter destruction of his army—Outrages committed by the Spaniards—Alva at Utrecht—Execution of Vrouw van Diemen—Episode of Don Carlos—Fables concerning him and Queen Isabella—Mystery concerning his death—Secret letters of Philip to the pope—The one containing the truth of the transaction still concealed in the Vatican—Case against Philip as related by Matthieu, De Thou, and others—Testimony in the king's favor by the nuncio, the Venetian envoy, and others—Doubtful state of the question—Anecdotes concerning Don Carlos—His character.

THOSE measures were taken with the precision and promptness which marked the duke's character when precision and promptness were desirable. There had been a terrible energy in his every step since the successful foray of Louis of Nassau. Having determined to take the field in person with nearly all the Spanish veterans, he had at once acted upon the necessity of making the capital secure after his back should be turned. It was impossible to leave three thousand choice troops to guard Count Egmont. A less number seemed insufficient to prevent a rescue. He had, therefore, no longer delayed

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the chastisement which had already been determined, but which the events in the north had precipitated. Thus the only positive result of Louis of Nassau's victory was the execution of his imprisoned friends.

The expedition under Aremberg had failed from two causes. The Spanish force had been inadequate, and they had attacked the enemy at a disadvantage. The imprudent attack was the result of the contempt with which they had regarded their antagonist. These errors were not to be repeated. Alva ordered Count Meghen, now commanding in the province of Groningen, on no account to hazard hostilities until the game was sure.[1] He also immediately ordered large reinforcements to move forward to the seat of war. The commanders intrusted with this duty were Duke Eric of Brunswick, Chiapin Vitelli, Noircarmes, and Count de Roeulx. The rendezvous for the whole force was Deventer, and here they all arrived on the 10th July. On the same day the Duke of Alva himself entered Deventer, to take command in person.[2] On the evening of the 14th July he reached Rolden, a village three leagues distant from Groningen, at the head of three terzios of Spanish infantry, three companies of light horse, and a troop of dragoons.[3] His whole force in and about Groningen amounted to fifteen thousand choice troops, besides a large but uncertain number of less disciplined soldiery.[4]

[1] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 136. [2] Mendoza, 56, 57.

[3] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 154.

[4] Mendoza, 53–55. Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 102, 106, 138, 152. The Netherland historians give him 17,000 foot and 3000 horse (Hoofd, v. 174; Bor, iv. 243, 244). Compare Bentivoglio, liv. iv. 70, and Strada, i. 331, who gives Alva 12,000 foot and 3000 horse, and to Louis of Nassau an equal number of infantry with an inferior force of cavalry.

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Meantime Louis of Nassau, since his victory, had accomplished nothing. For this inactivity there was one sufficient excuse, the total want of funds. His only revenue was the amount of blackmail which he was able to levy upon the inhabitants of the province. He repeated his determination to treat them all as enemies unless they furnished him with the means of expelling their tyrants from the country.[1] He obtained small sums in this manner from time to time. The inhabitants were favorably disposed, but they were timid and despairing. They saw no clear way toward the accomplishment of the result concerning which Louis was so confident. They knew that the terrible Alva was already on his way. They felt sure of being pillaged by both parties, and of being hanged as rebels, besides, as soon as the governor-general should make his appearance.

Louis had, however, issued two formal proclamations for two especial contributions. In these documents he had succinctly explained that the houses of all recusants should be forthwith burned about their ears,[2] and in consequence of these peremptory measures he had obtained some ten thousand florins. Alva ordered counter-proclamations to be affixed to church doors and other places, forbidding all persons to contribute to these forced loans of the rebels, on penalty of paying twice as much to the Spaniards, with arbitrary punishment in addition, after his arrival.[3] The miserable inhabitants, thus placed between two fires, had nothing for it but to

[1] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 114, 115, 123, 124.

[2] Proclamation of Count Louis, dated Dam, 5th June, 1568. Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 124, 125.

[3] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 144, 145.

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pay one half of their property to support the rebellion in the first place, with the prospect of giving the other half as a subsidy to tyranny afterward; while the gibbet stood at the end of the vista to reward their liberality. Such was the horrible position of the peasantry in this civil conflict. The weight of guilt thus accumulated upon the crowned head which conceived, and upon the red right hand which wrought all this misery, what human scales can measure?

With these precarious means of support, the army of Louis of Nassau, as may easily be supposed, was anything but docile. After the victory of Heiliger Lee there had seemed to his German mercenaries a probability of extensive booty, which grew fainter as the slender fruit of that battle became daily more apparent. The two abbots of Wittewerum and of Heiliger Lee, who had followed Aremberg's train in order to be witnesses of his victory, had been obliged to pay to the actual conqueror a heavy price for the entertainment to which they had invited themselves,[1] and these sums, together with the amounts pressed from the reluctant estates and the forced contributions paid by luckless peasants, enabled him to keep his straggling troops together a few weeks longer. Mutiny, however, was constantly breaking out, and by the eloquent expostulations and vague promises of the count was with difficulty suppressed.[2]

He had, for a few weeks immediately succeeding the battle, distributed his troops in three different stations. On the approach of the duke, however, he hastily concentrated his whole force at his own strongly fortified

[1] Bor, iv. 236.

[2] Ibid., iv. 236–244, etc. Hoofd, v. 175.

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camp, within half cannon-shot of Groningen. His army, such as it was, numbered from ten to twelve thousand men.[1] Alva reached Groningen early in the morning, and, without pausing a moment, marched his troops directly through the city. He then immediately occupied an intrenched and fortified house, from which it was easy to inflict damage upon the camp. This done, the duke, with a few attendants, rode forward to reconnoiter the enemy in person. He found him in a well-fortified position, having the river on his front, which served as a moat to his camp, and with a deep trench three hundred yards beyond, in addition. Two wooden bridges led across the river; each was commanded by a fortified house, in which was a provision of pine torches, ready at a moment's warning to set fire to the bridges. Having thus satisfied himself, the duke rode back to his army, which had received strict orders not to lift a finger till his return. He then despatched a small force of five hundred musketeers, under Robles, to skirmish with the enemy, and, if possible, to draw them from their trenches.[2]

The troops of Louis, however, showed no greediness to engage. On the contrary, it soon became evident that their dispositions were of an opposite tendency. The count himself, not at that moment trusting his soldiery, who were in an extremely mutinous condition, was desirous of falling back before his formidable antagonist. The duke, faithful, however, to his lifelong principles, had no intentions of precipitating the action in those difficult and swampy regions. The skirmish-

[1] Hoofd, v. 174. According to Groen van Prinsterer, only 7000 to 8000 against 17,000 foot and 3000 horse (iii. 265).

[2] Mendoza, 59. Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 154.

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ing, therefore, continued for many hours, an additional force of one thousand men being detailed from the Spanish army. The day was very sultry, however, the enemy reluctant, and the whole action languid. At last, toward evening, a large body, tempted beyond their trenches, engaged warmly with the Spaniards. The combat lasted but a few minutes; the patriots were soon routed, and fled precipitately back to their camp. The panic spread with them, and the whole army was soon in retreat. On retiring, they had, however, set fire to the bridges, and thus secured an advantage at the outset of the chase. The Spaniards were no longer to be held. Vitelli obtained permission to follow with two thousand additional troops. The fifteen hundred who had already been engaged charged furiously upon their retreating foes. Some dashed across the blazing bridges, with their garments and their very beards on fire.[1] Others sprang into the river. Neither fire nor water could check the fierce pursuit. The cavalry, dismounting, drove their horses into the stream, and clinging to their tails, pricked the horses forward with their lances. Having thus been dragged across, they joined their comrades in the mad chase along the narrow dikes and through the swampy and almost impassable country where the rebels were seeking shelter. The approach of night, too soon advancing, at last put an end to the hunt. The duke with difficulty recalled his men, and compelled them to restrain their eagerness until the morrow. Three hundred of the patriots were left dead upon the field, besides at least an equal number who perished in the river and canals. The army of Louis was entirely routed, and the duke considered it virtually

[1] Mendoza, 61.

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destroyed. He wrote to the state council that he should pursue them the next day, but doubted whether he should find anybody to talk with him. In this the governor-general soon found himself delightfully disappointed.[1]

Five days later the duke arrived at Reyden, on the Ems. Owing to the unfavorable disposition of the country people, who were willing to protect the fugitives by false information to their pursuers, he was still in doubt as to the position then occupied by the enemy.[2] He had been fearful that they would be found at this very village of Reyden. It was a fatal error on the part of Count Louis that they were not.[3] Had he made a stand at this point, he might have held out a long time. The bridge which here crossed the river would have afforded him a retreat into Germany at any moment, and the place was easily to be defended in front.[4] Thus he might have maintained himself against his fierce but wary foe, while his brother Orange, who was at Strasburg watching the progress of events, was executing his own long-planned expedition into the heart of the Netherlands. With Alva thus occupied in Friesland, the results of such an invasion might have been prodigious. It was, however, not on the cards for that campaign. The mutinous disposition of the mercenaries under his command[5] had filled Louis with doubt and disgust. Bold and sanguine, but always too fiery and

[1] Mendoza, 59–63. Alva's letter to the state council, Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 154, 155. Compare Bor, iv. 244; Hoofd, v. 174, 175.

[2] Mendoza, 63. [3] Ibid., 63, 64. Hoofd, v. 174.

[4] Mendoza, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[5] Bor, iv. 236, 244. Hoofd, v. 175.

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impatient, he saw not much possibility of paying his troops any longer with promises. Perhaps he was not unwilling to place them in a position where they would be obliged to fight or to perish. At any rate, such was their present situation. Instead of halting at Reyden, he had made his stand at Jemmingen, about four leagues distant from that place, and a little farther down the river.[1] Alva discovered this important fact soon after his arrival at Reyden, and could not conceal his delight. Already exulting at the error made by his adversary in neglecting the important position which he now occupied himself, he was doubly delighted at learning the nature of the place which he had in preference selected. He saw that Louis had completely entrapped himself.

Jemmingen was a small town on the left bank of the Ems. The stream, here very broad and deep, is rather a tide-inlet than a river, being but a very few miles from the Dollart. This circular bay, or ocean chasm, the result of the violent inundation of the thirteenth century, surrounds, with the river, a narrow peninsula. In the corner of this peninsula, as in the bottom of a sack, Louis had posted his army. His infantry, as usual, was drawn up in two large squares, and still contained ten thousand men. The rear rested upon the village; the river was upon his left, his meager force of cavalry upon the right. In front were two very deep trenches. The narrow road, which formed the only entrance to his camp, was guarded by a ravelin on each side and by five pieces of artillery.[2]

The duke, having reconnoitered the enemy in person, rode back, satisfied that no escape was possible. The

[1] Hoofd, v. 174, 175. Bor, iv. 244. Mendoza, 64.

[2] Mendoza, 68, 69.

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river was too deep and too wide for swimming or wading, and there were but very few boats. Louis was shut up between twelve thousand Spanish veterans and the river Ems. The rebel army, although not insufficient in point of numbers, was in a state of disorganization. They were furious for money and reluctant to fight. They broke out into open mutiny upon the very verge of battle, and swore that they would instantly disband if the gold which, as they believed, had been recently brought into the camp were not immediately distributed among them.[1] Such was the state of things on the eventful morning of the 21st July. All the expostulations of Count Louis seemed powerless. His eloquence and his patience, both inferior to his valor, were soon exhausted. He peremptorily refused the money for which they clamored, giving the most cogent of all reasons, an empty coffer. He demonstrated plainly that they were in that moment to make their election, whether to win a victory or to submit to a massacre. Neither flight nor surrender was possible. They knew how much quarter they could expect from the lances of the Spaniards or the waters of the Dollart. Their only chance of salvation lay in their own swords. The instinct of self-preservation, thus invoked, exerted a little of its natural effect.[2]

Meantime a work which had been too long neglected was then, if possible, to be performed. In that watery territory the sea was only held in check by artificial means. In a very short time, by the demolition of a few dikes and the opening of a few sluices, the whole country through which the Spaniards had to pass could

[1] Bor, iv. 244, 245. Hoofd, v. 175.
[2] Hoofd, v. 175, 176.

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be laid under water. Believing it yet possible to enlist the ocean in his defense, Louis, having partially reduced his soldiers to obedience, ordered a strong detachment upon this important service. Seizing a spade, he commenced the work himself,[1] and then returned to set his army in battle array. Two or three tide-gates had been opened, two or three bridges had been demolished, when Alva, riding in advance of his army, appeared within a mile or two of Jemmingen.[2] It was then eight o'clock in the morning. The patriots redoubled their efforts. By ten o'clock the waters were already knee-high, and in some places as deep as to the waist. At that hour the advanced guard of the Spaniards arrived. Fifteen hundred musketeers were immediately ordered forward by the duke. They were preceded by a company of mounted carbineers, attended by a small band of volunteers of distinction. This little band threw themselves at once upon the troops engaged in destroying the dikes. The rebels fled at the first onset, and the Spaniards closed the gates.[3] Feeling the full importance of the moment, Count Louis ordered a large force of musketeers to recover the position and to complete the work of inundation. It was too late. The little band of Spaniards held the post with consummate tenacity. Charge after charge, volley after volley, from the overwhelming force brought against them, failed to loosen the fierce grip with which they held this key to the whole situation. Before they could be driven from the dikes, their comrades arrived, when all their

[1] Meteren, 54. Hoofd, v. 175.

[2] Mendoza, 67. Correspondance du Duc d'Albe.

[3] Mendoza, 67, 68. Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 157, 158.

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antagonists at once made a hurried retreat to their camp.[1]

Very much the same tactics were now employed by the duke as in the engagement near Selwaert Abbey. He was resolved that this affair, also, should be a hunt, not a battle, but foresaw that it was to be a more successful one. There was no loophole of escape, so that, after a little successful baiting, the imprisoned victims would be forced to spring from their lurking-place, to perish upon his spears. On his march from Reyden that morning, he had taken care to occupy every farm-house, every building of whatever description along the road, with his troops. He had left a strong guard on the bridge at Reyden, and had thus closed carefully every avenue.[2] The same fifteen hundred musketeers were now advanced farther toward the camp This small force, powerfully but secretly sustained, was to feel the enemy, to skirmish with him, and to draw him as soon as possible out of his trenches.[3] The plan succeeded. Gradually the engagements between them and the troops sent out by Count Louis grew more earnest. Finding so insignificant a force opposed to them, the mutinous rebels took courage. The work waxed hot. Lodroño and Romero, commanders of the musketeers, becoming alarmed, sent to the duke for reinforcements. He sent back word in reply that if they were not enough to damage the enemy, they could, at least, hold

[1] Mendoza, who was himself one of the Spartan band which held the dikes, states the number of rebels thus repulsed by less than two hundred Spaniards at four thousand, all musketeers (67, 68).

[2] Ibid., 66, 67. [3] Ibid., 69.

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their own for the present. So much he had a right to expect of Spanish soldiers.[1] At any rate, he should send no reinforcements. Again they were more warmly pressed, again their messenger returned with the same reply. A third time they sent the most urgent entreaties for succor. The duke was still inexorable.[2]

Meantime the result of this scientific angling approached. By noon the rebels, not being able to see how large a portion of the Spanish army had arrived, began to think the affair not so serious. Count Louis sent out a reconnoitering party upon the river in a few boats. They returned without having been able to discover any large force. It seemed probable, therefore, that the inundation had been more successful in stopping their advance than had been supposed.[3] Louis, always too rash, inflamed his men with temporary enthusiasm. Determined to cut their way out by one vigorous movement, the whole army at last marched forth from their intrenchments, with drums beating, colors flying; but already the concealed reinforcements of their enemies were on the spot. The patriots met with a warmer reception than they had expected. Their courage evaporated. Hardly had they advanced three hundred yards when the whole body wavered and then retreated precipitately toward the encampment,[4] having scarcely exchanged a shot with the enemy. Count Louis, in a frenzy of rage and despair, flew from rank to rank, in vain endeavoring to rally his terror-stricken troops. It was hopeless. The battery which guarded the road was entirely deserted. He rushed to the can-

[1] Mendoza, 69. [2] Ibid.
[3] Hoofd, v. 175, 176. Mendoza, 70.
[4] Mendoza, 70. Hoofd, v. 176.

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non himself, and fired them all with his own hand.[1] It was their first and last discharge. His single arm, however bold, could not turn the tide of battle, and he was swept backward with his coward troops. In a moment afterward, Don Lope de Figueroa, who led the van of the Spaniards, dashed upon the battery, and secured it, together with the ravelins.[2] Their own artillery was turned against the rebels, and the road was soon swept. The Spaniards in large numbers now rushed through the trenches in pursuit of the retreating foe. No resistance was offered, nor quarter given. An impossible escape was all which was attempted. It was not a battle, but a massacre. Many of the beggars in their flight threw down their arms; all had forgotten their use. Their antagonists butchered them in droves, while those who escaped the sword were hurled into the river. *Seven* Spaniards were killed, and *seven thousand* rebels.[3] The swift ebb-tide swept the *hats* of the perishing wretches in such numbers down the stream that the people at Emden knew the result of the battle in an incredibly short period of time.[4] The skirmishing had lasted from ten o'clock till one,[5] but the butchery continued much longer. It took time to slaughter even unresisting victims. Large numbers obtained refuge

[1] Bor, iv. 245. Hoofd, v. 176.

[2] Mendoza, 70.

[3] Letter of Alva to the council of state, Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 158. The same letter is published in Bor, iv. 245, 246. All writers allow seven thousand to have been killed on the patriot side, and the number of Spaniards slain is not estimated at more than eighty, even by the patriotic Meteren (55). Compare Bor, iv. 245, 246; Herrera, xv. 696; Hoofd, v. 176; and Mendoza, 72.

[4] Mendoza, 71.

[5] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 157.

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for the night upon an island in the river. At low water next day the Spaniards waded to them, and slew every man.[1] Many found concealment in hovels, swamps, and thickets, so that the whole of the following day was occupied in ferreting out and despatching them. There was so much to be done that there was work enough for all. "Not a soldier," says, with great simplicity, a Spanish historian who fought in the battle—"not a soldier, nor even a lad, who wished to share in the victory, but could find somebody to wound, to kill, to burn, or to drown."[2] The wounding, killing, burning, drowning, lasted two days, and very few escaped. The landward pursuit extended for three or four leagues around,[3] so that the roads and pastures were covered with bodies, with corselets and other weapons. Count Louis himself stripped off his clothes, and made his escape, when all was over, by swimming across the Ems.[4] With the paltry remnant of his troops he again took refuge in Germany.

The Spanish army, two days afterward, marched back to Groningen. The page which records their victorious campaign is foul with outrage and red with blood. None of the horrors which accompany the passage of hostile troops through a defenseless country were omitted. Maids and matrons were ravished in multitudes, old men butchered in cold blood. As Alva returned, with the rear-guard of his army, the whole sky was red with a constant conflagration; the very earth

[1] Mendoza, 71. [2] Ibid., 72.

[3] Ibid., 71.

[4] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 158; or "in a boat," Bor, iv. 245; Meteren, 55; or "partly by swimming and partly in a boat," Mendoza, 72. Compare Hoofd, v. 176; De Thou, v. 458–462, etc.

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seemed changed to ashes.[1] Every peasant's hovel, every farm-house, every village upon the road, had been burned to the ground. So gross and so extensive had been the outrage that the commander-in-chief felt it due to his dignity to hang some of his own soldiers who had most distinguished themselves in this work.[2] Thus ended the campaign of Count Louis in Friesland. Thus signally and terribly had the Duke of Alva vindicated the supremacy of Spanish discipline and of his own military skill.

On his return to Groningen, the estates were summoned, and received a severe lecture for their suspicious demeanor in regard to the rebellion.[3] In order more effectually to control both province and city, the governor-general ordered the construction of a strong fortress,[4] which was soon begun, but never completed. Having thus furnished himself with a key to this important and doubtful region, he returned by way of Amsterdam to Utrecht. There he was met by his son Frederick with strong reinforcements.[5] The duke reviewed his whole army, and found himself at the head of thirty thousand infantry and seven thousand cavalry.[6] Having fully subdued the province, he had no occupation for such a force, but he improved the opportunity by cutting off the head of an old woman in Utrecht. The Vrouw van Diemen, eighteen months previously, had given the preacher Arendsoon a night's lodging in her house.[7] The crime had, in fact, been

[1] Bor, iv. 245. Mendoza, 73.
[2] Mendoza, 73.
[3] Bor, iv. 246. Hoofd, v. 176, 177.
[4] Bor, iv. 246; v. 260.
[5] De Thou, v. 462. Vie du Duc d'Albe, ii. 323.
[6] De Thou, v. 462; but compare Mendoza, 76, 77.
[7] Brandt, i. 480. Hoofd.

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committed by her son-in-law, who dwelt under her roof, and who had himself, without her participation, extended this dangerous hospitality to a heretic; but the old lady, although a devout Catholic, was rich. Her execution would strike a wholesome terror into the hearts of her neighbors. The confiscation of her estates would bring a handsome sum into the government coffers. It would be made manifest that the same hand which could destroy an army of twelve thousand rebels at a blow could inflict as signal punishment on the small delinquencies of obscure individuals. The old lady, who was past eighty-four years of age, was placed in a chair upon the scaffold. She met her death with heroism, and treated her murderers with contempt. "I understand very well," she observed, "why my death is considered necessary. The calf is fat and must be killed." To the executioner she expressed a hope that his sword was sufficiently sharp, "as he was likely to find her old neck very tough." With this grisly parody upon the pathetic dying words of Anne Boleyn, the courageous old gentlewoman submitted to her fate.[1]

The tragedy of Don Carlos does not strictly belong to our subject, which is the rise of the Netherland commonwealth—not the decline of the Spanish monarchy, nor the life of Philip II. The thread is but slender which connects the unhappy young prince with the fortunes of the Northern Republic. He was said, no doubt with truth, to desire the government of Flanders. He was also supposed to be in secret correspondence with the leaders of the revolt in the provinces. He appeared, however, to possess very little of their confidence. His

[1] Brandt, Hist. der Reformatie, i. 480. Reael's Mem., 36. Hoofd, v. 177.

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name is only once mentioned by William of Orange, who said in a letter that "the Prince of Spain had lately eaten sixteen pounds of fruit, including four pounds of grapes at a single sitting, and had become ill in consequence."[1] The result was sufficiently natural, but it nowhere appears that the royal youth, born to consume the fruits of the earth so largely, had ever given the Netherlanders any other proof of his capacity to govern them. There is no doubt that he was a most uncomfortable personage at home, both to himself and to others, and that he hated his father very cordially. He was extremely incensed at the nomination of Alva to the Netherlands, because he had hoped that either the king would go thither or intrust the mission to him, in either of which events he should be rid for a time of the paternal authority, or at least of the paternal presence. It seems to be well ascertained that Carlos nourished toward his father a hatred which might lead to criminal attempts, but there is no proof that such attempts were ever made. As to the fabulous amours of the prince and the queen, they had never any existence save in the imagination of poets, who have chosen to find a source of sentimental sorrow for the Infante in the arbitrary substitution of his father for himself in the marriage-contract with the daughter of Henry II. As Carlos was but twelve or thirteen years of age when thus deprived of a bride whom he had never seen, the foundation for a passionate regret was but slight. It would hardly be a more absurd fantasy had the poets chosen to represent Philip's father, the Emperor Charles, repining in his dotage for the loss of "Bloody Mary," whom he had so

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, i. 434; but see Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 12.

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handsomely ceded to his son. Philip took a bad old woman to relieve his father; he took a fair young princess at his son's expense; but similar changes in state marriages were such matters of course that no emotions were likely to be created in consequence. There is no proof whatever, nor any reason to surmise, that any love-passages ever existed between Don Carlos and his stepmother.

As to the process and the death of the prince, the mystery has not yet been removed, and the field is still open to conjecture. It seems a thankless task to grope in the dark after the truth at a variety of sources, when the truth really exists in tangible shape if profane hands could be laid upon it. The secret is buried in the bosom of the Vatican. Philip wrote two letters on the subject to Pius V. The contents of the first (21st January. 1568) are known. He informed the pontiff that he had been obliged to imprison his son, and promised that he would, in the conduct of the affair, omit nothing which could be expected of a father and of a just and prudent king.[1] The second letter, in which he narrated, or is supposed to have narrated, the whole course of the tragic proceedings down to the death and burial of the prince, has never yet been made public. There are hopes that this secret missive, after three centuries of darkness, may soon see the light.[2]

As Philip generally told the truth to the pope, it is probable that the secret, when once revealed, will contain the veritable solution of the mystery. Till that moment arrives, it seems idle to attempt fathoming the

[1] De Thou, v. liv. xliii. 436.

[2] I am assured by M. Gachard that a copy of this important letter is confidently expected by the Commission Royale d'Histoire.

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matter. Nevertheless, it may be well briefly to state the case as it stands. As against the king, it rests upon no impregnable, but certainly upon respectable, authority. The Prince of Orange, in his famous Apology, calls Philip the murderer of his wife and of his son, and says that there was proof of the facts in France.[1] He alludes to the violent death of Carlos almost as if it were an indisputable truth. "As for Don Charles," he says, "was he not our future sovereign? And if the father could allege against his son fit cause for death, was it not rather for us to judge him than for three or four monks or inquisitors of Spain?"[2]

The historian P. Matthieu relates that Philip assembled his council of conscience; that they recommended mercy; that hereupon Philip gave the matter to the Inquisition, by which tribunal Carlos was declared

[1] "A cruellement meudri sa femme, fille et seur des Rois de France! comme j'entends qu'on en a en France les informations . . . sa femme legitime, mère de deux filles vraies héritieres d'Espaigne."—Apologie, 34 sqq. The part of this accusation relative to the queen is entirely disproved by the letters of the French envoy Fourquevaulx. Vide Von Raumer, Gesch. Europas, iii. 129–132, and Hist. Briefe, i. 113–157.

[2] "Mais il a en dispense. De qui? du pape du Rome qui est un Dieu en terre. Certes c'est ce que je croi: car le Dieu du ciel ne l'auroit jamais accordé . . . voilà pourquoi à esté adjousté à ces horribles faultes précédentes un cruel parricide, le père meurdrissant inhumainement son enfant et son héritier, affin que par ce moien le pape eut overture de dispense d'un si execrable inceste. Si doncq nous disons que nous rejettons le gouvernement d'un tel roi incestueus, parricide et meurdrier de sa femme, qui nous pourroit accuser justement? . . . Quant à Don Charles, n'estoit il pas notre seigneur futur et maistre presumptif? Et si le père pouvoit alleguer contre son fils cause idoine de mort, estoit ce point à nous qui avions tant d'intérest, plustot à le juger, qu'à trois ou quatre moines ou Inquisiteurs d'Espaigne?"—Apologie, 35, 36.

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a heretic on account of his connection with Protestants, and for his attempt against his father's life was condemned to death, and that the sentence was executed by four slaves, two holding the arms, one the feet, while the fourth strangled him.[1]

De Thou gives the following account of the transaction, having derived many of his details from the oral communications of Louis de Foix:[2]

Philip imagined that his son was about to escape from Spain and to make his way to the Netherlands. The king also believed himself in danger of assassination from Carlos, his chief evidence being that the prince always carried pistols in the pockets of his loose breeches. As Carlos wished always to be alone at night without any domestic in his chamber, De Foix had arranged for him a set of pulleys, by means of which he could open or shut his door without rising from his bed. He always slept with two pistols and two drawn swords under his pillow, and had two loaded harquebuses in a wardrobe close at hand. These remarkable precautions would seem rather to indicate a profound fear of being

[1] Hist. de France et des choses mémorables advenues aux provinces étrangères durant sept années de paix 1598–1604 (Paris, 1606). Compare the admirable article by the historian Ranke, Zur Geschichte des Don Carlos (aus dem 46ten Bande der Wiener Jahrbücher der Litteratur besonders abgedruckt. Wien, 1829, Carl Gerold).

[2] It is surprising that the illustrious historian Ranke, to whose pamphlet on this subject we are under deep obligations, should undervalue the testimony of this personage. He calls him "a certain Foix, who had known the prince and had arranged the lock of his door," adding that "the evidence of a man belonging only to an inferior class of society is of course not conclusive." ("Das Zeugnis eines Menschen der nur einem untergeordneten Kreise der Gesellschaft angehörte reicht wie sich versteht nicht aus.") Cer-

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himself assassinated; but they were nevertheless supposed to justify Philip's suspicions that the Infante was meditating parricide. On Christmas eve, however (1567), Don Carlos told his confessor that he had determined to kill a man. The priest, in consequence, refused to admit him to the communion. The prince demanded, at least, a wafer which was not consecrated, in order that he might seem to the people to be participating in the sacrament. The confessor declined the proposal, and immediately repairing to the king, narrated the whole story. Philip exclaimed that he was himself the man whom the prince intended to kill, but that measures should be forthwith taken to prevent such a design. The monarch then consulted the Holy Office of the Inquisition, and the resolution was taken to arrest his son. De Foix was compelled to alter the pulleys of the door to the prince's chamber in such a manner that it could be opened without the usual noise, which was almost sure to awaken him. At midnight, accordingly, Count Lerma entered the room so stealthily that the arms were all removed from the prince's pillow and the

tainly one would suppose the man, from this contemptuous notice, a mere locksmith. Even had he been but a mechanic, his testimony would seem to us much more valuable in such an age of dissimulation than if he had been a prime minister, a cardinal, or a king, always supposing that he testified to things within his knowledge. Louis de Foix was no mechanic, however, but a celebrated engineer, a native of Paris, the architect of the palace and monastery of the Escorial, and the inventor of the machinery by which the water of the Tagus was carried to the highest parts of the city of Toledo. On his return to France he distinguished himself by constructing a new harbor at Bayonne, and by other works of public utility. Certainly it is hardly fair to depreciate the statements of such a man upon the ground of his inferiority in social position.

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wardrobe without awakening the sleeper. Philip, Ruy Gomez, the Duke de Feria, and two other nobles then noiselessly crept into the apartment. Carlos still slept so profoundly that it was necessary for Lerma to shake him violently by the arm before he could be aroused. Starting from his sleep in the dead of night, and seeing his father, thus accompanied, before his bed, the prince cried out that he was a dead man, and earnestly besought the bystanders to make an end of him at once. Philip assured him, however, that he was not come to kill him, but to chastise him paternally and to recall him to his duty. He then read him a serious lecture, caused him to rise from his bed, took away his servants, and placed him under guard. He was made to array himself in mourning habiliments and to sleep on a truckle-bed. The prince was in despair. He soon made various attempts upon his own life. He threw himself into the fire, but was rescued by his guards, with his clothes all in flames. He passed several days without taking any food, and then ate so many patties of minced meat that he nearly died of indigestion. He was also said to have attempted to choke himself with a diamond, and to have been prevented by his guard; to have filled his bed with ice; to have sat in cold drafts; to have gone eleven days without food, the last method being, as one would think, sufficiently thorough. Philip, therefore, seeing his son thus desperate, consulted once more with the Holy Office, and came to the decision that it was better to condemn him legitimately to death than to permit him to die by his own hand. In order, however, to save appearances, the order was secretly carried into execution. Don Carlos was made to swallow poison in a bowl of broth, of which he died in a few hours.

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This was at the commencement of his twenty-third year. The death was concealed for several months, and was not made public till after Alva's victory at Jemmingen.[1]

Such was the account drawn up by De Thou from the oral communications of De Foix and from other sources not indicated. Certainly such a narrative is far from being entitled to implicit credence. The historian was a contemporary, but he was not in Spain, and the engineer's testimony is, of course, not entitled to much consideration on the subject of the process and the execution (if there were an execution), although conclusive as to matters which had been within his personal knowledge. For the rest, all that it can be said to establish is the existence of the general rumor that Carlos came to his death by foul means and in consequence of advice given by the Inquisition.

On the other hand, in all the letters written at the period by persons in Madrid most likely, from their position, to know the truth, not a syllable has been found in confirmation of the violent death said to have been suffered by Carlos.[2] Secretary Erasso, the papal nuncio Castagna, the Venetian envoy Cavalli, all express a conviction that the death of the prince had been brought about by his own extravagant conduct and mental excitement; by alternations of starving and voracious eating, by throwing himself into the fire, by icing his

[1] De Thou, v. liv. xliii. 433–437.

[2] "In allen diesen Schreiben," says Ranke, "so verschiedener Menschen habe ich niemals auch nur eine leise Andeutung von einem schriftlichen oder mündlichen Spruche, nirgends auch nur eine geringe Spur von einer gewaltsamen Herbeiführung dieses Todes gefunden. Sie wissen vielmehr sämtlich nur von einem sehr erklärlichen Verlaufe der Krankheit, auf welche ein natürliches Verscheiden folgte."—Zur Geschichte, etc.

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bed, and by similar acts of desperation. Nearly every writer alludes to the incident of the refusal of the priest to admit Carlos to communion, upon the ground of his confessed deadly hatred to an individual whom all supposed to be the king. It was also universally believed that Carlos meant to kill his father. The nuncio asked Spinosa, then president of Castile, if this report were true. "If nothing more were to be feared," answered the priest, "the king would protect himself by other measures, but the matter was worse, if worse could be."[1] The king, however, summoned all the *foreign diplomatic body* and assured them that *the story was false*.[2] After his arrest, the prince, according to Castagna, attempted various means of suicide, abstaining, at last, many days from food, and dying in consequence, "discoursing, upon his death-bed, gravely and like a man of sense."[3]

The historian Cabrera, official panegyrist of Philip II., speaks of the death of Carlos as a natural one, but leaves a dark kind of mystery about the symptoms of his disease. He states that the prince was tried and condemned by a commission, or junta, consisting of Spinosa, Ruy Gomez, and the Licentiate Virviesca, but that he was carried off by an illness, the nature of which he does not describe.[4]

Llorente found nothing in the records of the Inquisition to prove that the Holy Office had ever condemned the prince or instituted any process against him. He states that he was condemned by a commission, but that he

[1] Ranke, Zur Geschichte, etc. [2] Ibid.

[3] "Pero che prima sempre pareva che nel suo parlar dicesse cose vane e di poco fondamento et allora principio a discorrere gravemente e di huomo prudente."—Ibid., 26.

[4] Cabrera, Felipe el prudente, lib. viii.

SAN FERNANDO DISCARDED UNION HIGH SCHOOL SAN FERNANDO, CALIF. DISCARDED

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died of a sickness which supervened. It must be confessed that the illness was a convenient one, and that such diseases are very apt to attack individuals whom tyrants are disposed to remove from their path, while desirous, at the same time, to save appearances. It would certainly be presumptuous to accept implicitly the narrative of De Thou, which is literally followed by Hoofd [1] and by many modern writers. On the other hand, it would be an exaggeration of historical skepticism to absolve Philip from the murder of his son solely upon negative testimony. The people about court did not believe in the crime. They saw no proofs of it. Of course they saw none. Philip would take good care that there should be none if he had made up his mind that the death of the prince should be considered a natural one. An a priori argument which omits the character of the suspected culprit and the extraordinary circumstances of time and place is not satisfactory. Philip thoroughly understood the business of secret midnight murder. We shall soon have occasion to relate the elaborate and ingenious method by which the assassination of Montigny was accomplished and kept a profound secret from the whole world until the letters of the royal assassin, after three centuries' repose, were exhumed, and the foul mystery revealed. Philip was capable of any crime. Moreover, in his letter to his aunt, Queen Catherine of Portugal,[2] he distinctly declares himself, like Abraham, prepared to go all lengths

[1] Nederl. Hist., 179, 180.

[2] And not the empress, wife of Maximilian II., as stated by Cabrera, who publishes the letter of January 21, 1568 (l. vii. c. xxii. 475). Ranke has corrected this error (Zur Geschichte des Don Carlos, etc.).

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in obedience to the Lord. "I have chosen in this matter," he said, "to *make the sacrifice* to God of my *own flesh and blood*, and to prefer his service and the universal welfare to all other human considerations."[1] Whenever the letter to Pius V. sees the light, it will appear whether the sacrifice which the monarch thus made to his God proceeded beyond the imprisonment and condemnation of his son, or was completed by the actual immolation of the victim.

With regard to the prince himself, it is very certain that, if he had lived, the realms of the Spanish crown would have numbered one tyrant more. Carlos, from his earliest youth, was remarkable for the ferocity of his character. The Emperor Charles was highly pleased with him, then about fourteen years of age, upon their first interview after the abdication. He flattered himself that the lad had inherited his own martial genius together with his name. Carlos took much interest in his grandfather's account of his various battles, but when the flight from Innsbruck was narrated, he repeated many times, with much vehemence, that he never would have fled; to which position he adhered, notwithstanding all the arguments of the emperor, and very much to his amusement.[2] The young prince was always fond of soldiers, and listened eagerly to discourses of war. He was in the habit also of recording the names of any military persons who, according to custom, frequently

[1] "Mas en fin yo e querido hazer en esta parte sacrificio a Dios de mi propria carne i sangre, i preferir su servicio i el beneficio i bien universal à las otras consideraciones umanas," etc.—Letter of Philip, apud Cabrera, vii. xxii. 475. V. lib. viii. 405–501.

[2] ". . . et egli in colera reitero con mariviglia e riso di S. M^ta^ e de circonstanti che egli mai non sarebbe fuggito."—Badovaro MS.

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made offers of their services to the heir apparent, and of causing them to take a solemn oath to keep their engagements.[1] No other indications of warlike talent, however, have been preserved concerning him. "He was crafty, ambitious, cruel, violent," says the envoy Suriano, "a hater of buffoons, a lover of soldiers."[2] His natural cruelty seems to have been remarkable from his boyhood. After his return from the chase, he was in the habit of cutting the throats of hares and other animals, and of amusing himself with their dying convulsions.[3] He also frequently took pleasure in roasting them alive.[4] He once received a present of a very large snake from some person who seemed to understand how to please this remarkable young prince. After a time, however, the favorite reptile allowed itself to bite its master's finger, whereupon Don Carlos immediately retaliated by biting off its head.[5]

He was excessively angry at the suggestion that the prince who was expected to spring from his father's marriage with the English queen would one day reign over the Netherlands, and swore he would challenge him to mortal combat in order to prevent such an infringement of his rights. His father and grandfather were

[1] Badovaro MS.

[2] "E animoso, accorto, crudele, ambitioso, inimicissimo di buffoni, amicissimo di soldati."—Suriano MS.

[3] Strada, viii. 313.

[4] "Dimostra di haver an animo fiero, et tra li effetti che si raccontavano uno é che alle volte che da la caccia li veniva portato lepre o simili animali, si diletta di veder li arrostiti vivi."—Badovaro MS.

[5] "Et essendo li donato una biscia scodarella molto grande, et essa havendo li dato un morso à un dito egli subitamente co denti gli spicco la testa."—Ibid.

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both highly diverted with this manifestation of spirit,[1] but it was not decreed that the world should witness the execution of these fraternal intentions against the babe which was never to be born.

Ferocity, in short, seems to have been the leading characteristic of the unhappy Carlos. His preceptor, a man of learning and merit, who was called "the honorable John,"[2] tried to mitigate this excessive ardor of temperament by a course of Cicero de Officiis, which he read to him daily.[3] Neither the eloquence of Tully, however, nor the precepts of the honorable John made the least impression upon this very savage nature. As he grew older he did not grow wiser nor more gentle. He was prematurely and grossly licentious. All the money which, as a boy, he was allowed, he spent upon women of low character, and when he was penniless, he gave them his chains, his medals, even the clothes from his back.[4] He took pleasure in affronting respectable females when he met them in the streets, insulting them by the coarsest language and gestures.[5] Being cruel, cunning, fierce, and licentious, he seemed to combine many of the worst qualities of a lunatic. That he probably was one is the best defense which can be offered for his conduct. In attempting to offer violence to a female, while he was at the University of Alcalá, he fell down a stone staircase, from which cause he was laid up for a long time with a severely wounded head, and was supposed to have injured his brain.[6]

[1] "Con somma allegrezza inteso."—Badovaro MS.

[2] "Il precettore suo è nominato l'honorato Giovanni, che è di quelli belli costumi che si possano desiderar in alcun altro spagnuolo."—Ibid.

[3] Ibid. [4] Ibid. [5] Brantôme (usâ), ii. 117.

[6] Hoofd, v. 179. Compare Strada, i. 213. See also Relacion

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The traits of ferocity recorded of him during his short life are so numerous that humanity can hardly desire that it should have been prolonged. A few drops of water having once fallen upon his head from a window as he passed through the street, he gave peremptory orders to his guard to burn the house to the ground and to put every one of its inhabitants to the sword. The soldiers went forthwith to execute the order, but, more humane than their master, returned with the excuse that the holy sacrament of the viaticum had that moment been carried into the house. This appeal to the superstition of the prince successfully suspended the execution of the crime which his inconceivable malignity had contemplated.[1] On another occasion, a nobleman, who slept near his chamber, failed to answer his bell on the instant. Springing upon his dilatory attendant as soon as he made his appearance, the prince seized him in his arms and was about to throw him from the window, when the cries of the unfortunate chamberlain attracted attention and procured a rescue.[2]

The Cardinal Spinosa had once accidentally detained at his palace an actor who was to perform a favorite part by express command of Don Carlos. Furious at this detention, the prince took the priest by the throat as soon as he presented himself at the palace, and plucking his dagger from its sheath, swore, by the soul of his father, that he would take his life on the spot. The grand inquisitor fell on his knees and begged for mercy,

de lo sucedido en la enfermedad del principe, nuestro Señor, por el Doctor Olivares, medico de su camara (Papiers d'État de Granvelle, vi. 587 sqq.).

[1] Cabrera, lib. vii. c. xxii. p. 470. [2] Ibid.

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but it is probable that the entrance of the king alone saved his life.[1]

There was often something ludicrous mingled with the atrocious in these ungovernable explosions of wrath. Don Pedro Manuel, his chamberlain, had once, by his command, ordered a pair of boots to be made for the prince. When brought home, they were, unfortunately, too tight. The prince, after vainly endeavoring to pull them on, fell into a blazing passion. He swore that it was the fault of Don Pedro, who always wore tight boots himself, but he at the same time protested that his father was really at the bottom of the affair. He gave the young nobleman a box on the ear for thus conspiring with the king against his comfort, and then ordered the boots to be chopped into little pieces, stewed, and seasoned. Then sending for the culprit shoemaker, he ordered him to eat his own boots, thus converted into a pottage; and with this punishment the unfortunate mechanic, who had thought his life forfeited, was sufficiently glad to comply.[2]

Even the puissant Alva could not escape his violence. Like all the men in whom his father reposed confidence, the duke was odious to the heir apparent. Don Carlos detested him with the whole force of his little soul. He hated him as only a virtuous person deserved to be hated by such a ruffian. The heir apparent had taken the Netherlands under his patronage. He had even formed the design of repairing secretly to the provinces, and could not, therefore, disguise his wrath at the appointment of the duke. It is doubtful whether the country would have benefited by the gratification of his

[1] Cabrera, ubi sup.

[2] Ibid., vii. 470. Brantôme, art. Philippe II., ii. 115.

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DON CARLOS.
(Infant of Spain.)
Painting by Alonzo Sanchez Coello; Prado Museum, Madrid.

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wishes. It is possible that the pranks of so malignant an ape might have been even more mischievous than the concentrated and vigorous tyranny of an Alva. When the new captain-general called, before his departure, to pay his respects to the Infante, the duke seemed, to his surprise, to have suddenly entered the den of a wild beast. Don Carlos sprang upon him with a howl of fury, brandishing a dagger in his hand. He uttered reproaches at having been defrauded of the Netherland government. He swore that Alva should never accomplish his mission, nor leave his presence alive. He was proceeding to make good the threat with his poniard, when the duke closed with him. A violent struggle succeeded. Both rolled together on the ground, the prince biting and striking like a demoniac, the duke defending himself as well as he was able, without attempting his adversary's life. Before the combat was decided, the approach of many persons put an end to the disgraceful scene.[1] As decent a veil as possible was thrown over the transaction, and the duke departed on his mission. Before the end of the year, the prince was in the prison whence he never came forth alive.

The figure of Don Carlos was as misshapen as his mind. His head was disproportionately large, his limbs were rickety, one shoulder was higher, one leg longer than the other.[2] With features resembling those of his

[1] Cabrera, lib. vii. c. xiii. 442, 443.

[2] "Ha la testa di grandezza sproportionata al corpo, di pelo nero et di debole complessione."—Badovaro MS.

"Se bene e simile al padre di faccia e pero dissimil di costumi."—Suriano MS.

"Carolus, præter colorem et capillum, ceterum corpore mendosus: quippe humero elatior et tibiâ alterâ longior erat, nec minus dehonestamentum ab indolo feroci et contumaci."—Strada, x. 509.

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father, but with a swarthy instead of a fair complexion, with an expression of countenance both fierce and foolish, and with a character such as we have sketched it, upon the evidence of those who knew him well, it is indeed strange that he should ever have been transformed by the magic of poetry into a romantic hero. As cruel and cunning as his father, as mad as his great-grandmother, he has left a name which not even his dark and mysterious fate can render interesting.

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CHAPTER IV

Continued and excessive barbarity of the government—Execution of Antony van Straalen, of "Red-Rod" Spelle—The Prince of Orange advised by his German friends to remain quiet—Heroic sentiments of Orange—His religious opinions—His efforts in favor of toleration—His fervent piety—His public correspondence with the emperor—His "Justification," his "Warning," and other papers characterized—The prince, with a considerable army, crosses the Rhine—Passage of the Meuse at Stockheim—He offers battle to Alva—Determination of the duke to avoid an engagement—Comparison of his present situation with his previous position in Friesland—Masterly tactics of the duke—Skirmish on the Geta—Defeat of the Orangists—Death of Hoogstraaten—Junction with Genlis—Adherence of Alva to his original plan—The prince crosses the frontier of France—Correspondence between Charles IX. and Orange—The patriot army disbanded at Strasburg—Comments by Granvelle upon the position of the prince—Triumphant attitude of Alva—Festivities at Brussels—Colossal statue of Alva erected by himself in Antwerp citadel—Intercession of the emperor with Philip—Memorial of six electors to the emperor—Mission of the Archduke Charles to Spain—His negotiations with Philip—Public and private correspondence between the king and emperor—Duplicity of Maximilian—Abrupt conclusion to the intervention—Granvelle's suggestions to Philip concerning the treaty of Passau.

THE duke, having thus crushed the project of Count Louis and quelled the insurrection in Friesland, returned in triumph to Brussels. Far from softened by the success of his arms, he renewed with fresh energy

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the butchery which, for a brief season, had been suspended during his brilliant campaign in the north. The altars again smoked with victims; the hanging, burning, drowning, beheading, seemed destined to be the perpetual course of his administration, so long as human bodies remained on which his fanatical vengeance could be wreaked.[1] Four men of eminence were executed soon after his return to the capital. They had previously suffered such intense punishment on the rack that it was necessary to carry them to the scaffold and bind them upon chairs that they might be beheaded.[2] These four sufferers were a Frisian nobleman named Galena, the secretaries of Egmont and Horn, Bakkerzeel and La Loo, and the distinguished burgomaster of Antwerp, Antony van Straalen. The arrest of the three last-mentioned individuals, simultaneously with that of the two counts, has been related in a previous chapter. In the case of Van Straalen, the services rendered by him to the provinces during his long and honorable career had been so remarkable that even the Blood-Council, in sending his case to Alva for his sentence, were inspired by a humane feeling. They felt so much compunction at the impending fate of a man who, among other meritorious acts, had furnished nearly all the funds for the brilliant campaign in Picardy, by which the opening years of Philip's reign had been illustrated, as to hint at the propriety of a pardon.[3] But the recommendation to mercy, though it came from the lips of tigers dripping with human blood, fell unheeded

[1] Bor, iv. 248.

[2] J. P. van Cappelle, Bijdragen tot de Geschich. d. Nederl., 231. Meteren, f. 61.

[3] Bor, iv. 247, 248.

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on the tyrant's ear. It seemed meet that the man who had supplied the nerves of war in that unforgiven series of triumphs should share the fate of the hero who had won the laurels.[1]

Hundreds of obscure martyrs now followed in the same path to another world, where surely they deserved to find their recompense, if steadfast adherence to their faith, and a tranquil trust in God amid tortures and death too horrible to be related, had ever found favor above. The "Red-Rod," as the provost of Brabant was popularly designated, was never idle. He flew from village to village throughout the province, executing the bloody behests of his masters with congenial alacrity.[2] Nevertheless, his career was soon destined to close upon the same scaffold where he had so long officiated. Partly from caprice, partly from an uncompromising and fantastic sense of justice, his master now hanged the executioner whose industry had been so untiring. The sentence which was affixed to his breast, as he suffered, stated that he had been guilty of much malpractice; that he had executed many persons without a warrant, and had suffered many guilty persons, for a bribe, to escape their doom.[3] The reader can judge which of the two clauses constituted the most sufficient reason.

During all these triumphs of Alva the Prince of Orange had not lost his self-possession. One after another, each of his bold, skilfully conceived, and care-

[1] Bor, Cappelle, Hoofd, ubi sup. The last words of the burgomaster as he bowed his neck to the executioner's stroke were, "Voor wel gedaan, kwalijk beloud" ("For faithful service, evil recompense").—Cappelle, 232.

[2] Bor, iv. 248.

[3] Ibid., v. 269, 270. Hoofd, v. 191.

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fully prepared plans had failed. Villers had been entirely discomfited at Dalem, Cocqueville had been cut to pieces in Picardy, and now the valiant and experienced Louis had met with an entire overthrow in Friesland. The brief success of the patriots at Heiliger Lee had been washed out in the blood-torrents of Jemmingen. Tyranny was more triumphant, the provinces more timidly crouching, than ever. The friends on whom William of Orange relied in Germany, never enthusiastic in his cause, although many of them true-hearted and liberal, now grew cold and anxious. For months long, his most faithful and affectionate allies, such men as the Elector of Hesse and the Duke of Würtemberg, as well as the less trustworthy Augustus of Saxony, had earnestly expressed their opinion that, under the circumstances, his best course was to sit still and watch the course of events.

It was known that the emperor had written an urgent letter to Philip on the subject of his policy in the Netherlands in general, and concerning the position of Orange in particular. All persons, from the emperor down to the pettiest potentate, seemed now of opinion that the prince had better pause; that he was, indeed, bound to wait the issue of that remonstrance.[1] "Your Highness must sit still," said Landgrave William. "Your Highness must sit still," said Augustus of Saxony. "You must move neither hand nor foot in the cause of the perishing provinces," said the emperor. "Not a soldier —horse, foot, or dragoon—shall be levied within the empire. If you violate the peace of the realm, and embroil us with our excellent brother and cousin Philip,

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 786. Archives et Correspondance, iii. 130–136, 144, 145, 214–219.

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it is at your own peril. You have nothing to do but to keep quiet and await his answer to our letter."[1] But the prince knew how much effect his sitting still would produce upon the cause of liberty and religion. He knew how much effect the emperor's letter was like to have upon the heart of Philip. He knew that the more impenetrable the darkness now gathering over that land of doom which he had devoted his life to defend, the more urgently was he forbidden to turn his face away from it in its affliction. He knew that thousands of human souls, nigh to perishing, were daily turning toward him as their only hope on earth, and he was resolved, so long as he could dispense a single ray of light, that his countenance should never be averted. It is difficult to contemplate his character, at this period, without being infected with a perhaps dangerous enthusiasm. It is not an easy task coldly to analyze a nature which contained so much of the self-sacrificing and the heroic, as well as of the adroit and the subtle; and it is almost impossible to give utterance to the emotions which naturally swell the heart at the contemplation of so much active virtue, without rendering one's self liable to the charge of excessive admiration. Through the mists of adversity, a human form may dilate into proportions which are colossal and deceptive. Our judgment may thus, perhaps, be led captive, but at any rate the sentiment excited is more healthful than that inspired by the mere shedder of blood, by the merely selfish conqueror. When the cause of the champion is that of human right against tyranny, of political and religious freedom against an all-engrossing and absolute bigotry, it is still

[1] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 1–19. Archives et Correspondance, iii. 130 et seq.

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more difficult to restrain veneration within legitimate bounds. To liberate the souls and bodies of millions, to maintain for a generous people, who had well-nigh lost their all, those free institutions which their ancestors had bequeathed, was a noble task for any man. But here stood a prince of ancient race, vast possessions,[1] imperial blood, one of the great ones of the earth, whose pathway along the beaten track would have been smooth and successful, but who was ready to pour out his wealth like water, and to coin his heart's blood, drop by drop, in this virtuous but almost desperate cause. He felt that of a man to whom so much had been intrusted much was to be asked. God had endowed him with an incisive and comprehensive genius, unfaltering fortitude, and with the rank and fortune which enable a man to employ his faculties, to the injury or the happiness of his fellows, on the widest scale. The prince felt the responsibility, and the world was to learn the result.

It was about this time that a deep change came over his mind. Hitherto, although nominally attached to the communion of the ancient Church, his course of life and habits of mind had not led him to deal very earnestly with things beyond the world. The severe duties, the grave character of the cause to which his days were henceforth to be devoted, had already led him to a closer inspection of the essential attributes of Christian-

[1] "Le Prince d'Orange avait 152,785 florins de revenu: ses charges étaient de 98,366 florins."—Relation des Revenus des Seigneurs dont les biens ont été confisqués, 12. Décembre, 1569 (Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 115).

On his departure from the Netherlands in 1567, he said he had still sixty thousand guldens per annum left, net income, and should undertake nothing against the king, if he did not attack him in his honor and property (Wagenaer, Vad. Histor., vi. 228. Reid., i. 1).

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ity. He was now enrolled for life as a soldier of the Reformation.[1] The Reformation was henceforth his fatherland, the sphere of his duty and his affection. The religious reformers became his brethren, whether in France, Germany, the Netherlands, or England. Yet his mind had taken a higher flight than that of the most eminent reformers. His goal was not a new doctrine, but religious liberty. In an age when to think was a crime, and when bigotry and a persecuting spirit characterized Romanists and Lutherans, Calvinists and Zwinglians, he had dared to announce freedom of conscience as the great object for which noble natures should strive. In an age when toleration was a vice, he had the manhood to cultivate it as a virtue. His parting advice to the reformers of the Netherlands, when he left them for a season in the spring of 1567, was to sink all lesser differences in religious union. Those of the Augsburg Confession and those of the Calvinistic Church, in their own opinion as incapable of commingling as oil and water, were, in his judgment, capable of friendly amalgamation.[2] He appealed eloquently to the good and influential of all parties to unite in one common cause against oppression. Even while favoring daily more and more the cause of the purified Church, and becoming daily more alive to the corruption of Rome, he was yet willing to tolerate all forms of worship, and to leave reason to combat error.

[1] The prince went into the Reformed worship step by step, and it was not until the 23d October, 1573, that he publicly attended communion at a Calvinist meeting, but where is not mentioned. Vide Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vi. 73, and Van der Wall, Privilegie van Dort, Bl. 149, No. 7.

[2] Wagenaer, Vaderl. Hist., vi. 227, 228. Hoofd, iv. 132, 133.

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Without a particle of cant or fanaticism, he had become a deeply religious man. Hitherto he had been only a man of the world and a statesman, but from this time forth he began calmly to rely upon God's providence in all the emergencies of his eventful life. His letters written to his most confidential friends, to be read only by themselves, and which have been gazed upon by no other eyes until after the lapse of nearly three centuries, abundantly prove his sincere and simple trust. This sentiment was not assumed for effect to delude others, but cherished as a secret support for himself. His religion was not a cloak to his designs, but a consolation in his disasters. In his letter of instruction to his most confidential agent, John Bazius, while he declared himself frankly in favor of the Protestant principles, he expressed his extreme repugnance to the persecution of Catholics. "Should we obtain power over any city or cities," he wrote, "let the communities of papists be as much respected and protected as possible. Let them be overcome, not by violence, but with gentle-mindedness and virtuous treatment."[1] After the terrible disaster at Jemmingen, he had written to Louis, consoling him, in the most affectionate language, for the unfortunate result of his campaign. Not a word of reproach escaped from him, although his brother had conducted the operations in Friesland, after the battle of Heiliger Lee, in a manner quite contrary to his own advice. He had counseled against a battle, and had foretold a defeat;[2] but after the battle had been fought and a crushing defeat sustained, his language breathed

[1] "Sacht moedigheyt ende deuchtsamkeit."—Archives, etc., iii. 196–200.

[2] Archives et Correspondance, etc., iii. 257–261.

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only unwavering submission to the will of God, and continued confidence in his own courage. "You may be well assured, my brother," he wrote, "that I have never felt anything more keenly than the pitiable misfortune which has happened to you, for many reasons which you can easily imagine. Moreover, it hinders us much in the levy which we are making, and has greatly chilled the hearts of those who otherwise would have been ready to give us assistance. Nevertheless, since it has thus pleased God, it is necessary to have patience and to lose not courage, conforming ourselves to his divine will, as for my part I have determined to do in everything which may happen, still proceeding onward in our work with his almighty aid."[1] *Saevis tranquillus in undis*, he was never more placid than when the storm was wildest and the night darkest. He drew his consolations and refreshed his courage at the never-failing fountains of divine mercy.

"I go to-morrow," he wrote to the unworthy Anne of Saxony; "but when I shall return, or when I shall see you, I cannot, on my honor, tell you with certainty. I have resolved to place myself in the hands of the Almighty, that he may guide me whither it is his good pleasure that I should go. *I see well enough that I am destined to pass this life in misery and labor, with which I am well content, since it thus pleases the Omnipotent*, for I know that I have merited still greater chastisement. I only implore him graciously to send me strength to endure with patience."[2]

Such language, in letters the most private, never meant to be seen by other eyes than those to which

[1] Archives et Correspondance, etc., iii. 276.

[2] Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange-Nassau, iii. 327–331.

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they were addressed, gives touching testimony to the sincere piety of his character. No man was ever more devoted to a high purpose, no man had ever more right to imagine himself, or less inclination to pronounce himself, intrusted with a divine mission. There was nothing of the charlatan in his character. His nature was true and steadfast. No narrow-minded usurper was ever more loyal to his own aggrandizement than this large-hearted man to the cause of oppressed humanity. Yet it was inevitable that baser minds should fail to recognize his purity. While he exhausted his life for the emancipation of a people, it was easy to ascribe all his struggles to the hope of founding a dynasty. It was natural for groveling natures to search in the gross soil of self-interest for the sustaining roots of the tree beneath whose branches a nation found its shelter. What could they comprehend of living fountains and of heavenly dews?

In May, 1568, the Emperor Maximilian had formally issued a requisition to the Prince of Orange to lay down his arms and to desist from all levies and machinations against the King of Spain and the peace of the realm. This summons he was commanded to obey on pain of forfeiting all rights, fiefs, privileges, and endowments bestowed by imperial hands on himself or his predecessors, and of incurring the heaviest disgrace, punishment, and penalties of the empire.[1]

To this document the prince replied in August, having paid in the meantime but little heed to its precepts. Now that the emperor, who at first was benignant, had begun to frown on his undertaking, he did not slacken

[1] See the letter in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 1–5.

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in his own endeavors to set his army on foot. One by one those among the princes of the empire who had been most stanch in his cause and were still most friendly to his person grew colder as tyranny became stronger; but the ardor of the prince was not more chilled by their despair than by the overthrow at Jemmingen, which had been its cause. In August he answered the letter of the emperor respectfully but warmly. He still denounced the tyranny of Alva and the arts of Granvelle with that vigorous eloquence which was always at his command, while, as usual, he maintained a show of almost exaggerated respect for their monarch. It was not to be presumed, he said, that his Majesty, "a king debonair and bountiful," had ever intended such cruelties as those which had been rapidly retraced in the letter, but it was certain that the Duke of Alva had committed them all of his own authority. He trusted, moreover, that the emperor, after he had read the "Justification" which the prince had recently published, would appreciate the reason for his taking up arms. He hoped that his Majesty would now consider the resistance just, Christian, and conformable to the public peace. He expressed the belief that, rather than interpose any hindrance, his Majesty would thenceforth rather render assistance "to the poor and desolate Christians," even as it was his Majesty's office and authority to be the last refuge of the injured.[1]

The "Justification against the false blame of his calumniators by the Prince of Orange," to which the prince thus referred, has been mentioned in a previous chapter. This remarkable paper had been drawn up at

[1] See the letter in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 5–19.

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the advice of his friends, Landgrave William and Elector Augustus,[1] but it was not the only document which the prince caused to be published at this important epoch. He issued a formal declaration of war against the Duke of Alva; he addressed a solemn and eloquent "Warning" or proclamation to all the inhabitants of the Netherlands.[2] These documents are all extremely important and interesting. Their phraseology shows the intentions and the spirit by which the prince was actuated on first engaging in the struggle. Without the prince and his efforts at this juncture there would probably have never been a free Netherland commonwealth. It is certain, likewise, that without an enthusiastic passion for civil and religious liberty throughout the masses of the Netherland people there would have been no successful effort on the part of the prince. He knew his countrymen, while they, from highest to humblest, recognized in him their savior. There was, however, no pretense of a revolutionary movement. The prince came to maintain, not to overthrow. The freedom which had been enjoyed in the provinces until the accession of the Burgundian dynasty, it was his purpose to restore. The attitude which he now assumed was a peculiar one in history. This defender of a people's cause set up no revolutionary standard. In all his documents he paid apparent reverence to the authority of the king. By a fiction, which was not unphilosophical, he assumed that the monarch was incapable of the crimes which he charged upon the viceroy. Thus he did not assume the character of a rebel in arms against his prince, but

[1] Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange, iii. 183–186.

[2] The declaration is published in Bor, iv. 253, 254.

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in his own capacity of sovereign he levied troops and waged war against a satrap whom he chose to consider false to his master's orders. In the interest of Philip, assumed to be identical with the welfare of his people, he took up arms against the tyrant who was sacrificing both. This mask of loyalty would never save his head from the block, as he well knew, but some spirits lofty as his own might perhaps be influenced by a noble sophistry which sought to strengthen the cause of the people by attributing virtue to the king.

And thus did the sovereign of an insignificant little principality stand boldly forth to do battle with the most powerful monarch in the world. At his own expense, and by almost superhuman exertions, he had assembled nearly thirty thousand men. He now boldly proclaimed to the world, and especially to the inhabitants of the provinces, his motives, his purposes, and his hopes.

"We, by God's grace Prince of Orange," said his declaration of 31st August, 1568, "salute all faithful subjects of his Majesty. To few people is it unknown that the Spaniards have for a long time sought to govern the land according to their pleasure. Abusing his Majesty's goodness, they have persuaded him to decree the introduction of the Inquisition into the Netherlands. They well understood that in case the Netherlanders could be made to tolerate its exercise, they would lose all protection to their liberty; that if they opposed its introduction, they would open those rich provinces as a vast field of plunder. We had hoped that his Majesty, taking the matter to heart, would have spared his hereditary provinces from such utter ruin. We have found

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our hopes futile. We are unable, by reason of our loyal service due to his Majesty, and of our true compassion for the faithful lieges, to look with tranquillity any longer at such murders, robberies, outrages, and agony. We are, moreover, certain that his Majesty has been badly informed upon Netherland matters. We take up arms, therefore, to oppose the violent tyranny of the Spaniards, by the help of the merciful God, who is the enemy of all bloodthirstiness. Cheerfully inclined to wager our life and all our worldly wealth on the cause, we have now, God be thanked, an excellent army of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, raised all at our own expense. We summon all loyal subjects of the Netherlands to come and help us. Let them take to heart the uttermost need of the country, the danger of perpetual slavery for themselves and their children, and of the entire overthrow of the Evangelical religion. Only when Alva's bloodthirstiness shall have been at last overpowered can the provinces hope to recover their pure administration of justice, and a prosperous condition for their commonwealth."[1]

In the "Warning" or proclamation to all the inhabitants of the Netherlands, the prince expressed similar sentiments. He announced his intention of expelling the Spaniards forever from the country. To accomplish the mighty undertaking, money was necessary. He accordingly called on his countrymen to contribute, the rich out of their abundance, the poor even out of their poverty, to the furtherance of the cause. To do this while it was yet time, he solemnly warned them "before God, the fatherland, and the world." After the title of this paper were cited the twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth,

[1] Bor, iv. 253, 254.

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and thirtieth verses of the tenth chapter of Proverbs. The favorite motto of the prince, "Pro lege, rege, grege," was also affixed to the document.[1]

These appeals had, however, but little effect. Of three hundred thousand crowns, promised on behalf of leading nobles and merchants of the Netherlands by Marcus Perez, but ten or twelve thousand came to hand.[2] The appeals to the gentlemen who had signed the Compromise, and to many others who had, in times past, been favorable to the liberal party, were powerless. A poor Anabaptist preacher collected a small sum from a refugee congregation on the outskirts of Holland, and brought it, at the peril of his life, into the prince's camp. It came from people, he said, whose will was better than the gift. They never wished to be repaid, he said, except by kindness, when the cause of reform should be triumphant in the Netherlands. The prince signed a receipt for the money, expressing himself touched by this sympathy from these poor outcasts.[3] In the course of time other contributions from similar sources, principally collected by dissenting preachers, starving and persecuted church communities, were received.[4] The poverty-stricken exiles contributed far more, in proportion, for the establishment of civil and religious liberty than the wealthy merchants or the haughty nobles.[5]

Late in September the prince mustered his army in the province of Treves, near the monastery of Romers-

[1] The "Waarschuwing" is published in full in the Bijvoegsel van Authentik. Stuk. tot P. Bor, Hist., 121–123.

[2] Bor, iv. 251, 252. Hoofd, v. 183.

[3] Brandt, Hist. der Reformatie, i. 526. Letter of P. W. Boomgaerdt to C. P. Hoofd, 7th August, 1606.

[4] Brandt, i. 516. [5] Bor, v. 312.

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dorf.[1] His force amounted to nearly thirty thousand men, of whom nine thousand were cavalry.[2] Lumey, Count de la Marck, now joined him at the head of a picked band of troopers—a bold, ferocious partizan, descended from the celebrated Wild Boar of Ardennes. Like Civilis, the ancient Batavian hero, he had sworn to leave hair and beard unshorn till the liberation of the country was achieved, or at least till the death of Egmont, whose blood-relation he was, had been avenged.[3] It is probable that the fierce conduct of this chieftain, and particularly the cruelties exercised upon monks and papists[4] by his troops, dishonored the cause more than their valor could advance it. But in those stormy times such rude but incisive instruments were scarcely to be neglected, and the name of Lumey was to be forever associated with the earliest and most important triumphs of the liberal cause.

It was fated, however, that but few laurels should be won by the patriots in this campaign. The prince crossed the Rhine at St.-Feit, a village belonging to himself.[5] He descended along the banks as far as the neighborhood of Cologne. Then, after hovering in apparent uncertainty about the territories of Juliers and Limburg, he suddenly, on a bright moonlight night, crossed the Meuse with his whole army in the neighborhood of Stockheim.[6] The operation was brilliantly

[1] Hoofd, v. 183.

[2] Ibid. Compare Strada, vii. 338; Bentivoglio, v. 77, 78; Wagenaer, vi. 286; Grot. Ann., i. 32; Meteren, ii. 55.

[3] Bor, iv. 256. Strada, l. vii. 338. Wagenaer, Vaderl. Hist., vi. 286.

[4] Bor, iv. 256. Hoofd, v. 183.

[5] Bor, iv. 256. Wagenaer, Vaderl. Hist., vi. 286. Meteren, 55.

[6] Relation de l'Expédition du Prince d'Orange en 1568, by the secretary of state, Courteville, who accompanied the Duke of Alva

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effected. A compact body of cavalry, according to the plan which had been more than once adopted by Julius Cæsar, was placed in the midst of the current, under which shelter the whole army successfully forded the river.[1] The Meuse was more shallow than usual, but the water was as high as the soldiers' necks. This feat was accomplished on the night and morning of the 4th and 5th of October. It was considered so bold an achievement that its fame spread far and wide. The Spaniards began to tremble at the prowess of a prince whom they had affected to despise. The very fact of the passage was flatly contradicted. An unfortunate burgher at Amsterdam was scourged at the whipping-post because he mentioned it as matter of common report.[2] The Duke of Alva refused to credit the tale when it was announced to him. "Is the army of the Prince of Orange a flock of wild geese," he asked, "that it can fly over rivers like the Meuse?"[3] Nevertheless, it was true. The outlawed, exiled prince stood once more on the borders of Brabant, with an army of disciplined troops at his back. His banners bore patriotic inscriptions. "Pro lege, rege, grege," was emblazoned upon some. A pelican tearing her breast to nourish her young with her life-blood was the pathetic emblem of others.[4] It was his determination to force or entice the Duke of Alva into a general engagement. He was desirous to wipe out the disgrace of Jemmingen. Could he plant his victorious standard thus in the very heart

during the campaign; in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 319–337.

[1] Hoofd, v. 185. Meteren, f. 56.

[2] Hoofd, v. 185.

[3] Ibid. Strada, liv. vii. 340.

[4] Bor, iv. 255. Hoofd, v. 184.

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of the country, he felt that thousands would rally around it. The country would rise almost to a man, could he achieve a victory over the tyrant, flushed as he was with victory, and sated with blood.

With banners flying, drums beating, trumpets sounding, with all the pomp and defiance which an already victorious general could assume, Orange marched into Brabant, and took up a position within six thousand paces of Alva's encampment. His plan was at every hazard to dare or to decoy his adversary into the chances of a stricken field. The governor was intrenched at a place called Keisersleger, which Julius Cæsar had once occupied. The city of Maestricht was in his immediate neighborhood, which was thus completely under his protection, while it furnished him with supplies.[1] The prince sent to the duke a herald, who was to propose that all prisoners who might be taken in the coming campaign should be exchanged instead of being executed.[2] The herald, booted and spurred, even as he had dismounted from his horse, was instantly hanged.[3] This was the significant answer to the mission of mercy. Alva held no parley with rebels before a battle, nor gave quarter afterward.

In the meantime the duke had carefully studied the whole position of affairs, and had arrived at his conclusion. He was determined not to fight. It was obvious that the prince would offer battle eagerly, ostentatiously,

[1] Bor, iv. 255. Meteren, 56. Hoofd, iv. 185.

[2] "Aqui llego un trompeta co una carta, que algunos dixero que era del Principe d'Orange, en que pedia, que no matassen los prisioneros que se tomassen en esta guerra," etc.—Herrera, lib. xv. c. xi. 701.

[3] Mendoza, 78. Meteren, 56.

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frequently, but the governor was resolved never to accept the combat. Once taken, his resolution was unalterable. He recognized the important difference between his own attitude at present, and that in which he had found himself during the past summer in Friesland. There a battle had been necessary; now it was more expedient to overcome his enemy by delay. In Friesland the rebels had just achieved a victory over the choice troops of Spain; here they were suffering from the stigma of a crushing defeat. Then the army of Louis of Nassau was swelling daily by recruits, who poured in from all the country round; now neither peasant nor noble dared lift a finger for the prince. The army of Louis had been sustained by the one which his brother was known to be preparing. If their movements had not been checked, a junction would have been effected. The armed revolt would then have assumed so formidable an aspect that rebellion would seem, even for the timid, a safer choice than loyalty. The army of the prince, on the contrary, was now the last hope of the patriots. The three by which it had been preceded had been successively and signally vanquished.[1]

Friesland, again, was on the outskirts of the country. A defeat sustained by the government there did not necessarily imperil the possession of the provinces. Brabant, on the contrary, was the heart of the Netherlands. Should the prince achieve a decisive triumph then and there, he would be master of the nation's fate. The viceroy knew himself to be odious, and he reigned by terror. The prince was the object of the people's

[1] Relation du Secrétaire Courteville, Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 323–326. V. d. Vynckt, ii. 113, 114. Bor, iv. 256, 257. Hoofd, v. 186.

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idolatry, and they would rally round him if they dared. A victory gained by the liberator over the tyrant would destroy the terrible talisman of invincibility by which Alva governed. The duke had sufficiently demonstrated his audacity in the tremendous chastisement which he had inflicted upon the rebels under Louis. He could now afford to play that scientific game of which he was so profound a master, without risking any loss of respect or authority. He was no enthusiast. Although he doubtless felt sufficiently confident of overcoming the prince in a pitched battle, he had not sufficient relish for the joys of contest to be willing to risk even a remote possibility of defeat. His force, although composed of veterans and of the best musketeers and pikemen in Europe, was still somewhat inferior in numbers to that of his adversary. Against the twenty thousand foot and eight thousand horse of Orange, he could oppose only fifteen or sixteen thousand foot and fifty-five hundred riders.[1] Moreover, the advantage which he had possessed in Friesland, a country only favorable to infantry, in which he had been stronger than his opponent, was now transferred to his new enemy. On the plains of Brabant the prince's superiority in cavalry was sure to tell. The season of the year, too, was an important element in the calculation. The winter alone would soon disperse the bands of German mercenaries, whose expenses Orange was not able to support, even while in active service. With unpaid wages and disappointed hopes of plunder, the rebel army would disappear in a few weeks as totally as if defeated in the open field. In brief, Orange by a victory would gain new life and

[1] Strada, lib. vii. 338. Mendoza, f. 77. V. d. Vynckt, ii. 113. Compare Hoofd, v. 186; Meteren, 56; Bentivoglio, lib. v. 77, 78.

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strength, while his defeat could no more than anticipate, by a few weeks, the destruction of his army, already inevitable. Alva, on the contrary, might lose the mastery of the Netherlands if unfortunate, and would gain no solid advantage if triumphant. The prince had everything to hope, the duke everything to fear, from the result of a general action.[1]

The plan thus deliberately resolved upon was accomplished with faultless accuracy. As a work of art, the present campaign of Alva against Orange was a more consummate masterpiece than the more brilliant and dashing expedition into Friesland. The duke had resolved to hang upon his adversary's skirts, to follow him move by move, to check him at every turn, to harass him in a hundred ways, to foil all his enterprises, to parry all his strokes, and finally to drive him out of the country, after a totally barren campaign, when, as he felt certain, his ill-paid hirelings would vanish in all directions, and leave their patriot prince a helpless and penniless adventurer. The scheme thus sagaciously conceived, his adversary, with all his efforts, was unable to circumvent.

The campaign lasted little more than a month. Twenty-nine times the prince changed his encampment,[2] and at every remove the duke was still behind him, as close and seemingly as impalpable as his shadow. Thrice they were within cannon-shot of each other, twice without a single trench or rampart between them.[3]

[1] Bor, iv. 256. Hoofd, V. d. Vynckt, Courteville, Meteren, ubi sup.

[2] V. d. Vynckt, ii. 114. Strada, vii. 346.

[3] Hoofd, v. 187. Letter of Duke of Alva to the council of state from Câteau-Cambrésis, 22d November, 1568, in Bor, iv. 257. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 808.

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The country people refused the prince supplies, for they trembled at the vengeance of the governor. Alva had caused the irons to be removed from all the mills, so that not a bushel of corn could be ground in the whole province.[1] The country thus afforded but little forage for the thirty thousand soldiers of the prince. The troops, already discontented, were clamorous for pay and plunder. During one mutinous demonstration the prince's sword was shot from his side, and it was with difficulty that a general outbreak was suppressed.[2] The soldiery were maddened and tantalized by the tactics of Alva. They found themselves constantly in the presence of an enemy who seemed to court a battle at one moment and to vanish like a phantom at the next. They felt the winter approaching, and became daily more dissatisfied with the irritating hardships to which they were exposed. Upon the night of the 5th and 6th of October the prince had crossed the Meuse at Stockheim.[3] Thence he had proceeded to Tongres, followed closely by the enemy's force, who encamped in the immediate neighborhood. From Tongres he had moved to St.-Trond, still pursued and still baffled in the same cautious manner. The skirmishing at the outposts was incessant, but the main body was withdrawn as soon as there seemed a chance of its becoming involved.

From St.-Trond, in the neighborhood of which he had remained several days, he advanced in a southerly direction toward Jodoigne. Count de Genlis, with a reinforcement of French Huguenots, for which the prince

[1] Bor, iv. 256. Hoofd, v. 186.

[2] Strada, lib. vii. 342.

[3] Hoofd, v. 185. Courteville, 323. Compare Mendoza, f. 79; Wagenaer, vi. 288.

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had been waiting, had penetrated through the Ardennes, crossed the Meuse at Charlemont, and was now intending a junction with him at Waveron.[1] The river Geta flowed between them. The prince stationed a considerable force upon a hill near the stream to protect the passage, and then proceeded leisurely to send his army across the river. Count Hoogstraaten, with the rear-guard, consisting of about three thousand men, was alone left upon the hither bank, in order to provoke or to tempt the enemy, who, as usual, was encamped very near. Alva refused to attack the main army, but rapidly detached his son, Don Frederick, with a force of four thousand foot and three thousand horse, to cut off the rear-guard. The movement was effected in a masterly manner, the hill was taken, the three thousand troops which had not passed the river were cut to pieces, and Vitelli hastily despatched a gentleman named Barberini to implore the duke to advance with the main body, cross the river, and, once for all, exterminate the rebels in a general combat. Alva, inflamed, not with ardor for an impending triumph, but with rage that his sagely conceived plans could not be comprehended even by his son and by his favorite officers, answered the eager messenger with peremptory violence. "Go back to Vitelli," he cried. "Is he, or am I, to command in this campaign? Tell him not to suffer a single man to cross the river. Warn him against sending any more envoys to advise a battle; for should you or any other man dare to bring me another such message, I swear to you, by the head of the king, that you go not hence alive."[2]

[1] Relation de Courteville, 327-329. Meteren, 56. Mendoza, 87, 88.

[2] Strada, lib. vii. 344.

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With this decisive answer the messenger had nothing for it but to gallop back with all haste, in order to participate in what might be left of the butchery of Count Hoogstraaten's force, and to prevent Vitelli and Don Frederick, in their ill-timed ardor, from crossing the river. This was properly effected, while in the meantime the whole rear-guard of the patriots had been slaughtered. A hundred or two, the last who remained, had made their escape from the field, and had taken refuge in a house in the neighborhood. The Spaniards set the buildings on fire, and standing around with lifted lances, offered the fugitives the choice of being consumed in the flames or of springing out upon their spears. Thus entrapped, some chose the one course, some the other. A few, to escape the fury of the fire and the brutality of the Spaniards, stabbed themselves with their own swords. Others embraced, and then killed each other, the enemies from below looking on, as at a theatrical exhibition; now hissing and now applauding, as the death-struggles were more or less to their taste.[1] In a few minutes all the fugitives were dead. Nearly three thousand of the patriots were slain in this combat, including those burned or butchered after the battle was over.[2] The Sieur de Louverwal was taken prisoner, and soon afterward beheaded in Brussels; but the greatest misfortune sustained by the liberal party upon this occasion was the death of Antony de Lalain, Count of Hoogstraaten. This brave and generous nobleman, the tried friend of the Prince of Orange, and his colleague during the memorable scenes at Ant-

[1] Strada, lib. vii. 345.

[2] Mendoza, 88–92. Bor, iv. 256, 257. Relation de Courteville, etc., 329–331.

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werp, was wounded in the foot, during the action, by an accidental discharge of his own pistol. The injury, although apparently slight, caused his death in a few days.[1] There seemed a strange coincidence in his good and evil fortunes. A casual wound in the hand from his own pistol, while he was on his way to Brussels to greet Alva upon his first arrival, had saved him from the scaffold; and now, in his first pitched battle with the duke, this seemingly trifling injury in the foot was destined to terminate his existence. Another peculiar circumstance had marked the event. At a gay supper in the course of this campaign, Hoogstraaten had teased Count Louis, in a rough, soldierly way, with his disaster at Jemmingen. He had affected to believe that the retreat upon that occasion had been unnecessary. "We have been now many days in the Netherlands," said he, "and we have seen nothing of the Spaniards but their backs." "And when the duke does break loose," replied Louis, somewhat nettled, "I warrant you will see their faces soon enough, and remember them for the rest of your life."[2] The half-jesting remark was thus destined to become a gloomy prophecy.

This was the only important action during the campaign. Its perfect success did not warp Alva's purpose, and, notwithstanding the murmurs of many of his officers, he remained firm in his resolution. After the termination of the battle on the Geta, and the duke's obstinate refusal to pursue his advantage, the Baron de Chevreau dashed his pistol to the ground, in his presence, exclaiming that the duke would never fight.[3] The governor smiled at the young man's chagrin, seemed

[1] Hoofd, v. 187. Mendoza, 88-92.
[2] Hoofd, v. 187. Mendoza, 90.
[3] Mendoza, 92.

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even to approve his enthusiasm, but reminded him that it was the business of an officer to fight, of a general to conquer. If the victory were bloodless, so much the better for all.[1]

This action was fought on the 20th of October. A few days afterward the prince made his junction with Genlis at Waveron, a place about three leagues from Louvain and from Brussels.[2] This auxiliary force was, however, insignificant. There were only five hundred cavalry and three thousand foot, but so many women and children that it seemed rather an emigrating colony than an invading army.[3] They arrived late. If they had come earlier, it would have been of little consequence, for it had been written that no laurels were to be gathered in that campaign. The fraternal spirit which existed between the reformers in all countries was all which could be manifested upon the occasion. The prince was frustrated in his hopes of a general battle, still more bitterly disappointed by the supïneness of the country. Not a voice was raised to welcome the deliverer. Not a single city opened its gates. All was crouching, silent, abject. The rising, which perhaps would have been universal had a brilliant victory been obtained, was, by the masterly tactics of Alva, rendered an almost inconceivable idea. The mutinous demonstrations in the prince's camp became incessant; the soldiers were discontented and weary. What the duke had foretold was coming to pass, for the prince's army was already dissolving.

Genlis and the other French officers were desirous that the prince should abandon the Netherlands for the

[1] Hoofd, v. 187. Mendoza, 90.

[2] Relation de Courteville, etc., 332 333.

[3] Ibid., 331.

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present, and come to the rescue of the Huguenots, who had again renewed the religious war under Condé and Coligny.[1] The German soldiers, however, would listen to no such proposal. They had enlisted to fight the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, and would not hear of making war against Charles IX. in France.[2] The prince was obliged to countermarch toward the Rhine. He recrossed the Geta, somewhat to Alva's astonishment,[3] and proceeded in the direction of the Meuse. The autumn rains, however, had much swollen that river since his passage at the beginning of the month, so that it could no longer be forded. He approached the city of Liège, and summoned their bishop, as he had done on his entrance into the country, to grant a free passage to his troops. The bishop, who stood in awe of Alva, and who had accepted his protection, again refused.[4] The prince had no time to parley. He was again obliged to countermarch, and took his way along the highroad to France, still watched and closely pursued by Alva, between whose troops and his own daily skirmishes took place. At Le Quesnoy the prince gained a trifling advantage over the Spaniards; at Câteau-Cambrésis he also obtained a slight and easy victory; but by the 17th of November the Duke of Alva had entered Câteau-Cambrésis, and the prince had crossed the frontier of France.[5]

The Maréchal de Cossé, who was stationed on the

[1] Bor, iv. 256, 257. Archives et Correspondance, iii. 303–310.

[2] Bor, ubi sup. Archives et Correspondance, ubi sup.

[3] Courteville, Relation, etc., 333.

[4] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 19–34, 338–366.

[5] Courteville, Relation, etc., 333 et seq. Bor, iv. 256, 257. Mendoza, 92–98.

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boundary of France and Flanders, now harassed the prince by very similar tactics to those of Alva.[1] He was, however, too weak to inflict any serious damage, although strong enough to create perpetual annoyance. He also sent a secretary to the prince, with a formal prohibition, in the name of Charles IX., against his entering the French territory with his troops.[2]

Besides these negotiations, conducted by Secretary Favelles on the part of Maréchal de Cossé, the king, who was excessively alarmed, also despatched the Maréchal Gaspar de Schomberg on the same service. That envoy accordingly addressed to the prince a formal remonstrance in the name of his sovereign. Charles IX., it was represented, found it very strange that the prince should thus enter the French territory. The king was not aware that he had ever given him the least cause for hostile proceedings, could not therefore take it in good part that the prince should thus enter France with a "large and puissant army," because no potentate, however humble, could tolerate such a proceeding, much less a great and powerful monarch. Orange was therefore summoned to declare his intentions, but was at the same time informed that if he merely desired "to pass amiably through the country," and would give assurance and request permission to that effect, under his hand and seal, his Majesty would take all necessary measures to secure that amiable passage.[3]

The prince replied by a reference to the statements which he had already made to Maréchal de Cossé. He

[1] Bor, iv. 257. Hoofd, v. 188*. De Thou, v. 467–472.

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iii. 313, 314.

[3] Pièces concernant les Troubles des Pays-Bas, Coll. Gerard, b. 95, Archives of The Hague MS. 360, 361.

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averred that he had not entered France with evil intent, but rather with a desire to render very humble service to his Majesty, so far as he could do so with a clear conscience.

Touching the king's inability to remember having given any occasion to hostile proceedings on the part of the prince, he replied that he would pass that matter by. Although he could adduce many, various, and strong reasons for violent measures, he was not so devoid of understanding as not to recognize the futility of attempting anything, by his own personal means, against so great and powerful a king, in comparison with whom he was "but a petty companion."

"Since the true religion," continued Orange, "is a public and general affair, which ought to be preferred to all private matters; since the prince, as a true Christian, is held by his honor and conscience to procure, with all his strength, its advancement and establishment in every place whatever; since, on the other hand, according to the edict published in September last by his Majesty, attempts have been made to force in their consciences all those who are of the Christian religion; and since it has been determined to exterminate the pure Word of God and the entire exercise thereof, and to permit no other religion than the Roman Catholic, a thing very prejudicial to the neighboring nations where there is a free exercise of the Christian religion, therefore the prince would put no faith in the assertions of his Majesty that it was not his Majesty's intention to force the consciences of any one."

Having given this very deliberate and succinct contradiction to the statements of the French king, the prince proceeded to express his sympathy for the oppressed Christians everywhere. He protested that he

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would give them all the aid, comfort, counsel, and assistance that he was able to give them. He asserted his conviction that the men who professed "the religion" demanded nothing else than the glory of God and the advancement of his Word, while in all matters of civil polity they were ready to render obedience to his Majesty. He added that all his doings were governed by a Christian and affectionate regard for the king and his subjects, whom his Majesty must be desirous of preserving from extreme ruin. He averred, moreover, that if he should perceive any indication that those of the religion were pursuing any other object than liberty of conscience and security for life and property, he would not only withdraw his assistance from them, but would use the whole strength of his army to exterminate them. In conclusion, he begged the king to believe that the work which the prince had undertaken was a Christian work, and that his intentions were good and friendly toward his Majesty.[1]

It was, however, in vain that the prince endeavored to induce his army to try the fortunes of the civil war in France. They had enlisted for the Netherlands, the campaign was over, and they insisted upon being led back to Germany.[2] Schomberg, secretly instructed by the King of France, was active in fomenting the discontent,[3] and the prince was forced to yield. He led his army through Champagne and Lorraine to Strasburg, where they were disbanded.[4] All the money which the

[1] This very eloquently written letter was dated Cissonne, December 3, 1568. It has never been published. It is in the collection of MSS. last cited (Pièces concernant, etc.), Hague Archives.

[2] Meteren, 56.

[3] De Thou. Hoofd.

[4] Bor, iv. 257. Hoofd, v. 188.

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prince had been able to collect was paid them. He pawned all his camp equipage, his plate, his furniture.[1] What he could not pay in money he made up in promises, sacredly to be fulfilled when he should be restored to his possessions. He even solemnly engaged, should he return from France alive and be still unable to pay their arrears of wages, to surrender his person to them as a hostage for his debt.[2]

Thus triumphantly for Alva, thus miserably for Orange, ended the campaign. Thus hopelessly vanished the army to which so many proud hopes had attached themselves. Eight thousand men had been slain in paltry encounters;[3] twenty thousand were dispersed, not easily to be again collected. All the funds which the prince could command had been wasted without producing a result. For the present, nothing seemed to afford a ground of hope for the Netherlands, but the war of freedom had been renewed in France. A band of twelve hundred mounted men-at-arms were willing to follow the fortunes of the prince. The three brothers accordingly, William, Louis, and Henry,—a lad of eighteen, who had abandoned his studies at the university to obey the chivalrous instincts of his race,—set forth early in the following spring to join the banner of Condé.[4]

[1] Hoofd, v. 188.

[2] Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange, iii. 334–338, 355–360.

[3] Letter of Alva from Câteau-Cambrésis, in Bor, iv. 257. Mendoza (98, 99) says five thousand. Herrera (part i. lib. xv. cap. xii. p. 705) says six thousand. All writers agree that the duke sustained absolutely no loss throughout the campaign. Compare Herrera, lib. xiv. cap. xi. and xii. pp. 700–706; and Cabrera, lib. viii. cap. viii. and ix. 505–513.

[4] Hoofd, v. 188. Langueti, Ep. Secret., i. 117. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iii. 323. Meteren, 57.

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Cardinal Granvelle, who had never taken his eyes or thoughts from the provinces during his residence at Rome, now expressed himself with exultation. He had predicted, with cold malice, the immediate results of the campaign, and was sanguine enough to believe the contest over and the prince forever crushed. In his letters to Philip he had taken due notice of the compliments paid to him by Orange in his "Justification," in his declaration, and in his letter to the emperor. He had declined to make any answer to the charges, in order to enrage the prince the more. He had expressed the opinion, however, that this publication of writings was not the business of brave soldiers, but of cowards.[1] He made the same reflection upon the alleged intrigues by Orange to procure an embassy on his own behalf from the emperor to Philip—a mission which was sure to end in smoke, while it would cost the prince all credit, not only in Germany, but the Netherlands.[2] He felt sure, he said, of the results of the impending campaign. The Duke of Alva was a man upon whose administrative prudence and military skill his sovereign could implicitly rely, nor was there a person in the ranks of the rebels capable of conducting an enterprise of such moment.[3] Least of all had the Prince of Orange sufficient brains for carrying on such weighty affairs, according to the opinion which he had formed of him during their long intercourse in former days.[4]

When the campaign had been decided, and the prince had again become an exile, Granvelle observed that it was now proved how incompetent he and all his companions were to contend in military skill with the Duke

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 795. [2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid., ii. 792. [4] Ibid.

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of Alva.[1] With a cold sneer at motives which he assumed, as a matter of course, to be purely selfish, he said that the prince had not taken the proper road to recover his property, and that he would now be much embarrassed to satisfy his creditors.[2] Thus must those ever fall, he moralized, who would fly higher than they ought; adding that henceforth the prince would have enough to do in taking care of madam his wife, if she did not change soon in humor and character.[3]

Meantime the Duke of Alva, having despatched from Câteau-Cambrésis a brief account of the victorious termination of the campaign, returned in triumph to Brussels.[4] He had certainly amply vindicated his claim to be considered the first warrior of the age. By his lieutenants he had summarily and rapidly destroyed two of the armies sent against him; he had annihilated in person the third, by a brilliantly successful battle, in which he had lost seven men, and his enemies seven thousand; and he had now, by consummate strategy, foiled the fourth and last under the idolized champion of the Netherlands, and this so decisively that, without losing a man, he had destroyed eight thousand rebels and scattered to the four winds the remaining twenty thousand. Such signal results might well make even a meeker nature proud. Such vast and fortunate efforts to fix forever an impregnable military tyranny upon a constitutional country might cause a more modest despot to exult. It was not wonderful that the haughty and now apparently omnipotent Alva should almost assume the god. On his return to Brussels he instituted

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 812.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.
[4] Bor, iv. 257. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 808.

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a succession of triumphant festivals.[1] The people were called upon to rejoice and to be exceeding glad, to strew flowers in his path, to sing hosannas in his praise who came to them covered with the blood of those who had striven in their defense. The holiday was duly culled forth; houses where funeral hatchments for murdered inmates had been perpetually suspended were decked with garlands; the bells, which had hardly once omitted their daily knell for the victims of an incredible cruelty, now rang their merriest peals; and in the very square where so lately Egmont and Horn, besides many other less distinguished martyrs, had suffered an ignominious death, a gay tournament[2] was held day after day, with all the insolent pomp which could make the exhibition most galling.

But even these demonstrations of hilarity were not sufficient. The conqueror and tamer of the Netherlands felt that a more personal and palpable deification was necessary for his pride. When Germanicus had achieved his last triumph over the ancient freedom of those generous races whose descendants, but lately in possession of a better organized liberty, Alva had been sent by the second and the worse Tiberius to insult and to crush, the valiant but modest Roman erected his trophy upon the plains of Idistavisus. "The army of Tiberius Cæsar, having subdued the nations between the Rhine and the Elbe, dedicate this monument to Mars, to Jupiter, and to Augustus."[3] So ran the inscription of Germanicus, without a word of allusion to his own name. The Duke of Alva, on his return from the battle-fields of Brabant and Friesland, reared a colossal statue of himself, and

[1] Bor, iv. 257. [2] Ibid.
[3] Tacit., Ann., lib. iv.

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upon its pedestal caused these lines to be engraved: "To Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, Governor of the Netherlands under Philip II., for having extinguished sedition, chastised rebellion, restored religion, secured justice, established peace; to the king's most faithful minister this monument is erected."[1]

So pompous a eulogy, even if truthful and merited, would be sufficiently inflated upon a tombstone raised to a dead chieftain by his bereaved admirers. What shall we say of such false and fulsome tribute, not to a god, not to the memory of departed greatness, but to a living, mortal man, and offered not by his adorers but by himself? Certainly self-worship never went further than in this remarkable monument, erected in Alva's honor, by Alva's hands. The statue was colossal, and was placed in the citadel of Antwerp. Its bronze was furnished by the cannon captured at Jemmingen.[2] It represented the duke trampling upon a prostrate figure with two heads, four arms, and one body. The two heads were interpreted by some to represent Egmont and Horn; by others, the two Nassaus, William and Louis. Others saw in them an allegorical presentment of the nobles and commons of the Netherlands, or perhaps an impersonation of the Compromise and the Request. Besides the chief inscription on the pedestal were sculptured various bas-reliefs; and the spectator whose admiration for the governor-general was not satiated with the colossal statue itself was at liberty to

[1] Bor, iv. 257, 258. Meteren, 61. De Thou, v. 471–473, who saw it after it was overthrown, and who was "as much struck by the beauty of the work as by the insane pride of him who ordered it to be made."

[2] Bor, iv. 257. Meteren, 61.

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find a fresh personification of the hero either in a torch-bearing angel or a gentle shepherd. The work, which had considerable esthetic merit, was executed by an artist named Jacob Jongeling. It remained to astonish and disgust the Netherlanders until it was thrown down and demolished by Alva's successor, Requesens.[1]

It has already been observed that many princes of the empire had, at first warmly, and afterward, as the storm darkened around him, with less earnestness, encouraged the efforts of Orange. They had, both privately and officially, urged the subject upon the attention of the emperor, and had solicited his intercession with Philip. It was not an interposition to save the prince from chastisement, however the artful pen of Granvelle might distort the facts. It was an address in behalf of religious liberty for the Netherlands, made by those who had achieved it in their own persons, and who were at last enjoying immunity from persecution. It was an appeal which they who made it were bound to make, for the Netherland commissioners had assisted at the consultations by which the peace of Passau had been wrung from the reluctant hand of Charles.[2]

These applications, however, to the emperor, and through him to the King of Spain, had been, as we have seen, accompanied by perpetual advice to the Prince of Orange that he should "sit still." The emperor had espoused his cause with apparent frankness, so far as friendly mediation went, but in the meantime had peremptorily commanded him to refrain from levying war upon Alva, an injunction which the

[1] Bor, iv. 257, 258. Meteren, 61. De Thou, v. 471–473. Bentivoglio, lib. v. 186.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 791.

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prince had as peremptorily declined to obey. The emperor had even sent especial envoys to the duke and to the prince, to induce them to lay down their arms, but without effect.[1] Orange knew which course was the more generous to his oppressed country: to take up arms, now that hope had been converted into despair by the furious tyranny of Alva, or to "sit still" and await the result of the protocols about to be exchanged between king and kaiser. His arms had been unsuccessful indeed, but had he attended the issue of this sluggish diplomacy, it would have been even worse for the cause of freedom. The sympathy of his best friends, at first fervent, then lukewarm, had, as disasters thickened around him, grown at last stone-cold. From the grave, too, of Queen Isabella arose the most importunate phantom in his path. The King of Spain was a widower again, and the emperor among his sixteen children had more than one marriageable daughter. To the titles of "beloved cousin and brother-in-law," with which Philip had always been greeted in the imperial proclamations, the nearer and dearer one of son-in-law was prospectively added.

The ties of wedlock were sacred in the traditions of the Hapsburg house, but still the intervention was nominally made. As early as August, 1568, the emperor's minister at Madrid had addressed a memorial to the king.[2] He had spoken in warm and strong language of the fate of Egmont and Horn, and had reminded Philip that the executions which were constantly taking place in the provinces were steadily advancing the

[1] Instructions for the Archduke Charles, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 797.

[2] Ibid., ii. 786.

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Prince of Orange's cause. On the 22d September, 1568, the six electors had addressed a formal memorial to the emperor.[1] They thanked him for his previous interposition in favor of the Netherlands, painted in lively colors the cruelty of Alva, and denounced the unheard-of rigor with which he had massacred not only many illustrious seigniors, but people of every degree. Notwithstanding the repeated assurances given by the king to the contrary, they reminded the emperor that the *Inquisition, as well as the Council of Trent, had now been established in the Netherlands in full vigor.*[2] They maintained that the provinces had been excluded from the Augsburg religious peace, to which their claim was perfect. Nether Germany was entitled to the same privileges as Upper Germany. They begged the emperor to make manifest his sentiments and their own. It was fitting that his Catholic Majesty should be aware that the princes of the empire were united for the conservation of fatherland and of tranquillity. To this end they placed in the emperor's hands their estates, their fortunes, and their lives.

Such was the language of that important appeal to the emperor in behalf of oppressed millions in the Netherlands, an appeal which Granvelle had coldly characterized as an intrigue contrived by Orange to bring about his own restoration to favor![3]

The emperor, in answer, assured the electoral envoys that he had taken the affair to heart and had resolved to despatch his own brother, the Archduke Charles, on a special mission to Spain.[4]

Accordingly, on the 21st October, 1568, the emperor

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 791.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., ii. 795. [4] Ibid., ii. 793.

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presented his brother with an ample letter of instructions.[1] He was to recall to Philip's memory the frequent exhortations made by the emperor concerning the policy pursued in the Netherlands. He was to mention the urgent interpellations made to him by the electors and princes of the empire in their recent embassy. He was to state that the emperor had recently deputed commissioners to the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Alva, in order to bring about, if possible, a suspension of arms. He was to represent that the great number of men raised by the Prince of Orange in Germany showed the powerful support which he had found in the country. Under such circumstances he was to show that it had been impossible for the emperor to decree the ban against him, as the Duke of Alva had demanded. The archduke was to request the king's consent to the reconciliation of Orange on honorable conditions. He was to demand the substitution of clemency in the government of the Netherlands for severity, and to insist on the recall of the foreign soldiery from the Netherlands.[2]

Furnished with this very warm and stringent letter, the archduke arrived in Madrid on the 10th December, 1568.[3] A few days later he presented the king with a copy of the instructions—those brave words upon which the Prince of Orange was expected to rely instead of his own brave heart and the stout arms of his followers. Philip, having examined the letter, expressed his astonishment that such propositions should be made to him, and by the agency, too, of such a personage as the archduke.[4] He had already addressed a letter to the em-

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 767.
[2] Ibid., ii. 797. [3] Ibid., ii. 835. [4] Ibid.

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peror expressing his dissatisfaction at the step now taken.[1] He had been disturbed at the honor thus done to the Prince of Orange, and at this interference with his own rights.[2] It was, in his opinion, an unheard-of proceeding thus to address a monarch of his quality upon matters in which he could accept the law from no man. He promised, however, that a written answer should be given to the letter of instructions.

On the 20th of January, 1569, that answer was placed in the hands of the archduke.[3] It was intimated that the paper was a public one, fit to be laid by the emperor before the electors; but that the king had also caused a confidential one[4] to be prepared, in which his motives and private griefs were indicated to Maximilian.

In the more public document Philip observed that he had never considered himself obliged to justify his conduct in his own affairs to others. He thought, however, that his example of severity would have been received with approbation by princes whose subjects he had thus taught obedience. He could not admit that, on account of the treaties which constituted the Netherlands a circle of the empire, he was obliged to observe within their limits the ordinances of the imperial diet.[5] As to the matter of religion, his principal solicitude, since his accession to the crown, had been to maintain the Catholic faith throughout all his states. In things sacred he could admit no compromise. The Church alone had the right to prescribe rules to the faithful. As to the chastisement inflicted by him upon the Netherland rebels, it would be found that he had not used

[1] See the letter in the Correspondance, etc., 807. [2] Ibid.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 818.
[4] Ibid., ii. 819. [5] Ibid., ii. 818.

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rigor, as had been charged against him, *but, on the contrary, great clemency and gentleness.*[1] He had made no change in the government of the provinces, certainly none in the edicts, the only statutes binding upon princes. He had appointed the Duke of Alva to the regency because it was his royal will and pleasure so to appoint him. The Spanish soldiery were necessary for the thorough chastisement of the rebels, and could not be at present removed. As to the Prince of Orange, whose case seemed the principal motive for this embassy, and in whose interest so much had been urged, his crimes were so notorious that it was impossible even to attempt to justify them. He had been, in effect, the author of all the conspiracies, tumults, and seditions which had taken place in the Netherlands. All the thefts, sacrileges, violations of temples, and other misdeeds of which these provinces had been the theater, were with justice to be imputed to him. He had, moreover, levied an army and invaded his Majesty's territories. Crimes so enormous had closed the gate to all clemency. Notwithstanding his respect for the intercession made by the emperor and the princes of the empire, the king could not condescend to grant what was now asked of him in regard to the Prince of Orange. As to a truce between him and the Duke of Alva, his Imperial Majesty ought to reflect upon the difference between a sovereign and his rebellious vassal, and consider how indecent and how prejudicial to the king's honor such a treaty must be esteemed.[2]

[1] "Se hallarà aver usado S. M. Catolica no de rigor como se le imputa sino de mucha clemencia i piedad."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 818.

[2] Ibid. See also Cabrera, Vita de Felipe ii., lib. viii. The whole

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So far the public letter, of which the archduke was furnished with a copy, both in Spanish and in Latin. The private memorandum was intended for the emperor's eyes alone and those of his envoy. In this paper the king expressed himself with more warmth and in more decided language.[1] He was astonished, he said, that the Prince of Orange, in levying an army for the purpose of invading the states of his natural sovereign, should have received so much aid and comfort in Germany. It seemed incredible that this could not have been prevented by imperial authority. He had been pained that commissioners had been sent to the prince. He regretted such a demonstration in his favor as had now been made by the mission of the archduke to Madrid. That which, however, had caused the king the deepest sorrow was that his Imperial Majesty should wish to persuade him in religious matters to proceed with mildness. The emperor ought to be aware that no human consideration, no regard for his realms, nothing in the world which could be represented or risked, would cause him to swerve by a single hair's breadth from his path in the matter of religion.[2] This path was the same throughout all his kingdoms. He had ever trod in it faithfully, and he meant to keep in it perpetually. He would admit neither counsel nor persuasion to the contrary, and should take it ill if counsel or persuasion should be offered. He could not but consider

instruction to the archduke is there given, 518–530. The answer of Philip is also published in full, 578–592. See also the communication made by Luis Venegas, Philip's ambassador at the imperial court, concerning the mission of the archduke (Ibid., 534–536).

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 819. [2] Ibid.

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THE ARCHDUCHESS ANNE OF AUSTRIA PASSING THROUGH ANTWERP ON HER ROAD TO SPAIN.
Painting by P. van der Ouderaa.

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the terms of the instructions given to the archduke as exceeding the limits of amicable suggestion. They in effect amounted to a menace, and he was astonished that a menace should be employed, because, with princes constituted like himself, such means could have but little success.[1]

On the 23d of January, 1569, the archduke presented the king with a spirited reply to the public letter. It was couched in the spirit of the instructions, and therefore need not be analyzed at length. He did not believe that his Imperial Majesty would admit any justification of the course pursued in the Netherlands. The estates of the empire would never allow Philip's reasoning concerning the connection of those countries with the empire, nor that they were independent, except in the particular articles expressed in the treaty of Augsburg. In 1555, when Charles V. and King Ferdinand had settled the religious peace, they had been assisted by envoys from the Netherlands. The princes of the empire held the ground, therefore, that the religious peace, which alone had saved a vestige of Romanism in Germany, should of right extend to the provinces. As to the Prince of Orange, the archduke would have preferred to say nothing more, but the orders of the emperor did not allow him to be silent. It was now necessary to put an end to this state of things in Lower Germany. The princes of the empire were becoming exasperated. He recalled the dangers of the Smalkaldic war—the imminent peril in which the emperor had been placed by the act of a single elector. They who believed that Flanders could be governed in the same manner as Italy and Spain were greatly mis-

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 819.

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taken, and Charles V. had always recognized that error.[1]

This was the sum and substance of the archduke's mission to Madrid, so far as its immediate objects were concerned. In the course, however, of the interview between this personage and Philip, the king took occasion to administer a rebuke to his Imperial Majesty for his general negligence in religious matters. It was a matter which lay at his heart, he said, that the emperor, although, as he doubted not, a Christian and Catholic prince, was from policy unaccustomed to make those exterior demonstrations which matters of faith required. He therefore begged the archduke to urge this matter upon the attention of his Imperial Majesty.[2]

The emperor, despite this solemn mission, had become more than indifferent before his envoy had reached Madrid. For this indifference there were more reasons than one. When the instructions had been drawn up, the death of the Queen of Spain had not been known in Vienna.[3] The archduke had even been charged to inform Philip of the approaching marriages of the two archduchesses, that of Anne with the King of France, and that of Isabella with the King of Portugal. A few days later, however, the envoy received letters from the emperor authorizing him to offer to the bereaved Philip the hand of the Archduchess Anne.[4] The king replied

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 820.

[2] Ibid., ii. 835. [3] Ibid.

[4] Ibid. According to Cabrera, the archduke learned the news of Queen Isabella's death on his journey to Madrid (Felipe II., lib. viii. 517).

Herrera (lib. xv. 707) erroneously states that the archduke was, at the outset, charged with these two commissions by the emperor, namely, to negotiate the marriage of the Archduchess Anne with

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to the archduke, when this proposition was made, that if he had regard only to his personal satisfaction he should remain as he was. As, however, he had now no son, he was glad that the proposition had been made, and would see how the affair could be arranged with France.[1]

Thus the ill success of Orange in Brabant, so disheartening to the German princes most inclined to his cause, and still more the widowhood of Philip, had brought a change over the views of Maximilian. On the 17th of January, 1569, three days before his ambassador had entered upon his negotiations, he had accordingly addressed an autograph letter to his Catholic Majesty. In this epistle, by a few cold lines, he entirely annihilated any possible effect which might have been produced by the apparent earnestness of his interposition in favor of the Netherlands. He informed the king that the archduke had been sent, not to vex him, but to convince him of his friendship. He assured Philip that he should *be satisfied with his response, whatever it might be.* He entreated only that it might be drawn up in such terms that the princes and electors, to whom it must be shown, might not be inspired with suspicion.[2]

Philip, and to arrange the affairs of the Netherlands. On the contrary, he was empowered to offer Anne to the King of France, and had already imparted his instructions to that effect to Philip before he received letters from Vienna written after the death of Isabella had become known. At another interview he presented this new matrimonial proposition to Philip. These facts are important, for they indicate how completely the objects of the embassy, the commencement of which was so pretentious, were cast aside that a more advantageous marriage for one of the seven Austrian archduchesses might be secured. Compare Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 535.

[1] Ibid. [2] Ibid., ii. 817.

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The archduke left Madrid on the 4th of March, 1569. He retired well pleased with the results of his mission, not because its ostensible objects had been accomplished, for those had signally failed, but because the king had made him a present of one hundred thousand ducats, and had promised to espouse the Archduchess Anne.[1] On the 26th of May, 1569, the emperor addressed a final reply to Philip, in which *he expressly approved the king's justification* of his conduct.[2] It was founded, he thought, in reason and equity. Nevertheless, it could hardly be shown, as it was, to the princes and electors, and he *had therefore modified many points* which he thought might prove offensive.[3]

Thus ended "in smoke," as Granvelle had foretold, the famous mission of Archduke Charles. The Holy Roman Emperor withdrew from his pompous intervention, abashed by a rebuke, but consoled by a promise. If it were good to be guardian of religious freedom in Upper and Nether Germany, it was better to be father-in-law to the King of Spain and both the Indies. Hence the lame and abrupt conclusion.

Cardinal Granvelle had been very serviceable in this juncture. He had written to Philip to assure him that, in his opinion, the Netherlands had no claim, under the transaction of Augsburg, to require the observance within their territory of the decrees of the empire.[4] He added that Charles V. had only agreed to the treaty of Passau to save his brother Ferdinand from ruin; that he had only consented to it as emperor, and had neither directly nor indirectly included the Netherlands within

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 835.
[2] Ibid., ii. 874. [3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid., ii. 800. Gachard's Introduction to tom. i. clxxxvii.

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its provisions. He stated, moreover, *that the emperor had revoked the treaty by an act which was never published, in consequence of the earnest solicitations of Ferdinand.*[1]

It has been seen that the king had used this opinion of Granvelle in the response presented to the archduke. Although he did not condescend to an argument, he had laid down the fact as if it were indisputable. He was still more delighted to find that Charles had revoked the treaty of Passau, and eagerly wrote to Granvelle to inquire where the secret instrument was to be found.[2] The cardinal replied that it was probably among his papers at Brussels, but that he doubted whether *it would be possible to find it in his absence.*[3] Whether such a document ever existed, it is difficult to say. To perpetrate such a fraud would have been worthy of Charles; to fable its perpetration, not unworthy of the cardinal. In either case, the transaction was sufficiently high-handed and exceedingly disgraceful.

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 800.
[2] Ibid., ii. 842. [3] Ibid., ii. 860.

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CHAPTER V

Quarrel between Alva and Queen Elizabeth of England—Spanish funds seized by the English government—Non-intercourse between England and the Netherlands—Stringent measures against heresy—Continued persecution—Individual cases—Present of hat and sword to Alva from the pope—Determination of the governor-general to establish a system of arbitrary taxation in the provinces—Assembly of estates at Brussels—Alva's decrees laid before them—The hundredth, tenth, and fifth pence—Opposition of Viglius to the project—Estates of various provinces give a reluctant consent—Determined resistance of Utrecht—The city and province cited before the Blood-Council—Sentence of confiscation and disfranchisement against both—Appeal to the king—Difficulty of collecting the new tax—Commutation for two years—Projects for a pardon-general—Growing disfavor of the duke—His desire to resign his post—Secret hostility between the governor and Viglius—Altered sentiments of the president—Opinions expressed by Granvelle—The pardon pompously proclaimed by the duke at Antwerp—Character of the amnesty—Dissatisfaction of the people with the act—Complaints of Alva to the king—Fortunes and fate of Baron Montigny in Spain—His confinement at Segovia—His attempt to escape—Its failure—His mock trial—His wife's appeal to Philip—His condemnation—His secret assassination determined upon—Its details, as carefully prescribed and superintended by the king—Terrible inundation throughout the Netherlands—Immense destruction of life and property in Friesland—Loevenstein Castle taken by De Ruyter by stratagem—Recapture of the place by the Spaniards—Desperate resistance and death of De Ruyter.

IT was very soon after the duke's return to Brussels that a quarrel between himself and the Queen of Eng-

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land took place. It happened thus: Certain vessels, bearing roving commissions from the Prince of Condé, had chased into the ports of England some merchantmen coming from Spain with supplies in specie for the Spanish army in the Netherlands.[1] The trading-ships remained in harbor, not daring to leave for their destination, while the privateers remained in a neighboring port, ready to pounce upon them should they put to sea. The commanders of the merchant fleet complained to the Spanish ambassador in London. The envoy laid the case before the queen. The queen promised redress, and, almost as soon as the promise had been made, seized upon all the specie in the vessels, amounting to about eight hundred thousand dollars, and appropriated the whole to her own benefit.[2] The pretext for this proceeding was twofold. In the first place, she assured the ambassador that she had taken the money into her possession in order that it might be kept safe for her royal brother of Spain. In the second place, she affirmed that the money did not belong to the Spanish government at all, but that it was the property of certain Genoese merchants, from whom, as she had a right to do, she had borrowed it for a short period.[3] Both these positions could hardly be correct, but either furnished an excellent reason for appropriating the funds to her own use.

The Duke of Alva, being very much in want of money, was furious when informed of the circumstance. He immediately despatched Councilor d'Assonleville, with other commissioners, on a special embassy to the Queen of England.[4] His envoys were refused an audience, and the duke was taxed with presumption in venturing, as

[1] Bor, v. 272, 273. [2] Ibid. Meteren, 57.
[3] Bor, Meteren, ubi supra. [4] Bor, v. 272, 273.

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if he had been a sovereign, to send a legation to a crowned head.[1] No satisfaction was given to Alva, but a secret commissioner was despatched to Spain to discuss the subject there. The wrath of Alva was not appeased by this contemptuous treatment. Chagrined at the loss of his funds, and stung to the quick by a rebuke which his arrogance had merited, he resorted to a high-handed measure. He issued a proclamation commanding the personal arrest of every Englishman within the territory of the Netherlands, and the seizure of every article of property which could be found belonging to individuals of that nation.[2] The queen retaliated by measures of the same severity against Netherlanders in England.[3] The duke followed up his blow by a proclamation (of March 31, 1569) in which the grievance was detailed, and strict non-intercourse with England enjoined.[4] While the queen and the viceroy were thus exchanging blows, the real sufferers were, of course, the unfortunate Netherlanders. Between the upper and nether millstones of Elizabeth's rapacity and Alva's arrogance the poor remains of Flemish prosperity were well-nigh crushed out of existence. Proclamations and commissions followed hard upon each other, but it was not till April, 1573, that the matter was definitely arranged.[5] Before that day arrived, the commerce of the Netherlands had suffered, at the lowest computation, a dead loss of two million florins, not a stiver of which was ever reimbursed to the sufferers by the Spanish government.[6]

[1] Bor, v. 277. Meteren, 57, 58.
[2] See the proclamation in Bor, v. 277–279.
[3] Bor, Meteren, ubi sup. [4] Ibid.
[5] Bor, v. 279, 280. Meteren, 57, 58. [6] Meteren, 58.

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Meantime, neither in the complacency of his triumph over William of Orange, nor in the torrent of his wrath against the English queen, did the duke for a moment lose sight of the chief end of his existence in the Netherlands. The gibbet and the stake were loaded with their daily victims. The records of the period are foul with the perpetually renewed barbarities exercised against the new religion. To the magistrates of the different cities were issued fresh instructions, by which all municipal officers were to be guided in the discharge of their great duty. They were especially enjoined by the duke to take heed that Catholic midwives, and none other, should be provided for every parish, duly sworn to give notice within twenty-four hours of every birth which occurred, in order that the curate might instantly proceed to baptism.[1] They were also ordered to appoint certain spies who should keep watch at every administration of the sacraments, whether public or private, whether at the altar or at death-beds, and who should report for exemplary punishment (that is to say, death by fire) all persons who made derisive or irreverential gestures, or who did not pay suitable honor to the said sacraments.[2] Furthermore, in order that not even death itself should cheat the tyrant of his prey, the same spies were to keep watch at the couch of the dying, and to

[1] Instructions from the Duke of Alva to Jacques de Blondel, Seigneur de Cuinchy, gouverneur et bailli de Tournay et Tournaisis. Extraits des Registres de Tournay, par Gachard, 107, 108.

[2] ". . . a commettre certains personnages pour être présents au port et administration des Saints Sacrements, tant de l'autel que de l'extrême onction, à l'effet de remarquer ceux qui feraient gestes ou mines dérisoires ou irrévérencieux . . . et d'en provoquer la punition exemplaire," etc.—Ibid.

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give immediate notice to government of all persons who should dare to depart this life without previously receiving extreme unction and the holy wafer. The estates of such culprits, it was ordained, should be confiscated, and their bodies dragged to the public place of execution.[1]

An affecting case occurred in the north of Holland early in this year, which, for its peculiarity, deserves brief mention. A poor Anabaptist, guilty of no crime but his fellowship with a persecuted sect, had been condemned to death. He had made his escape, closely pursued by an officer of justice, across a frozen lake. It was late in the winter, and the ice had become unsound. It trembled and cracked beneath his footsteps, but he reached the shore in safety. The officer was not so fortunate. The ice gave way beneath him, and he sank into the lake, uttering a cry for succor. There were none to hear him, except the fugitive whom he had been hunting. Dirk Willemzoon, for so was the Anabaptist called, instinctively obeying the dictates of a generous nature, returned, crossed the quaking and dangerous ice at the peril of his life, extended his hand to his enemy, and saved him from certain death. Unfortunately for human nature, it cannot be added that the generosity of the action was met by a corresponding heroism. The officer was desirous, it is true, of avoiding the responsibility of sacrificing the preserver of his life, but the burgomaster of Asperen sternly reminded him to remember his oath. He accordingly arrested the fugitive,

[1] "2. à dénoncer ceux qui décèderaient sans s'être fait administrer les Saints Sacrements, leurs *biens devant être confisqués et leurs corps portés au lieu public destiné pour la justice.*"—Extraits des Registres de Tournay, par Gachard, 107, 108.

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who, on the 16th of May following, was burned to death under the most lingering tortures.[1]

Almost at the same time four clergymen, the eldest seventy years of age, were executed at The Hague, after an imprisonment of three years. All were of blameless lives, having committed no crime save that of having favored the Reformation. As they were men of some local eminence, it was determined that they should be executed with solemnity. They were condemned to the flames, and as they were of the ecclesiastical profession, it was necessary before execution that their personal sanctity should be removed. Accordingly, on the 27th May, attired in the gorgeous robes of high mass, they were brought before the Bishop of Bois-le-Duc. The prelate, with a pair of scissors, cut a lock of hair from each of their heads. He then scraped their crowns and the tips of their fingers with a little silver knife very gently, and without inflicting the least injury. The mystic oil of consecration was thus supposed to be sufficiently removed. The prelate then proceeded to disrobe the victims, saying to each one as he did so, "Eximo tibi vestem justitiæ, quem volens abjecisti"; to which the oldest pastor, Arent Dirkzoon, stoutly replied, "Imo vestem injustitiæ." The bishop, having thus completed the solemn farce of desecration, delivered the prisoners to the Blood-Council, begging that they might be handled very gently. Three days afterward they were all executed at the stake, having, however, received the indulgence of being strangled before being thrown into the flames.[2]

It was precisely at this moment, while the agents of

[1] Gerard Brandt, Hist. der Reformatie, sect. i. b. x. 500.

[2] Bor, v. 312, 313. Hoofd, v. 199, 200.

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the duke's government were thus zealously enforcing his decrees, that a special messenger arrived from the pope, bringing as a present to Alva a jeweled hat and sword.[1] It was a gift rarely conferred by the Church, and never save upon the highest dignitaries, or upon those who had merited her most signal rewards by the most shining exploits in her defense.[2] The duke was requested, in the autograph letter from his Holiness which accompanied the presents, "to remember, when he put the hat upon his head, that he was guarded with it as with a helmet of righteousness and with the shield of God's help, indicating the heavenly crown which was ready for all princes who support the Holy Church and the Roman Catholic faith."[3] The motto on the sword ran as follows: "Accipe sanctum gladium, munus a Deo, in quo dejicies adversarios populi mei Israel."[4]

The viceroy of Philip, thus stimulated to persevere in his master's precepts by the vicegerent of Christ, was not likely to swerve from his path nor to flinch from his work. It was beyond the power of man's ingenuity to add any fresh features of horror to the religious persecution under which the provinces were groaning, but a new attack could be made upon the poor remains of their wealth.

The duke had been dissatisfied with the results of his financial arrangements. The confiscation of banished and murdered heretics had not proved the inexhaustible mine he had boasted. The stream of gold which was to flow perpenially into the Spanish coffers soon ceased to flow at all. This was inevitable. Confiscations must,

[1] Bor, v. 270. Strada, lib. vii. 347.
[2] Strada, lib. vii. 347, 348.
[3] Bor, v. 270, 271. [4] Mendoza, 100.

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of necessity, offer but a precarious supply to any treasury. It was only the frenzy of an Alva which could imagine it possible to derive a permanent revenue from such a source. It was, however, not to be expected that this man, whose tyranny amounted to insanity, could comprehend the intimate connection between the interests of a people and those of its rulers, and he was determined to exhibit, by still more fierce and ludicrous experiments, how easily a great soldier may become a very paltry financier.

He had already informed his royal master that, after a very short time, remittances would no longer be necessary from Spain to support the expenses of the army and government in the Netherlands.[1] He promised, on the contrary, that at least two millions yearly should be furnished by the provinces, over and above the cost of their administration, to enrich the treasury at home.[2] Another Peru had already been discovered by his ingenuity, and one which was not dependent for its golden fertility on the continuance of that heresy which it was his mission to extirpate. His boast had been much ridiculed in Madrid, where he had more enemies than friends, and he was consequently the more eager to convert it into reality. Nettled by the laughter with which all his schemes of political economy had been received at home,[3] he was determined to show that his creative statesmanship was no less worthy of homage than his indisputable genius for destruction.

His scheme was nothing more than the substitution of an arbitrary system of taxation by the crown for the legal and constitutional right of the provinces to

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 836, 837.
[2] Ibid., ii. 970. [3] Vide V. d. Vynckt, ii. 118.

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tax themselves. It was not a very original thought, but it was certainly a bold one. For although a country so prostrate might suffer the imposition of any fresh amount of tyranny, yet it was doubtful whether she had sufficient strength remaining to bear the weight after it had been imposed. It was certain, moreover, that the new system would create a more general outcry than any which had been elicited even by the religious persecution. There were many inhabitants who were earnest and sincere Catholics, and who therefore considered themselves safe from the hangman's hands, while there were none who could hope to escape the grip of the new tax-gatherers. Yet the governor was not the man to be daunted by the probable unpopularity of the measure. Courage he possessed in more than mortal proportion. He seemed to have set himself to the task of ascertaining the exact capacity of the country for wretchedness. He was resolved accurately to gage its width and its depth; to know how much of physical and moral misery might be accumulated within its limits before it should be full to overflowing. Every man, woman, and child in the country had been solemnly condemned to death, and arbitrary executions, in pursuance of that sentence, had been daily taking place. Millions of property had been confiscated, while the most fortunate and industrious, as well as the bravest of the Netherlanders, were wandering penniless in distant lands. Still the blows, however recklessly distributed, had not struck every head. The inhabitants had been decimated, not annihilated, and the productive energy of the country, which for centuries had possessed so much vitality, was even yet not totally extinct. In the wreck of their social happiness, in the utter overthrow of their political freedom,

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they had still preserved the shadow, at least, of one great bulwark against despotism. The king could impose no tax.[1]

The *joyeuse entrée* of Brabant, as well as the constitutions of Flanders, Holland, Utrecht, and all the other provinces, expressly prescribed the manner in which the requisite funds for government should be raised. The sovereign or his stadholder was to appear before the estates in person and make his request for money. It was for the estates, after consultation with their constituents, to decide whether or not this petition (*bede*) should be granted, and should a single branch decline compliance, the monarch was to wait with patience for a more favorable moment.[2] Such had been the regular practice in the Netherlands, nor had the reigning houses often had occasion to accuse the estates of parsimony. It was, however, not wonderful that the Duke of Alva should be impatient at the continued existence of this provincial privilege. A country of condemned criminals, a nation whose universal neck might at any moment be laid upon the block without ceremony, seemed hardly fit to hold the purse-strings and to dispense alms to its monarch. The viceroy was impatient at this arrogant vestige of constitutional liberty. Moreover, although he had taken from the Netherlanders nearly all the attributes of freemen, he was unwilling that they should enjoy the principal privilege of slaves, that of being fed and guarded at their master's expense. He had therefore summoned a general assembly of the provincial estates in Brussels, and on the 20th of March,

[1] Bentivoglio, lib. v. 82. See also Introduction to this work.

[2] Ibid. Ibid. See also Kluit, Hist. der Holl. Staatsregeering, and Viglii Comment. rerum actarum super imp. Dec. Den., c. vi.

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1569, had caused the following decrees to be laid before them.[1]

A tax of the hundredth penny, or one per cent., was laid upon all property, real and personal, to be collected instantly. This impost, however, was not perpetual, but only to be paid once, unless, of course, it should suit the same arbitrary power by which it was assessed to require it a second time.

A tax of the twentieth penny, or five per cent., was laid upon every transfer of real estate. This imposition was perpetual.

Thirdly, a tax of the tenth penny, or ten per cent., was *assessed upon every article of merchandise or personal property, to be paid as often as it should be sold.* This tax was likewise to be perpetual.[2]

The consternation in the assembly when these enormous propositions were heard can be easily imagined. People may differ about religious dogmas. In the most bigoted persecutions there will always be many who, from conscientious although misguided motives, heartily espouse the cause of the bigot. Moreover, although resistance to tyranny in matters of faith is always the most ardent of struggles and is supported by the most sublime principle in our nature, yet all men are not of the sterner stuff of which martyrs are fashioned. In questions relating to the world above, many may be seduced from their convictions by interest or forced into apostasy by violence. Human nature is often malleable or fusible where religious interests are concerned, but in affairs material and financial opposition to tyranny is apt to be unanimous.

The interests of commerce and manufacture, when

[1] Bor, v. 279, 280. [2] Ibid.

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brought into conflict with those of religion, had often proved victorious in the Netherlands. This new measure, however, this arbitrary and most prodigious system of taxation, struck home to every fireside. No individual, however adroit or time-serving, could parry the blow by which all were crushed.

It was most unanswerably maintained in the assembly that this tenth and twentieth penny would utterly destroy the trade and the manufactures of the country.[1] The hundredth penny, or the one per cent. assessment on all property throughout the land, although a severe subsidy, might be borne with for once. To pay, however, a twentieth part of the full value of a house to the government as often as the house was sold, was a most intolerable imposition. A house might be sold twenty times in a year, and in the course, therefore, of the year be confiscated in its whole value. It amounted either to a prohibition of all transfers of real estate, or to an eventual surrender of its price.

As to the tenth penny upon articles of merchandise, to be paid by the vender at every sale, the scheme was monstrous. All trade and manufactures must, of necessity, expire at the very first attempt to put it in execution.[2] The same article might be sold ten times in a week, and might therefore pay one hundred per cent. weekly. An article, moreover, was frequently compounded of ten different articles, each of which might pay one hundred per cent., and therefore the manufactured article, if ten times transferred, one thousand per cent. weekly. Quick transfers and unfettered movements being the nerves and muscles of commerce, it

[1] Bor, v. 283–285. Viglii Comm. Dec. Denarii, s. v.
[2] Ibid.

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was impossible for it long to survive the paralysis of such a tax. The impost could never be collected, and would only produce an entire prostration of industry. It could by no possibility enrich the government.[1]

The king could not derive wealth from the ruin of his subjects; yet to establish such a system was the stern and absurd determination of the governor-general. The infantine simplicity of the effort seemed incredible. The ignorance was as sublime as the tyranny. The most lucid arguments and the most earnest remonstrances were all in vain. Too opaque to be illumined by a flood of light, too hard to be melted by a nation's tears, the viceroy held calmly to his purpose. To the keen and vivid representations of Viglius, who repeatedly exhibited all that was oppressive and all that was impossible in the tax, he answered simply that it was nothing more nor less than the Spanish *alcabala*, and

[1] While occupied with his attempts to enforce this tax, the duke established a commission to inquire into the value of the manufacturing industry of the provinces. In the year 1570 the aggregate annual value of manufactured articles was calculated at forty-five millions of florins (44,864,883 fl.). From this estimate, however, Luxemburg, Guelders, Zealand, and the provinces beyond the Meuse were excluded. The returns for the others were thus stated:

Brabant	11,197,416	florins
Flanders	10,407,891	"
Valenciennes	5,223,980	"
Tournay	2,369,200	"
Holland	2,029,148	"
Lille, Douai, and Orchies	8,863,698	"
Hainault	1,982,540	"
Mechlin	262,880	"
Utrecht	734,900	"
Overyssel	1,610,260	"

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that he derived fifty thousand ducats yearly from its imposition in his own city of Alva.[1]

Viglius was upon this occasion in opposition to the duke. It is but justice to state that the learned jurisconsult manfully and repeatedly confronted the wrath of his superior in many a furious discussion in council upon the subject. He had never essayed to snatch one brand from the burning out of the vast holocaust of religious persecution, but he was roused at last by the threatened destruction of all the material interests of the land. He confronted the tyrant with courage, sustained perhaps by the knowledge that the proposed plan was not the king's, but the governor's. He knew that it was openly ridiculed in Madrid,[2] and that Philip, although he would probably never denounce it in terms, was certainly not eager for its execution. The president enlarged upon the difference which existed between the condition of a sparsely peopled country of herdsmen and

Namur.....	454,980	florins
Friesland.....	196,200	"
Artois.....	1,718,790	"

—Renom de France MS., ii. c. x. Upon this flourishing state of the manufacturing interest, notwithstanding the oppression to which the country had so long been subjected, the duke indulged in golden dreams. "Oires le ducq considerant par ce calcul l'importance du dixième denier, *chatouillé doucement* de l'espérance ou de l'imagination du prouffit, pressa fort en l'année 1570 les états sur le 10eme denier."—Ibid.

The author shows that the tax would be paid at least seven times by cloth as well as by various other commodities (ibid.). It would be easy to show that if the tax were literally enforced it would amount to seventy times seven upon all manufactured wares.

[1] Viglii Comm. Dec. Denarii, s. vi.

[2] V. d. Vynckt, Dl. ii. 118.

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laborers in Spain and the densely thronged and bustling cities of the Netherlands. If the duke collected fifty thousand ducats yearly from the alcabala in Alva, he could only offer him his congratulations, but could not help assuring him that the tax would prove an impossibility in the provinces.[1] To his argument that the impost would fall with severity not upon the highest nor the lowest classes of society, neither upon the great nobility and clergy nor on the rustic population, but on the merchants and manufacturers, it was answered by the president that it was not desirable to rob St. Peter's altar in order to build one to St. Paul.[2] It might have been simpler to suggest that the consumer would pay the tax, supposing it were ever paid at all, but the axiom was not so familiar three centuries ago as now.

Meantime the report of the deputies to the assembly on their return to their constituents had created the most intense excitement and alarm. Petition after petition, report after report, poured in upon the government. There was a cry of despair, and almost of defiance, which had not been elicited by former agonies. To induce, however, a more favorable disposition on the part of the duke, the hundredth penny, once for all, was conceded by the estates.[3] The tenth and twentieth occasioned severe and protracted struggles, until the various assemblies of the patrimonial provinces, one after another, exhausted, frightened, and hoping that no serious effort would be made to collect the tax, consented, under certain restrictions, to its imposition.[4] The principal conditions were a protest against the legality of the proceeding, and the provision that the

[1] Viglii Comm. Dec. Den., s. vii. 10. [2] Ibid., s. ix.
[3] Bor, v. 286. [4] Ibid.

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consent of no province should be valid until that of all had been obtained.[1] Holland, too, was induced to give in its adhesion, although the city of Amsterdam long withheld its consent; but the city and province of Utrecht were inexorable.[2] They offered a handsome sum in commutation, increasing the sum first proposed from seventy thousand to two hundred thousand florins, but they resolutely refused to be saddled with this permanent tax. Their stout resistance was destined to cost them dear. In the course of a few months Alva, finding them still resolute in their refusal, quartered the regiment of Lombardy upon them, and employed other coercive measures to bring them to reason.[3] The rude, insolent, unpaid, and therefore insubordinate soldiery were billeted in every house in the city, so that the insults which the population was made to suffer by the intrusion of these ruffians at their firesides would soon, it was thought, compel the assent of the province to the tax.[4] It was not so, however. The city and the province remained stanch in their opposition. Accordingly, at the close of the year (15th December, 1569), the estates were summoned to appear within fourteen days before the Blood-Council.[5] At the appointed time the procureur-général was ready with an act of accusation, accompanied, as was usually the case, with a simultaneous sentence of condemnation. The indictment revived and recapitulated all previous offenses committed in the city and the province, particularly during the troubles of 1566 and at the epoch of the treaty with Duchess Margaret. The inhabitants and the magistrates, both

[1] Bor, v. 286. [2] Ibid., v. 286, 287.
[3] Ibid., v. 288. [4] Ibid.
[5] Hoofd, v. 196. Bor, v. 291.

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in their individual and public capacities, were condemned for heresy, rebellion, and misprision. The city and province were accordingly pronounced guilty of high treason, were deprived of all their charters, laws, privileges, freedoms, and customs, and were declared to have forfeited all their property, real and personal, together with all tolls, rents, excises, and imposts, the whole being confiscated to the benefit of his Majesty.[1]

The immediate execution of the sentence was, however, suspended, to allow the estates opportunity to reply. An enormous mass of pleadings, replies, replications, rejoinders, and apostils was the result, which few eyes were destined to read, and least of all those to whom they were nominally addressed.[2] They were of benefit to none save in the shape of fees which they engendered to the gentlemen of the robe. It was six months, however, before the case was closed. As there was no blood to be shed, a summary process was not considered necessary. At last, on the 14th July, the voluminous pile of documents was placed before Vargas. It was the first time he had laid eyes upon them, and they were, moreover, written in a language of which he did not understand a word.[3] Such, however, was his capacity for affairs that a glance only at the outside of the case enabled him to form his decision. Within half an hour afterward, booted and spurred, he was saying mass in the Church of St. Gudule, on his way to pronounce sentence at Antwerp.[4] That judgment was

[1] See all the documents in Bor, v. 151 et seq.

[2] Ibid., v. 290–319. Compare Hoofd, v. 194–196; Wagenaer, Vaderl. Hist., vi. 293–304; Viglii Comm. Dec. Den., passim.

[3] Translations, however, were appended, which had only been completed that morning (Bor, v. 319).

[4] Ibid., v. 319.

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rendered the same day, and confirmed the preceding act of condemnation.[1] Vargas went to his task as cheerfully as if it had been murder. The act of outlawry and beggary was fulminated against the city and province, and a handsome amount of misery for others, and of plunder for himself, was the result of his promptness. Many thousand citizens were ruined, many millions of property confiscated.

Thus was Utrecht deprived of all its ancient liberties as a punishment for having dared to maintain them. The clergy, too, of the province, having invoked the bull *in Cœna Domini*, by which clerical property was declared exempt from taxation, had excited the wrath of the duke.[2] To wield so slight a bulrush against the man who had just been girded with the consecrated and jeweled sword of the pope was indeed but a feeble attempt at defense. Alva treated the *Cœna Domini* with contempt, but he imprisoned the printer who had dared to republish it at this juncture. Finding, moreover, that it had been put in press by the orders of no less a person than Secretary La Torre, he threw that officer also into prison, besides suspending him from his functions for a year.[3]

The estates of the province and the magistracy of the city appealed to his Majesty from the decision of the duke. The case did not directly concern the interests of religion, for although the heretical troubles of 1566 furnished the nominal motives of the condemnation, the resistance to the tenth and twentieth penny was the real crime for which they were suffering. The king, therefore, although far from clement, was not extremely

[1] Bor, v. 319. Hoofd, Wagenaer, ubi sup.
[2] Bor, v. 287. Hoofd, v. 195. [3] Hoofd, v. 195.

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rigorous. He refused the object of the appeal, but he did not put the envoys to death by whom it was brought to Madrid. This would have certainly been the case in matters strictly religious, or even had the commissioners arrived two years before; but even Philip believed, perhaps, that for the moment almost enough innocent blood had been shed. At any rate, he suffered the legates from Utrecht to return,[1] not with their petition granted, but at least with their heads upon their shoulders. Early in the following year, the provinces still remaining under martial law, all the Utrecht charters were taken into the possession of government and deposited in the castle of Vredenberg.[2] It was not till after the departure of Alva that they were restored, according to royal command, by the new governor, Requesens.[3]

By the middle of the year 1569 Alva wrote to the king, with great cheerfulness of tone, announcing that the estates of the provinces had all consented to the tax. He congratulated his Majesty upon the fact that this income might thenceforth be enjoyed in perpetuity, and that it would bring at least two millions yearly into his coffers, over and above the expenses of government. The hundredth penny, as he calculated, would amount to at least five millions.[4]

He was, however, very premature in his triumph, for the estates were not long in withdrawing a concession which had either been wrung from them by violence or filched from them by misrepresentation. Taking the ground that the assent of all had been stipulated before that of any one should be esteemed valid, every prov-

[1] Bor, v. 326–328 et seq.
[2] Ibid., vi. 357–361. [3] Ibid., vi. 360, 361.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 882.

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ince now refused to enforce or to permit the collection of the tenth or the twentieth penny within their limits. Dire were the threatenings and the wrath of the viceroy, painfully protracted the renewed negotiations with the estates. At last a compromise was effected, and the final struggle postponed. Late in the summer it was agreed that the provinces should pay two millions yearly for the two following years, the term to expire in the month of August, 1571. Till that period, therefore, there was comparative repose upon the subject.[1]

The question of a general pardon had been agitated for more than a year, both in Brussels and Madrid. Viglius, who knew his countrymen better than the viceroy knew them, had written frequently to his friend Hopper on the propriety of at once proclaiming an amnesty.[2] There had also been many conferences between himself and the Duke of Alva, and he had furnished more than one draft for the proposed measure.[3] The president knew full well that the point had been reached beyond which the force of tyranny could go no further. All additional pressure, he felt sure, could only produce reaction, the effect of which might be to drive the Spaniards from the Netherlands. There might then be another game to play. The heads of those who had so assiduously served the government throughout its terrible career might, in their turn, be brought to the block, and their estates be made to enrich the treasury. Moreover, there were symptoms that Alva's favor was on the wane. The king had not been remarkably struck with the merits of the new financial

[1] Bor, v. 288 et seq. Hoofd, v. 195.
[2] Epist. ad Joach. Hopp., 82–110.
[3] Ibid., 110.

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measures, and had expressed much anxiety lest the trade of the country should suffer.[1] The duke was known to be desirous of his recall. His health was broken, he felt that he was bitterly detested throughout the country, and he was certain that his enemies at Madrid were fast undermining his credit. He seemed also to have a dim suspicion that his mission was accomplished in the Netherlands; that as much blood had been shed at present as the land could easily absorb. He wrote urgently and even piteously to Philip on the subject of his return. "Were your Majesty only pleased to take me from this country," he said, "I should esteem it as great a favor as if your Majesty had given me life."[2] He swore "by the soul of the duchess" that he "would rather be cut into little pieces" than retire from his post were his presence necessary,[3] but he expressed the opinion that through his exertions affairs had been placed in such train that they were sure to roll on smoothly to the end of time. "At present, and for the future," he wrote, "your Majesty is and will be more strictly obeyed than any of your predecessors"; adding, with insane self-complacency, "and all this has been *accomplished without violence.*"[4] He also assured his Majesty as to the prosperous condition of financial affairs. His tax was to work wonders. He had conversed with capitalists who had offered him four millions yearly for the tenth penny, but he had refused, because he estimated the product at a much higher figure.[5] The hundredth penny could not be rated lower than five millions. It was obvious, therefore, that instead of remitting funds to the provinces,

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 896.
[2] Ibid., ii. 908. [3] Ibid., ii. 951.
[4] Ibid. [5] Ibid., ii. 970.

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his Majesty would, for the future, derive from them a steady and enormous income.[1] Moreover, he assured the king that there was at present no one to inspire anxiety from within or without. The only great noble of note in the country was the Duke of Aerschot, who was devoted to his Majesty, and who, moreover, "amounted to very little," as the king well knew.[2] As for the Prince of Orange, he would have business enough in keeping out of the clutches of his creditors. They had nothing to fear from Germany. England would do nothing as long as Germany was quiet, and France was sunk too low to be feared at all.[3]

Such being the sentiments of the duke, the king was already considering the propriety of appointing his successor. All this was known to the president. He felt instinctively that more clemency was to be expected from that successor, whoever he might be; and he was satisfied, therefore, that he would at least not be injuring his own position by inclining at this late hour to the side of mercy. His opposition to the tenth and twentieth penny had already established a breach between himself and the viceroy, but he felt secretly comforted by the reflection that the king was probably on the same side with himself. Alva still spoke of him, to be sure, both in public and private, with approbation, taking occasion to commend him frequently, in his private letters, as a servant upright and zealous, as a living register,[4] without whose universal knowledge of things and persons he should hardly know which way to turn. The president, however, was growing weary of his own sycophancy.

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 970.

[2] "Vale tan poco como V. M. sabe."—Ibid., ii. 951.

[3] Ibid. [4] Ibid., ii. 824.

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He begged his friend Joachim to take his part if his Excellency should write unfavorably about his conduct to the king. He seemed to have changed his views of the man concerning whose "prudence and gentleness" he could once turn so many fine periods. He even expressed some anxiety lest doubt should begin to be entertained as to the perfect clemency of the king's character. "Here is so much confiscation and bloodshed going on," said he, "that some taint of cruelty or avarice may chance to bespatter the robe of his Majesty." He also confessed that he had occasionally read in history of greater benignity than was now exercised against the poor Netherlanders. Had the learned Frisian arrived at these humane conclusions at a somewhat earlier day, it might perhaps have been better for himself and for his fatherland. Had he served his country as faithfully as he had served time and Philip and Alva, his lands would not have been so broad, nor his dignities so numerous, but he would not have been obliged, in his old age, to exclaim, with whimsical petulance, that "the faithful servant is always a perpetual ass."[1]

It was now certain that an act of amnesty was in contemplation by the king. Viglius had furnished several plans, which, however, had been so much disfigured by the numerous exceptions suggested by Alva that the president could scarce recognize his work. Granvelle, too, had frequently urged the pardon on the attention of Philip.[2] The cardinal was too astute not to perceive that the time had arrived when a continued severity could only defeat its own work. He felt that the country

[1] Epist. ad Joach. Hopp., 62–82: "Fidus servus perpetuus asinus," etc.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 815.

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could not be rendered more abject, the spirit of patriotism more apparently extinct. A show of clemency, which would now cost nothing, and would mean nothing, might be more effective than this profuse and wanton bloodshed.

He saw plainly that the brutality of Alva had already overshot the mark. Too politic, however, openly to reprove so powerful a functionary, he continued to speak of him and of his administration to Philip in terms of exalted eulogy. He was a "sage seignior," a prudent governor, one on whom his Majesty could entirely repose. He was a man of long experience, trained all his life to affairs, and perfectly capable of giving a good account of everything to which he turned his hands.[1] He admitted, however, to other correspondents that the administration of the sage seignior, on whom his Majesty could so implicitly rely, had at last "brought the provinces into a deplorable condition."[2]

Four different forms of pardon had been sent from Madrid toward the close of 1569.[3] From these four the duke was to select one, and carefully to destroy the other three. It was not, however, till July of the following year that the choice was made, and the viceroy in readiness to announce the pardon. On the 14th of that month a great festival was held at Antwerp, for the purpose of solemnly proclaiming the long-expected amnesty.[4] In the morning the duke, accompanied by a brilliant staff and by a long procession of clergy in their gorgeous robes, paraded through the streets of the commercial capital, to offer up prayers and hear mass in the

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 792, 809, 844, etc.
[2] Ibid., ii. 832, letter to Treasurer Schetz.
[3] Ibid., ii. 914. [4] Bor, v. 319. Hoofd, v. 201.

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cathedral. The Bishop of Arras then began a sermon upon the blessings of mercy, with a running commentary upon the royal clemency about to be exhibited. In the very outset, however, of his discourse, he was seized with convulsions, which required his removal from the pulpit[1]—an incident which was not considered of felicitous augury. In the afternoon the duke, with his suite, appeared upon the square in front of the town house. Here a large scaffolding or theater had been erected. The platform, and the steps which led to it, were covered with scarlet cloth. A throne, covered with cloth of gold, was arranged in the most elevated position for the duke.[2] On the steps immediately below him were placed two of the most beautiful women in Antwerp,[3] clad in allegorical garments to represent righteousness and peace. The staircase and platform were lined with officers; the square was beset with troops and filled to its utmost verge with an expectant crowd of citizens. Toward the close of a summer afternoon, the duke, wearing[4] the famous hat and sword of the pope, took his seat on the throne with all the airs of royalty. After a few preliminary ceremonies, a civil functionary, standing between two heralds, then recited the long-expected act of grace. His reading, however, was so indistinct that few save the soldiers in the immediate vicinity of the platform could hear a word of the document.[5]

This effect was, perhaps, intentional. Certainly but little enthusiasm could be expected from the crowd, had the text of the amnesty been heard. It consisted of

[1] Strada, De Bell. Belgic., lib. vii. 353, 354.
[2] Bor, v. 319. Hoofd, v. 201. Strada, lib. vii. 354.
[3] Bor, v. 319. Hoofd, v. 201.
[4] Strada, lib. vii. 354. [5] Ibid.

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three parts—a recitation of the wrongs committed, a statement of the terms of pardon, and a long list of exceptions. All the sins of omission and commission, the heresy, the public preaching, the image-breaking, the Compromise, the confederacy, the rebellion, were painted in lively colors. Pardon, however, was offered to all those who had not rendered themselves liable to positive impeachment, in case they should make their peace with the Church before the expiration of two months, and by confession and repentance obtain their absolution.[1] The exceptions, however, occupied the greater part of the document. When the general act of condemnation had been fulminated by which all Netherlanders were sentenced to death, the exceptions had been very few, and all the individuals mentioned by name.[2] In the act of pardon the exceptions comprehended so many classes of inhabitants that it was impossible for any individual to escape a place in some one of the categories whenever it should please the government to take his life. Expressly excluded from the benefit of the act were all ministers, teachers, dogmatizers, *and all who had favored and harbored such dogmatizers and preachers;* all those in the least degree implicated in the image-breaking; all who had ever *been individually suspected of heresy or schism;* all who had *ever signed or favored the Compromise* or the petition to the regent; all those who had taken up arms, contributed money, distributed tracts; all those in any *manner chargeable with misprision,* or who had failed to denounce *those guilty of heresy.* All persons, however, who were included in any of these classes of exceptions might

[1] See the document in Bor, v. 320, 321.

[2] Ibid.

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report themselves within six months, when, upon confession of their crime, *they might hope for a favorable consideration of their case.*[1]

Such, in brief, and stripped of its verbiage, was this amnesty for which the Netherlands had so long been hoping. By its provisions not a man or woman was pardoned who had ever committed a fault. The innocent alone were forgiven. Even they were not sure of mercy, unless they should obtain full absolution from the pope. More certainly than ever would the accustomed rigor be dealt to all who had committed any of those positive acts for which so many had already lost their heads. The clause by which a possibility of pardon was hinted to such criminals, provided they would confess and surrender, was justly regarded as a trap. No one was deceived by it. No man, after the experience of the last three years, would voluntarily thrust his head into the lion's mouth in order to fix it more firmly upon his shoulders. No man who had effected his escape was likely to play informer against himself in hope of obtaining a pardon from which all but the most sincere and zealous Catholics were in reality excepted.

The murmur and discontent were universal, therefore, as soon as the terms of the act became known. Alva wrote to the king, to be sure, "that the people were entirely satisfied, save only the demagogues, who could tolerate no single exception from the amnesty";[2] but he could neither deceive his sovereign nor himself by

[1] Bor, v. 320, 321.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 965: "Con gran contentamiento de pueblo, aunque los que el gobiernan no le han tenido tanto, porque no quisieron excepcion ninguna."

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such statements. Certainly Philip was totally disappointed in the effect which he had anticipated from the measure. He had thought "it would stop the mouths of many people."[1] On the contrary, every mouth in the Netherlands became vociferous to denounce the hypocrisy by which a new act of condemnation had been promulgated under the name of a pardon. Viglius, who had drawn up an instrument of much ampler clemency, was far from satisfied with the measure which had been adopted. "Certainly," he wrote to his confidant, "a more benignant measure was to be expected from *so merciful a prince*. After four years have passed, to reserve for punishment and for execution all those who during the tumult did not, through *weakness of mind, render as much service to government* as brave men might have offered, is altogether unexampled."[2]

Alva could not long affect to believe in the people's satisfaction. He soon wrote to the king, acknowledging that the impression produced by the pardon was far from favorable. He attributed much evil effect to the severe censure which was openly pronounced upon the act by members of the government, both in Spain and the Netherlands.[3] He complained that Hopper had written to Viglius that "the most severe of the four forms of pardon transmitted had been selected," the fact being that the most lenient one had been adopted.[4] If this were so, whose imagination is powerful enough

[1] "Cierto seria ya tiempo de dar esta perdon y taparia la boca á muchos."—Marginal note by Philip on a letter from Granvelle, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 815.

[2] Epist. ad Hopp., 110.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 980.

[4] Ibid., ii. 1007.

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to portray the three which had been burned, and which, although more severe than the fierce document promulgated, were still entitled acts of pardon? The duke spoke bitterly of the manner in which influential persons in Madrid had openly abominated the cruel form of amnesty which had been decreed.[1] His authority in the Netherlands was already sufficiently weakened, he said, and such censure upon his actions from headquarters did not tend to improve it. "In truth," he added, almost pathetically, "it is not wonderful that the whole nation should be ill disposed toward me, for I certainly have done nothing to make them love me. At the same time, such language transmitted from Madrid does not increase their tenderness."[2]

In short, viewed as a measure by which government, without disarming itself of its terrible powers, was to pacify the popular mind, the amnesty was a failure. Viewed as a net by which fresh victims should be enticed to entangle themselves, who had already made their way into the distant atmosphere of liberty, it was equally unsuccessful. A few very obscure individuals made their appearance to claim the benefit of the act before the six months had expired. With these it was thought expedient to deal gently, but no one was deceived by such clemency. As the common people expressed themselves, the net was not spread on that occasion for finches.[3]

[1] "Los Españoles en el consejo abominaron de tal forma de perdon."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 885.

[2] Ibid., ii. 1007.

[3] "Zynde terstondt het zeggen, dat men dit niet voor de vinken maar voor grooter vooghelen gespreyt had."—Hoofd, v. 202. See also Bor, v. 321.

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The wits of the Netherlands, seeking relief from their wretched condition in a still more wretched quibble, transposed two letters of the word Pardona, and rebaptized the new measure Pandora.[1] The conceit was not without meaning. The amnesty, descending from supernal regions, had been ushered into the presence of mortals as a messenger laden with heavenly gifts. The casket, when opened, had diffused curses instead of blessings. There, however, the classical analogy ended, for it would have puzzled all the pedants of Louvain to discover hope lurking under any disguise within the clauses of the pardon.

Very soon after the promulgation of this celebrated act, the new bride of Philip, Anne of Austria, passed through the Netherlands on her way to Madrid. During her brief stay in Brussels she granted an interview to the Dowager Countess of Horn.[2] That unhappy lady, having seen her eldest son, the head of her illustrious house, so recently perish on the scaffold, wished to make a last effort in behalf of the remaining one, then closely confined in the prison of Segovia. The archduchess solemnly promised that his release should be the first boon which she would request of her royal bridegroom, and the bereaved countess retired almost with a hope.[3]

A short digression must here be allowed, to narrate the remaining fortunes of that son, the ill-starred Seigneur de Montigny. His mission to Madrid in company of the Marquis Berghen has been related in a previous volume. The last and most melancholy scene in the life of his fellow-envoy has been described in a recent chap-

[1] Bor, v. 321. [2] Hoofd, v. 172.
[3] Ibid., v. 172, 173. Meteren, iii. 54.

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ter. After that ominous event Montigny became most anxious to effect his retreat from Spain. He had been separated more than a year from his few months' bride. He was not imprisoned, but he felt himself under the most rigid although secret inspection. It was utterly impossible for him to obtain leave to return, or to take his departure without permission. On one occasion, having left the city accidentally for a ride on horseback to an adjoining village, he found himself surrounded by an unexpected escort of forty troopers. Still, however, the king retained a smiling mien. To Montigny's repeated and urgent requests for dismissal, Philip graciously urged his desire for a continuance of his visit. He was requested to remain in order to accompany his sovereign upon that journey to the Netherlands which would not be much longer delayed.[1] In his impatience anything seemed preferable to the state of suspense in which he was made to linger. He eagerly offered, if he were accused or suspected of crime, to surrender himself to imprisonment if he only could be brought to trial.[2] Soon after Alva's arrival in the Netherlands, the first part of this offer was accepted. No sooner were the arrests of Egmont and Horn known in Madrid than Montigny was deprived of his liberty and closely confined in the alcazar of Segovia.[3] Here he remained imprisoned for eight or nine months in a high tower, with no attendant save a young page, Arthur de Munter, who had accompanied him from the Netherlands.[4] Eight men-at-arms were expressly employed to watch over him and to prevent his escape.

One day toward the middle of July, 1568, a band of

[1] Meteren, iii. 54.
[2] Ibid., iii. f. 53, 54.
[3] Ibid., iii. 54.
[4] Ibid.

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pilgrims, some of them in Flemish attire, went through the streets of Segovia. They were chanting, as was customary on such occasions, a low, monotonous song, in which Montigny, who happened to be listening, suddenly recognized the language of his fatherland. His surprise was still greater when, upon paying closer attention, he distinguished the terrible meaning of the song. The pretended pilgrims, having no other means of communication with the prisoner, were singing for his information the tragic fates of his brother, Count Horn, and of his friend, Count Egmont. Mingled with the strain were warnings of his own approaching doom, if he were not able to effect his escape before it should be too late. Thus by this friendly masquerade did Montigny learn the fate of his brother, which otherwise, in that land of terrible secrecy, might have been concealed from him forever.[1]

The hint as to his own preservation was not lost upon him, and he at once set about a plan of escape. He succeeded in gaining over to his interests one of the eight soldiers by whom he was guarded, and he was thus enabled to communicate with many of his own adherents without the prison walls. His majordomo had previously been permitted to furnish his master's table with provisions dressed by his own cook. A correspondence was now carried on by means of letters concealed within the loaves of bread sent daily to the prisoner.[2] In the same way files were provided for sawing through his window-bars.[3] A very delicate ladder of ropes, by which he was to effect his escape into the court below, was also transmitted. The plan had been completely arranged.

[1] Hoofd, v. 172.

[2] Meteren, iii. 54. Hoofd, v. 172. [3] Ibid.

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A certain Pole employed in the enterprise was to be at Hernani, with horses in readiness to convey them to San Sebastian.[1] There a sloop had been engaged, and was waiting their arrival. Montigny accordingly, in a letter inclosed within a loaf of bread,—the last, as he hoped, which he should break in prison,—was instructed, after cutting off his beard and otherwise disguising his person, to execute his plan and join his confederates at Hernani.[2] Unfortunately, the majordomo of Montigny was in love. Upon the eve of departure from Spain, his farewell interview with his mistress was so much protracted that the care of sending the bread was left to another. The substitute managed so unskilfully that the loaf was brought to the commandant of the castle, and not to the prisoner. The commandant broke the bread, discovered the letter, and became master of the whole plot. All persons engaged in the enterprise were immediately condemned to death, and the Spanish soldier executed without delay. The others being considered, on account of their loyalty to their master, as deserving a commutation of punishment, were sent to the galleys. The majordomo, whose ill-timed gallantry had thus cost Montigny his liberty, received two hundred lashes in addition. All, however, were eventually released from imprisonment.[3]

The unfortunate gentleman was now kept in still closer confinement in his lonely tower. As all his adherents had been disposed of, he could no longer entertain a hope of escape. In the autumn of this year (1568) it was thought expedient by Alva to bring his case formally before the Blood-Council. Montigny had committed no crime, but he was one of that band of

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 775.
[2] Ibid. [3] Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.

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popular nobles whose deaths had been long decreed. Letters were accordingly sent to Spain, empowering certain functionaries there to institute that preliminary examination which, as usual, was to be the only trial vouchsafed. A long list of interrogatories was addressed to him on February 7, 1569, in his prison at Segovia. A week afterward he was again visited by the alcalde, who read over to him the answers which he had made on the first occasion, and required him to confirm them. He was then directed to send his procuration to certain persons in the Netherlands whom he might wish to appear in his behalf. Montigny complied by sending several names, with a clause of substitution. All the persons thus appointed, however, declined to act unless they could be furnished with a copy of the procuration and with a statement of the articles of accusation. This was positively refused by the Blood-Council. Seeing no possibility of rendering service to their friend by performing any part in this mockery of justice, they refused to accept the procuration. They could not defend a case when not only the testimony but even the charges against the accused were kept secret. An individual was accordingly appointed by government to appear in the prisoner's behalf.[1]

Thus the forms of justice were observed, and Montigny, a close prisoner in the tower of Segovia, was put upon trial for his life in Brussels. Certainly nothing could exceed the irony of such a process. The advocate had never seen his client, thousands of miles away, and

[1] Gachard, note to p. 123, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. Antoine de Penin, one of those nominated by Montigny, was the person selected by the government (Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 870; and note by Gachard on p. 90).

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was allowed to hold no communication with him by letter. The proceedings were instituted by a summons addressed by the Duke of Alva to Madame de Montigny in Brussels. That unhappy lady could only appeal to the king. "Convinced," she said, "that her husband was innocent of the charges brought against him, she threw herself, overwhelmed and consumed by tears and misery, at his Majesty's feet. She begged the king to remember the past services of Montigny, her own youth, and that she had enjoyed his company but four months. By all these considerations, and by the passion of Jesus Christ, she adjured the monarch to pardon any faults which her husband might have committed."[1] The reader can easily judge how much effect such a tender appeal was like to have upon the heart of Philip. From that rock, thus feebly smitten, there flowed no fountain of mercy. It was not more certain that Montigny's answers to the interrogatories addressed to him had created a triumphant vindication[2] of his course than that such vindication would be utterly powerless to save his life. The charges preferred against him were similar to those which had brought Egmont and Horn to the block, and it certainly created no ground of hope for him that he could prove himself even more innocent of suspicious conduct than they had done. On the 4th March, 1570, accordingly, the Duke of Alva pronounced sentence against him. The sentence declared that his head should be cut off, and afterward exposed to public view upon the head of a pike.[3] Upon the 18th March,

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 879, letter of Helen de Melun, Dame de Montigny.

[2] Gachard, note to p. 123, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 937.

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1570, the duke addressed a requisitory letter to the alcaldes, corregidors, and other judges of Castile, empowering them to carry the sentence into execution.[1]

On the arrival of this requisition there was a serious debate before the king in council.[2] It seemed to be the general opinion that there had been almost severity enough in the Netherlands for the present. The spectacle of the public execution of another distinguished personage, it was thought, might now prove more irritating than salutary.[3] The king was of this opinion himself. It certainly did not occur to him or to his advisers that this consideration should lead them to spare the life of an innocent man. The doubts entertained as to the expediency of a fresh murder were not allowed to benefit the prisoner, who, besides being a loyal subject and a communicant of the ancient Church, was also clothed in the white robes of an envoy, claiming not only justice but hospitality as the deputy of Philip's sister, Margaret of Parma. These considerations probably never occurred to the mind of his Majesty. In view, however, of the peculiar circumstances of the case, it was unanimously agreed that there should be no more blood publicly shed. Most of the councilors were in favor of slow poison.[4] Montigny's meat and drink, they said, should be daily drugged, so that he might die by little and little.[5] Philip, however, terminated these

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 938, 939.

[2] Relation transmitted by Philip to Alva, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 996.

[3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

[5] Ibid.: "... Parescia à los mas que era bien darle un bocado, ò echar alyun gènero de venen en la comida ò bebida, con que sa fuese moriendo poco à poco."

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disquisitions by deciding that the ends of justice would not thus be sufficiently answered. The prisoner, he had resolved, should be regularly executed, but the deed should be secret, and it should be publicly announced that he had died of a fever.[1]

This point having been settled, the king now set about the arrangement of his plan with all that close attention to detail which marked his character. The patient industry which, had God given him a human heart and a love of right, might have made him a useful monarch, he now devoted to a scheme of midnight murder with a tranquil sense of enjoyment which seems almost incredible. There is no exaggeration in calling the deed a murder, for it certainly was not sanctioned by any law, divine or human, nor justified or excused by any of the circumstances which are supposed to palliate homicide. Nor, when the elaborate and superfluous luxury of arrangements made by Philip for the accomplishment of his design is considered, can it be doubted that he found a positive pleasure in his task. It would almost seem that he had become jealous of Alva's achievements in the work of slaughter. He appeared willing to prove to those immediately about him that, however capable might be the viceroy of conducting public executions on a grand and terrifying scale, there was yet a certain delicacy of finish never attained by Alva in such business, and which was all his Majesty's own. The king was resolved to make the assassination of Montigny a masterpiece.

On the 17th August, 1570, he accordingly directed Don Eugenio de Peralta, concierge of the fortress of Simancas, to repair to Segovia, and thence to remove the

[1] Relation transmitted by Philip, etc.

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Seigneur Montigny to Simancas.[1] Here he was to be strictly immured, yet was to be allowed at times to walk in the corridor adjoining his chamber. On the 7th October following, the licentiate Don Alonzo de Avellano, alcalde of Valladolid, was furnished with an order addressed by the king to Don Eugenio de Peralta, requiring him to place the prisoner in the hands of the said licentiate, who was charged with the execution of Alva's sentence.[2] This functionary had, moreover, been provided with a minute letter of instructions, which had been drawn up according to the king's directions on the 1st October.[3] In these royal instructions it was stated that, although the sentence was for a public execution, yet the king had decided in favor of a private one within the walls of the fortress. It was to be managed so that no one should suspect that Montigny had been executed, but so that, on the contrary, it should be universally said and believed that he had died a natural death. Very few persons, all sworn and threatened into secrecy, were therefore to be employed. Don Alonzo was to start immediately for Valladolid, which was within two short leagues of Simancas. At that place he would communicate with Don Eugenio, and arrange the mode, day, and hour of execution. He would leave Valladolid on the evening before a holiday, late in the afternoon, so as to arrive a little after dark at Simancas. He would take with him a confidential notary, an executioner, and as few servants as possible. Immediately upon his entrance to the fortress, he was to communicate

[1] Relation transmitted by Philip, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 996.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 982.

[3] See its analysis in Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 983.

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the sentence of death to Montigny, in presence of Don Eugenio and of one or two other persons. He would *then console him*, in which task he would be assisted by Don Eugenio.[1] He would afterward leave him with the religious person who would be appointed for that purpose. That night and the whole of the following day, which would be a festival, till after midnight, would be allotted to Montigny, that he might have time to confess, to receive the sacraments, to convert himself to God, and to repent. Between one and two o'clock in the morning the execution was to take place, in presence of the ecclesiastic, of Don Eugenio de Peralta, of the notary, and of one or two other persons who would be needed by the executioner. The ecclesiastic was to be a wise and prudent person, and to be informed how little confidence Montigny inspired in the article of faith. If the prisoner should wish to make a will, it could not be permitted. As all his property had been confiscated, he could dispose of nothing. Should he, however, desire to make a memorial of the debts which he would wish paid, he was to be allowed that liberty. It was, however, to be stipulated that he was to make no allusion, in any memorial or letter which he might write, to *the execution* which was about to take place. He was to use the language of *a man seriously ill, and who feels himself at the point of death.*[2] By this infernal ingenuity it was proposed to make the victim an accomplice in the plot, and to place a false exculpation of his assassins in his dying lips. The execution having been fulfilled, and the death having been announced with the dissimulation prescribed, the burial was to take place in the Church of St. Saviour in Simancas. A moderate degree of pomp,

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 983. [2] Ibid.

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such as befitted a person of Montigny's quality, was to be allowed, and a decent tomb erected. A grand mass was also to be celebrated, with a respectable number, "say seven hundred," of lesser masses. As the servants of the defunct were few in number, continued the frugal king, they might be provided each with a suit of mourning.[1] Having thus personally arranged all the details of this secret work, from the reading of the sentence to the burial of the prisoner, having settled not only the mode of his departure from life, but of his passage through purgatory, the king despatched the agent on his mission.

The royal program was faithfully enacted. Don Alonzo arrived at Valladolid, and made his arrangements with Don Eugenio. It was agreed that a paper, prepared by royal authority and brought by Don Alonzo from Madrid, should be thrown into the corridor of Montigny's prison. This paper, written in Latin, ran as follows: "In the night, as I understand, there will be no chance for your escape. In the daytime there will be many; for you are then in charge of a single gouty guardian, no match in strength or speed for so vigorous a man as you. Make your escape from the 8th to the 12th of October, at any hour you can, and take the road contiguous to the castle gate through which you entered. You will find Robert and John, who will be ready with horses and with everything necessary. May God favor your undertaking.—R. D. M."[2]

The letter, thus designedly thrown into the corridor by one confederate, was soon afterward picked up by the other, who immediately taxed Montigny with an attempt

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 983.

[2] Gachard, note to p. 156 of Correspondance de Philippe II., ii.

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to escape.[1] Notwithstanding the vehement protestations of innocence naturally made by the prisoner, his pretended project was made the pretext for a still closer imprisonment in the "Bishop's Tower."[2] A letter, *written at Madrid*, by Philip's orders, *had been brought by Don Alonzo to Simancas, narrating by anticipation these circumstances, precisely as they had now occurred.*[3] It moreover stated that Montigny, in consequence of his close confinement, had *fallen grievously ill*, and that he would receive all the attention compatible with his safe-keeping. This letter, according to previous orders, was *now signed by Don Eugenio de Peralta*, dated 10th October, 1570, *and publicly despatched to Philip.*[4] It was thus formally established that Montigny was seriously ill. A physician, thoroughly instructed and sworn to secrecy, was now ostentatiously admitted to the tower, bringing with him a vast quantity of drugs. He duly circulated among the townspeople, on his return, his opinion that the illustrious prisoner was afflicted with a disorder from which it was almost impossible that he should recover.[5] Thus, thanks to Philip's masterly precautions, not a person in Madrid or Simancas was ignorant that Montigny was dying of a fever, with a single exception of the patient himself.

On Saturday, the 14th of October, at nightfall, Don Alonzo de Avellano, accompanied by the prescribed individuals, including Fray Hernando del Castillo, an

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 986–988.

[2] Ibid., ii. 988; and Gachard, Introduction to Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 39.

[3] Relation, etc., Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 996.

[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 988.

[5] Relation, etc., Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 996.

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ecclesiastic of high reputation, made their appearance at the prison of Simancas. At ten in the evening the announcement of the sentence was made to Montigny. He was visibly agitated at the sudden intelligence, for it was entirely unexpected by him.[1] He had, on the contrary, hoped much from the intercession of the queen, whose arrival he had already learned.[2] He soon recovered himself, however, and requested to be left alone with the ecclesiastic. All the night and the following day were passed in holy offices. He conducted himself with great moderation, courage, and tranquillity. He protested his entire innocence of any complicity with the Prince of Orange, or of any disloyal designs or sentiments at any period of his life. He drew up a memorial expressing his strong attachment

[1] Relation, etc., Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 996. Also letter of Fray Hernando del Castillo to Dr. Velasco, in Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 992.

[2] Ibid. It will be perceived that Philip had taken precautionary measures against the request which his young bride, according to her promise to the Dowager Countess of Horn, had promised to prefer in behalf of Montigny.

According to Meteren, who upon this occasion has been followed by Bor and Hoofd, as well as by later historians, Philip determined to despatch the prisoner before the arrival of the queen, in order that he might not be obliged to refuse her first request. They add that Montigny was accordingly poisoned in a pottage which his own page was compelled to administer to him. The page was threatened with death if he revealed the secret, says Hoofd; but, according to Meteren, he did discover the deed to his intimate friends. A burning fever was said to have been produced by the poison, which carried off the victim on the 1st October. The queen sailed from Flushing on the 25th September, and although these writers are mistaken as to the exact date and manner of the murder, yet they were certainly well informed as to the general features of the mysterious transaction. Their statement that

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to every point of the Catholic faith, from which *he had never for an instant swerved.*[1] His whole demeanor was noble, submissive, and Christian. "In every essential," said Fray Hernando, "he conducted himself so well that we who remain may bear him envy."[2] He wrote a paper of instructions concerning his faithful and bereaved dependents. He placed his signet-ring, attached to a small gold chain, in the hands of the ecclesiastic, to be by him transmitted to his wife. Another ring, set with turquoise, he sent to his mother-in-law, the Princess Espinoy, from whom he had received it. About an hour after midnight, on the morning, therefore, of the 16th of October, Fray Hernando gave notice that the prisoner was ready to die. The alcalde Don Alonzo then entered, accompanied by the executioner and the notary. The sentence of Alva was now again recited, the alcalde adding that the king, "out of his clemency and benignity," had substituted a secret for a public execution. Montigny admitted that the judgment would be just and the punishment lenient if it were conceded that the

Montigny was dead before the queen left the ship is manifestly a mistaken one, for it appears by the letter of Fray Hernando that the prisoner had already learned the news of her arrival. Still he was without doubt represented by Philip to the queen as already dead or dying, and the masterly precautions taken rendered contradiction impossible. He had already been removed to Simancas on the 1st October, and was reported grievously ill on the 10th. These contemporaries may be forgiven for having given the poisoned pottage instead of the garrote as the real instrument of death; and this is almost the only mistake which they have made, now that the narration is compared with the detailed statement made by Philip himself. V. Meteren, iii. 54. Hoofd, v. 172, 173. Compare Wagenaer, Vaderl. Hist., deel vi. 246; Bor, iv. 182 (255).

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 990.

[2] Letter of Fray Hernando, etc.

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charges against him were true. His enemies, however, while he had been thus immured, had possessed the power to accuse him as they listed. He ceased to speak, and the executioner then came forward and strangled him. The alcalde, the notary, and the executioner then immediately started for Valladolid, so that no person next morning knew that they had been that night at Simancas, nor could guess the dark deed which they had then and there accomplished.[1] The terrible secret they were forbidden, on pain of death, to reveal.

Montigny, immediately after his death, was clothed in the habit of St. Francis, in order to conceal the marks of strangulation. In the course of the day the body was deposited, according to the king's previous orders, in the Church of St. Saviour. Don Eugenio de Peralta, who superintended the interment, uncovered the face of the defunct to prove his identity, which was instantly recognized by many sorrowing servants. The next morning the second letter, *prepared by Philip long before, and brought by* Don Alonzo de Avellano to Simancas, received the date of 17th October, 1570, together with the signature of Don Eugenio de Peralta, keeper of Simancas fortress, and was then *publicly despatched* to the king.[2] It stated that, notwithstanding the care given to the Seigneur de Montigny in his severe illness by the physicians who had attended him, he had continued to grow worse and worse until the previous morning between three and four o'clock, when he had expired. The Fray Hernando del Castillo, who had accidentally happened to be at Simancas, had performed the holy offices, at the request of the deceased, who had died in so Catho-

[1] Letter of Fray Hernando, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 992–996. [2] Ibid.

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lic a frame of mind that great hopes might be entertained of his salvation. Although he possessed no property, yet his burial had been conducted very respectably.[1]

On the 3d of November, 1570, these two letters, ostensibly written by Don Eugenio de Peralta, were transmitted by Philip to the Duke of Alva. They were to serve as evidence of the statement which the governor-general was now instructed to make, that the Seigneur de Montigny had died a natural death in the fortress of Simancas. By the same courier the king likewise forwarded a secret memoir containing the exact history of the dark transaction, from which memoir the foregoing account has been prepared. At the same time the duke was instructed publicly to exhibit the lying letters of Don Eugenio de Peralta,[2] as containing an authentic statement of the affair. The king observed, moreover, in his letter, that there was not a person in Spain who doubted that Montigny had died of a fever. He added that if the sentiments of the deceased nobleman had been at all in conformity with his external manifestations, according to the accounts received of his last moments, it was to be hoped that God would have mercy upon his soul. The secretary who copied the letter took the liberty of adding, however, to this paragraph the suggestion that "if Montigny were really a heretic, the devil, who always assists his children in such moments, would hardly have failed him in his dying hour." Philip, displeased with this flippancy, caused the passage to be erased. He even gave vent to his royal indignation in a marginal note to the effect that we should always express favorable judgments concerning the

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 994–996.

[2] "Mostrando descuidada y dissimuladamente."—Ibid., ii. 997.

SAN FERNANDO DISCARDED UNION HIGH SCHOOL SAN FERNANDO, CALIF. DISCARDED
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dead[1]—a pious sentiment always dearer to writing-masters than to historians. It seemed never to have occurred, however, to this remarkable moralist that it was quite as reprehensible to strangle an innocent man as to speak ill of him after his decease.[2]

Thus perished Baron Montigny, four years after his arrival in Madrid as Duchess Margaret's ambassador, and three years after the death of his fellow-envoy Marquis Berghen. No apology is necessary for so detailed an account of this dark and secret tragedy. The great transactions of a reign are sometimes paltry things; great battles and great treaties, after vast consumption of life and of breath, often leave the world where they found it. The events which occupy many of the statelier pages of history, and which have most lived in the mouths of men, frequently contain but commonplace lessons of philosophy. It is perhaps otherwise when, by the resuscitation of secret documents over which the dust of three centuries has gathered, we are enabled to study the internal working of a system of perfect tyranny. Liberal institutions, republican or constitutional governments, move in the daylight; we see their mode of operation, feel the jar of their wheels, and are often needlessly alarmed at their apparent tendencies. The reverse of the picture is not always so easily attainable. When, therefore, we find a careful portrait of a consummate tyrant, painted by his own hand, it is worth our

[1] "Esto mismo borrad de la cifra, que de los muertos no hay que hacer, sino buen juicio."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 997.

[2] On the 22d March, 1571, a decree condemning the memory of Montigny and confiscating all his estates was duly issued by the Duke of Alva, "in consequence of information then just received that the said seigneur had departed life by a natural death in the fortress of Simancas."—Ibid., ii. 1016.

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while to pause for a moment, that we may carefully peruse the lineaments. Certainly we shall afterward not love liberty the less.

Toward the end of the year 1570, still another and a terrible misfortune descended upon the Netherlands. It was now the hand of God which smote the unhappy country, already so tortured by the cruelty of war. An inundation, more tremendous than any which had yet been recorded in those annals so prolific in such catastrophes, now swept the whole coast from Flanders to Friesland.[1] Not the memorable deluge of the thirteenth century, out of which the Zuyder Zee was born; not that in which the waters of the Dollart had closed forever over the villages and churches of Groningen; not one of those perpetually recurring floods by which the inhabitants of the Netherlands, year after year, were recalled to an anxious remembrance of the watery chaos out of which their fatherland had been created, and into which it was in daily danger of resolving itself again, had excited so much terror and caused so much destruction. A continued and violent gale from the northwest had long been sweeping the Atlantic waters into the North Sea, and had now piled them upon the fragile coasts of the provinces. The dikes, tasked beyond their strength, burst in every direction. The cities of Flanders, to a considerable distance inland, were suddenly invaded by the waters of the ocean.[2] The whole narrow peninsula of North Holland was in imminent danger of being swept away forever.[3] Between Amsterdam and Muiden the great Diemer dike was broken through in twelve places. The Honsbosch, a bulwark formed of

[1] Bor, v. 329. Hoofd, vi. 205, 206.
[2] Hoofd, vi. 205. [3] Ibid., ubi sup.

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oaken piles, fastened with metal clamps, moored with iron anchors, and secured by gravel and granite, was snapped to pieces like packthread. The "Sleeper," a dike thus called because it was usually left in repose by the elements, except in great emergencies, alone held firm, and prevented the consummation of the catastrophe.[1] Still the ocean poured in upon the land with terrible fury. Dort, Rotterdam, and many other cities were, for a time, almost submerged. Along the coast, fishing-vessels, and even ships of larger size, were floated up into the country, where they entangled themselves in groves and orchards, or beat to pieces the roofs and walls of houses.[2] The destruction of life and of property was enormous throughout the maritime provinces, but in Friesland the desolation was complete. There nearly all the dikes and sluices were dashed to fragments, the country, far and wide, converted into an angry sea. The steeples and towers of inland cities became islands of the ocean. Thousands of human beings were swept out of existence in a few hours. Whole districts of territory, with all their villages, farms, and churches, were rent from their places,[3] borne along by the force of the waves, sometimes to be lodged in another part of the country, sometimes to be entirely engulfed. Multitudes of men, women, children, of horses, oxen, sheep, and every domestic animal, were struggling in the waves in every direction. Every boat, and every article which could serve as a boat, were eagerly seized upon. Every house was inundated; even the graveyards gave up their dead. The living infant in his cradle, and the long-buried corpse in his coffin,

[1] Hoofd, ubi sup. [2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid., vi. 205, 206. Bor, vi. 329.

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floated side by side. The ancient flood seemed about to be renewed. Everywhere, upon the top of trees, upon the steeples of churches, human beings were clustered, praying to God for mercy, and to their fellow-men for assistance.[1] As the storm at last was subsiding, boats began to ply in every direction, saving those who were still struggling in the water, picking fugitives from roofs and tree-tops, and collecting the bodies of those already drowned. Colonel Robles, Seigneur de Billy, formerly much hated for his Spanish or Portuguese blood, made himself very active in this humane work. By his exertions and those of the troops belonging to Groningen, many lives were rescued, and gratitude replaced the ancient animosity. It was estimated that at least twenty thousand persons were destroyed in the province of Friesland alone. Throughout the Netherlands one hundred thousand persons perished. The damage done to property, the number of animals engulfed in the sea, were almost incalculable.[2]

These events took place on the 1st and 2d November, 1570. The former happened to be the day of All Saints, and the Spaniards maintained loudly that the vengeance of Heaven had descended upon the abode of heretics.[3] The Netherlanders looked upon the catastrophe as ominous of still more terrible misfortunes in store for them. They seemed doomed to destruction by God and man. An overwhelming tyranny had long been chafing against their constitutional bulwarks, only to sweep over them at last; and now the resistless ocean, impatient of man's feeble barriers, had at last risen to reclaim

[1] Hoofd, Bor, ubi sup. Strada, lib. vii. 355, 356.
[2] Hoofd, vi. 206. Meteren, iii. 59.
[3] Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup.

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his prey. Nature, as if disposed to put to the blush the feeble cruelty of man, had thus wrought more havoc in a few hours than bigotry, however active, could effect in many years.

Nearly at the close of this year (1570) an incident occurred illustrating the ferocious courage so often engendered in civil contests. On the western verge of the isle of Bommel stood the castle of Loevenstein. The island is not in the sea. It is the narrow but important territory which is inclosed between the Meuse and the Waal. The castle, placed in a slender hook at the junction of the two rivers, commanded the two cities of Gorcum and Dorcum, and the whole navigation of the waters.[1] One evening toward the end of December, four monks, wearing the cowls and robes of Mendicant Gray Friars, demanded hospitality at the castle gate.[2] They were at once ushered into the presence of the commandant, a brother of President Tisnacq. He was standing by the fire, conversing with his wife. The foremost monk, approaching him, asked whether the castle held for the Duke of Alva or the Prince of Orange. The castellan replied that he recognized no prince save Philip, King of Spain. Thereupon the monk, who was no other than Hermann de Ruyter, a drover by trade, and a warm partizan of Orange, plucked a pistol from beneath his robe and shot the commandant through the head. The others, taking advantage of the sudden panic, overcame all the resistance offered by the feeble garrison, and made themselves masters of the place.[3] In the course of the next day they introduced

[1] Bentivoglio, lib. v. 87. Guicciardini, x.
[2] Mendoza, v. 109, 110. Hoofd, vi. 207.
[3] Mendoza, Hoofd, ubi sup. Bor, vi. 331.

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into the castle four or five and twenty men, with which force they diligently set themselves to fortify the place and secure themselves in its possession.[1] A larger reinforcement which they had reckoned upon was detained by the floods and frosts, which for the moment had made the roads and rivers alike impracticable.

Don Roderigo de Toledo, governor of Bois-le-Duc, immediately despatched a certain Captain Perea, at the head of two hundred soldiers, who were joined on the way by a miscellaneous force of volunteers, to recover the fortress as soon as possible.[2] The castle, bathed on its outward walls by the Waal and Meuse, and having two redouts defended by a double interior foss, would have been difficult to take by assault[3] had the number of the besieged been at all adequate to its defense. As matters stood, however, the Spaniards, by battering a breach in the wall with their cannon on the first day, and then escalading the inner works with remarkable gallantry upon the second, found themselves masters of the place within eight-and-forty hours of their first appearance before its gates. Most of the defenders were either slain or captured alive. De Ruyter alone had betaken himself to an inner hall of the castle, where he stood at bay upon the threshold. Many Spaniards, one after another, as they attempted to kill or to secure him, fell before his sword, which he wielded with the strength of a giant.[4] At last, overpowered by numbers

[1] Bor, vi. 331.

[2] Bor, Mendoza, Hoofd, ubi sup. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1004.

[3] Mendoza, v. 109, 110.

[4] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, iii. 60. The last writer, who never omits an opportunity to illustrate the prowess of his countrymen, whose courage certainly needs no exaggeration, assures

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and weakened by the loss of blood, he retreated slowly into the hall, followed by many of his antagonists. Here, by an unexpected movement, he applied a match to a train of powder which he had previously laid along the floor of the apartment. The explosion was instantaneous. The tower where the contest was taking place sprang into the air, and De Ruyter with his enemies shared a common doom.[1] A part of the mangled remains of this heroic but ferocious patriot were afterward dug from the ruins of the tower, and with impotent malice nailed upon the gallows at Bois-le-Duc.[2] Of his surviving companions some were beheaded, some were broken on the wheel, some were hung and quartered—all were executed.[3]

his readers that *three boat-loads of the corpses* of those who had fallen by De Ruyter's arm were carried from the castle.

[1] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[2] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren.

[3] "Twee daar af geraabraakt," says Hoofd, vi. 208. "Gefanghen, gepijnigt ende geexecuteert," says Meteren, iii. 60. "Desquartizando los soldados que se tomaron bivos en Anvers," says Mendoza.

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CHAPTER VI

Orange and Count Louis in France—Peace with the Huguenots—Coligny's memoir, presented by request to Charles IX., on the subject of invading the Netherlands—Secret correspondence of Orange organized by Paul Buys—Privateering commissions issued by the prince—Regulations prescribed by him for the fleets thus created—Impoverished condition of the prince—His fortitude—His personal sacrifices and privations—His generosity—Renewed contest between the duke and the estates on the subject of the tenth and twentieth pence—Violent disputes in the council—Firm opposition of Viglius—Edict commanding the immediate collection of the tax—Popular tumults—Viglius denounced by Alva—The duke's fierce complaints to the king—Secret schemes of Philip against Queen Elizabeth of England—The Ridolfi plot to murder Elizabeth countenanced by Philip and Pius V.—The king's orders to Alva to further the plan—The duke's remonstrances—Explosion of the plot—Obstinacy of Philip—Renewed complaints of Alva as to the imprudent service required of him—Other attempts of Philip to murder Elizabeth—Don John of Austria in the Levant—Battle of Lepanto—Slothfulness of Selim—Appointment of Medina-Celi—Incessant wrangling in Brussels upon the tax—Persevering efforts of Orange—Contempt of Alva for the prince—Proposed sentence of ignominy against his name—Sonoy's mission to Germany—Remarkable papers issued by the prince—The "Harangue"—Intense hatred for Alva entertained by the highest as well as lower orders—Visit of Francis de Alava to Brussels—His unfavorable report to the king—Querulous language of the duke—Deputation to Spain—Universal revolt against the tax—Ferocity of Alva—Execution of eighteen tradesmen secretly ordered—Interrupted by the capture of Brill—Beggars of the sea—The younger Wild Boar of Ardennes—Reconciliation between the English govern-

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ment and that of Alva—The Netherland privateersmen ordered out of English ports—De la Marck's fleet before Brill—The town summoned to surrender—Commissioners sent out to the fleet—Flight of the magistrates and townspeople—Capture of the place—Indignation of Alva—Popular exultation in Brussels—Puns and caricatures—Bossu ordered to recover the town of Brill—His defeat—His perfidious entrance into Rotterdam—Massacre in that city—Flushing revolutionized—Unsuccessful attempt of Governor de Bourgogne to recall the citizens to their obedience—Expedition under Treslong from Brill to assist the town of Flushing—Murder of Pacheco by the patriots—Tseraerts appointed governor of Walcheren by Orange.

WHILE such had been the domestic events of the Netherlands during the years 1569 and 1570, the Prince of Orange, although again a wanderer, had never allowed himself to despair. During this whole period, the darkest hour for himself and for his country, he was ever watchful. After disbanding his troops at Strasburg, and after making the best arrangements possible under the circumstances for the eventual payment of their wages, he had joined the army which the Duke of Deux-Ponts had been raising in Germany to assist the cause of the Huguenots in France.[1] The prince having been forced to acknowledge that, for the moment, all open efforts in the Netherlands were likely to be fruitless, instinctively turned his eyes toward the more favorable aspect of the Reformation in France. It was inevitable that, while he was thus thrown for the time out of his legitimate employment, he should be led to the battles of freedom in a neighboring land. The Duke of Deux-Ponts, who felt his own military skill hardly adequate to the task which he had assumed, was

[1] Bor, v. 269. Archives et Correspondance, iii. 316.

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glad, as it were, to put himself and his army under the orders of Orange.[1]

Meantime the battle of Jarnac had been fought; the Prince of Condé, covered with wounds, and exclaiming that it was sweet to die for Christ and country, had fallen from his saddle; the whole Huguenot army had been routed by the royal forces under the nominal command of Anjou, and the body of Condé, tied to the back of a she-ass, had been paraded through the streets of Jarnac in derision.[2] Affairs had already grown almost as black for the cause of freedom in France as in the provinces. Shortly afterward William of Orange, with a band of twelve hundred horsemen, joined the banners of Coligny. His two brothers accompanied him.[3] Henry, the stripling, had left the university to follow the fortunes of the prince. The indomitable Louis, after seven thousand of his army had been slain, had swum naked across the Ems, exclaiming that "his courage, thank God, was as fresh and lively as ever,"[4] and had lost not a moment in renewing his hostile schemes against the Spanish government. In the meantime he had joined the Huguenots in France. The battle of Moncontour had succeeded, Count Peter Mansfeld, with five thousand troops sent by Alva, fighting on the side of the royalists, and Louis of Nassau on that of the Huguenots, atoning by the steadiness and skill with which he covered the retreat for his intemperate courage, which had precipitated the action and perhaps been the main

[1] Languetí, Epist. Secr. i. 95. Archives et Correspondance, iii. 317.

[2] De Thou, t. v. liv. xlv. 570–573. [3] Ibid., 584.

[4] Groen v. Prinst., Archives et Correspondance, etc., iii. 272, 273.

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cause of Coligny's overthrow.[1] The Prince of Orange, who had been peremptorily called to the Netherlands in the beginning of the autumn, was not present at the battle. Disguised as a peasant, with but five attendants, and at great peril, he had crossed the enemy's lines, traversed France, and arrived in Germany before the winter.[2] Count Louis remained with the Huguenots. So necessary did he seem to their cause, and so dear had he become to their armies, that during the severe illness of Coligny in the course of the following summer all eyes were turned upon him as the inevitable successor of that great man,[3] the only remaining pillar of freedom in France.

Coligny recovered. The deadly peace between the Huguenots and the court succeeded. The admiral, despite his sagacity and his suspicions, embarked with his whole party upon that smooth and treacherous current which led to the horrible catastrophe of St. Bartholomew. To occupy his attention, a formal engagement was made by the government to send succor to the Netherlands. The admiral was to lead the auxiliaries which were to be despatched across the frontier to overthrow the tyrannical government of Alva. Long and anxious were the colloquies held between Coligny and the royalists.[4] The monarch requested a detailed opinion, in writing, from the admiral, on the most advisable plan for invading the Netherlands. The result was the preparation of the celebrated memoir, under Coligny's

[1] De Thou, t. v. liv. xlvi. 638, 639.

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives et Correspondance, iii. 322. De Thou, t. v. liv. xlvi. 627. Bor, v. 269.

[3] De Thou, t. vi. liv. xlvii. 32–36.

[4] Ibid., 279, 280.

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directions, by young De Mornay, Seigneur de Plessis. The document was certainly not a paper of the highest order. It did not appeal to the loftier instincts which kings or common mortals might be supposed to possess. It summoned the monarch to the contest in the Netherlands that the ancient injuries committed by Spain might be avenged. It invoked the ghost of Isabella of France, foully murdered, as it was thought, by Philip. It held out the prospect of reannexing the fair provinces wrested from the king's ancestors by former Spanish sovereigns. It painted the hazardous position of Philip, with the Moorish revolt gnawing at the entrails of his kingdom, with the Turkish war consuming its extremities, with the canker of rebellion corroding the very heart of the Netherlands. It recalled with exultation the melancholy fact that the only natural and healthy existence of the French was in a state of war—that France, if not occupied with foreign campaigns, could not be prevented from plunging its sword into its own vitals. It indulged in refreshing reminiscences of those halcyon days, not long gone by, when France, enjoying perfect tranquillity within its own borders, was calmly and regularly carrying on its long wars beyond the frontier.[1]

In spite of this savage spirit, which modern documents, if they did not scorn, would at least have shrouded, the paper was nevertheless a sagacious one; but the request for the memoir, and the many interviews on the subject of the invasion, were only intended to deceive. They were but the curtain which concealed the preparations for the dark tragedy which was about to be enacted. Equally deceived, and more sanguine

[1] De Thou, t. vi. liv. li. 342-357.

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than ever, Louis of Nassau during this period was indefatigable in his attempts to gain friends for his cause. He had repeated audiences of the king, to whose court he had come in disguise.[1] He made a strong and warm impression upon Elizabeth's envoy at the French court, Walsingham. It is probable that in the count's impetuosity to carry his point he allowed more plausibility to be given to certain projects for subdividing the Netherlands than his brother would ever have sanctioned.[2] The prince was a total stranger to these inchoate schemes. His work was to set his country free, and to destroy the tyranny which had grown colossal. That employment was sufficient for a lifetime, and there is no proof to be found that a paltry and personal self-interest had even the lowest place among his motives.

Meantime, in the autumn of 1569, Orange had again reached Germany. Paul Buys, pensionary of Leyden, had kept him constantly informed of the state of affairs in the provinces.[3] Through his means an extensive correspondence was organized and maintained with leading persons in every part of the Netherlands. The conventional terms by which different matters and persons of importance were designated in these letters were familiarly known to all friends of the cause, not only in the provinces, but in France, England, Germany, and particularly in the great commercial cities. The prince, for example, was always designated as Martin Willemzoon, the Duke of Alva as Master Powels van Alblas, the

[1] De Thou, t. vi. 279, 280.

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives et Correspondance, iii. 404, 405. Mem. of Walsingham, 143.

[3] Bor, v. 280.

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Queen of England as Henry Philipzoon, the King of Denmark as Peter Peterson. The twelve signs of the zodiac were used instead of the twelve months, and a great variety of similar substitutions were adopted.[1] Before his visit to France, Orange had, moreover, issued commissions, in his capacity of sovereign, to various seafaring persons, who were empowered to cruise against Spanish commerce.[2]

The "beggars of the sea," as these privateersmen designated themselves, soon acquired as terrible a name as the wild beggars or the forest beggars;[3] but the prince, having had many conversations with Admiral Coligny on the important benefits to be derived from the system, had faithfully set himself to effect a reformation of its abuses after his return from France. The Seigneur de Dolhain, who, like many other refugee nobles, had acquired much distinction in this roving corsair life, had for a season acted as admiral for the prince. He had, however, resolutely declined to render any accounts of his various expeditions, and was now deprived of his command in consequence.[4] Gillain de Fiennes, Seigneur de Lumbres, was appointed to succeed him. At the same time strict orders were issued by Orange, forbidding all hostile measures against the emperor or any of the princes of the empire, against Sweden, Denmark, England, or against any potentates who were protectors of the true Christian religion.[5] The Duke of Alva and his adherents were designated as the only lawful antagonists. The prince, moreover,

[1] Bor, v. 310.
[2] Ibid., v. 289. Hoofd, v. 197.
[3] Bor, v. 289. Hoofd, v. 198.
[4] Bor, v. 289.
[5] Ibid., v. 333, 334. Archives et Correspondance, iii. 363, 364.

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gave minute instructions as to the discipline to be observed in his fleet. The articles of war were to be strictly enforced. Each commander was to maintain a minister on board his ship, who was to preach God's Word and to preserve Christian piety among the crew.[1] No one was to exercise any command in the fleet save native Netherlanders, unless thereto expressly commissioned by the Prince of Orange. All prizes were to be divided and distributed by a prescribed rule. No persons were to be received on board, either as sailors or soldiers, save "folk of good name and fame." No man who had ever been punished of justice was to be admitted.[2] Such were the principal features in the organization of that infant navy which, in course of this and the following centuries, was to achieve so many triumphs, and to which a powerful and adventurous mercantile marine had already led the way. "Of their ships," said Cardinal Bentivoglio, "the Hollanders make houses, of their houses schools. Here they are born, here educated, here they learn their profession. Their sailors, flying from one pole to the other, practising their art wherever the sun displays itself to mortals, become so skilful that they can scarcely be equaled, certainly not surpassed, by any nation in the civilized world."[3]

The prince, however, on his return from France, had never been in so forlorn a condition. "Orange is plainly perishing," said one of the friends of the cause.[4] Not only had he no funds to organize new levies, but he was

[1] Bor, v. 324, 325.
[2] Ibid., v. 324, 325, 326. Hoofd, v. 198.
[3] Bentivoglio, Guerra di Fiandra, lib. v. 89.
[4] "Orangius plane periit."—Langueti ad Caner., 101.

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daily exposed to the most clamorously urged claims, growing out of the army which he had been recently obliged to disband. It had been originally reported in the Netherlands that he had fallen in the battle of Moncontour. "If he have really been taken off," wrote Viglius, hardly daring to credit the great news, "we shall all of us have less cause to tremble."[1] After his actual return, however, lean and beggared, with neither money nor credit, a mere threatening shadow without substance or power, he seemed to justify the sarcasm of Granvelle. "'Vana sine viribus ira,'" quoted the cardinal,[2] and of a verity it seemed that not a man was likely to stir in Germany in his behalf, now that so deep a gloom had descended upon his cause. The obscure and the oppressed throughout the provinces and Germany still freely contributed out of their weakness and their poverty, and taxed themselves beyond their means to assist enterprises for the relief of the Netherlands. The great ones of the earth, however, those on whom the prince had relied, those to whom he had given his heart, dukes, princes, and electors, in this fatal change of his fortunes "fell away like water."[3]

Still his spirit was unbroken. His letters showed a perfect appreciation of his situation, and of that to which his country was reduced; but they never exhibited a trace of weakness or despair. A modest but lofty courage, a pious but unaffected resignation,

[1] Viglii Epist. ad Joach. Hopp., 79.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 743.

[3] Hoofd, v. 199. Bor, v. 312. See also Alva's fierce complaints that the people who refused his tenth and twentieth pence contributed voluntarily far greater sums to support the schemes of the Prince of Orange (Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. passim. Archives et Corresp., iii. passim).

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breathed through every document, public or private, which fell from his pen during this epoch. He wrote to his brother John that he was quite willing to go to Frankfort in order to give himself up as a hostage to his troops for the payment of their arrears.[1] At the same time he begged his brother to move heaven and earth to raise at least one hundred thousand thalers. If he could only furnish them with a month's pay, the soldiers would perhaps be for a time contented.[2] He gave directions also concerning the disposition of what remained of his plate and furniture, the greater part of it having been already sold and expended in the cause. He thought it would, on the whole, be better to have the remainder sold, piece by piece, at the fair. More money would be raised by that course than by a more wholesale arrangement.[3]

He was now obliged to attend personally to the most minute matters of domestic economy. The man who had been the mate of emperors, who was himself a sovereign, who had lived his life long in pomp and luxury, surrounded by countless nobles, pages, men-at-arms, and menials, now calmly accepted the position of an outlaw and an exile. He cheerfully fulfilled tasks which had formerly devolved upon his grooms and valets. There was an almost pathetic simplicity in the homely details of an existence which, for the moment, had become so obscure and so desperate. "Send by the bearer," he wrote, "the little hackney given me by the admiral. Send also my two pairs of trunk-hose; one pair is at the tailor's to be mended, the other pair you will please

[1] Archives et Correspondance, iii. 355–360.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.

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order to be taken from the things which I wore lately at Dillenburg. They lie on the table with my accoutrements. If the little hackney be not in condition, please send the gray horse with the cropped ears and tail."[1]

He was always mindful, however, not only of the great cause to which he had devoted himself, but of the wants experienced by individuals who had done him service. He never forgot his friends. In the depth of his own misery he remembered favors received from humble persons. "Send a little cup, worth at least a hundred florins, to Hartmann Wolf," he wrote to his brother; "you can take as much silver out of the coffer, in which there is still some of my chapel service remaining."[2] "You will observe that Affenstein is wanting a horse," he wrote on another occasion; "please look him out one, and send it to me with the price. I will send you the money. Since he has shown himself so willing in the cause, one ought to do something for him."[3]

The contest between the duke and the estates on the subject of the tenth and twentieth penny had been for a season adjusted. The two years' term, however, during which it had been arranged that the tax should be commuted, was to expire in the autumn of 1571.[4] Early therefore in this year the disputes were renewed with greater acrimony than ever. The estates felt satisfied that the king was less eager than the viceroy. Viglius was satisfied that the power of Alva was upon the wane. While the king was not likely openly to rebuke his

[1] Archives et Correspondance de la Maison d'Orange, iii. 340, 350.

[2] Ibid., iii. 339.

[3] Ibid., 349, 350.

[4] Viglii Comm. super imp. Dec. Den., s. x.

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recent measures, it seemed not improbable that the governor's reiterated requests to be recalled might be granted. Fortified by these considerations, the president, who had so long been the supple tool of the tyrant, suddenly assumed the character of a popular tribune. The wranglings, the contradictions, the vituperations, the threatenings, now became incessant in the council. The duke found that he had exulted prematurely when he announced to the king the triumphant establishment, in perpetuity, of the lucrative tax. So far from all the estates having given their consent, as he had maintained, and as he had written to Philip, it now appeared that not one of those bodies considered itself bound beyond its quota for the two years. This was formally stated in the council by Berlaymont and other members.[1] The wrath of the duke blazed forth at this announcement. He berated Berlaymont for maintaining, or for allowing it to be maintained, that the consent of the orders had ever been doubtful. He protested that they had as unequivocally agreed to the perpetual imposition of the tax as he to its commutation during two years. He declared, however, that he was sick of quotas. The tax should now be collected forthwith, and Treasurer Schetz was ordered to take his measures accordingly.[2]

At a conference on the 29th May the duke asked Viglius for his opinion. The president made a long reply, taking the ground that the consent of the orders had been only conditional, and appealing to such members of the finance council as were present to confirm his assertion. It was confirmed by all. The duke, in a passion, swore that those who dared maintain such a

[1] Viglii Comm. Dec. Den., s. xxvii.,
[2] Ibid.

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statement should be chastised.[1] Viglius replied that it had always been the custom for councilors to declare their opinion, and that they had never before been threatened with such consequences. If such, however, were his Excellency's sentiments, councilors had better stay at home, hold their tongues, and so avoid chastisement.[2] The duke, controlling himself a little, apologized for this allusion to chastisement, a menace which he disclaimed having intended with reference to councilors whom he had always commended to the king, and of whom his Majesty had so high an opinion. At a subsequent meeting the duke took Viglius aside, and assured him that *he was quite of his own way of thinking. For certain reasons, however, he expressed himself as unwilling that the rest of the council should be aware of the change in his views. He wished, he said, to dissemble.*[3] The astute president, for a moment, could not imagine the governor's drift. He afterward perceived that the object of this little piece of deception had been to close his mouth. The duke obviously conjectured that the president, lulled into security by this secret assurance, would be silent; that the other councilors, believing the president to have adopted the governor's views, would alter their opinions; and that the opposition of the estates, thus losing its support in the council, would likewise very soon be abandoned.[4] The president, however, was not to be entrapped by this falsehood. He resolutely maintained his hostility to the tax, depending for his security on the royal opinion, the popular feeling, and the judgment of his colleagues.

The daily meetings of the board were almost entirely

[1] Viglii Comm. Dec. Den., s. xxviii. [2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid., s. xxx. [4] Ibid.

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occupied by this single subject. Although since the arrival of Alva the Council of Blood had usurped nearly all the functions of the state and finance councils, yet there now seemed a disposition on the part of Alva to seek the countenance, even while he spurned the authority, of other functionaries. He found, however, neither sympathy nor obedience. The president stoutly told him that he was endeavoring to swim against the stream, that the tax was offensive to the people, and that the voice of the people was the voice of God.[1] On the last day of July, however, the duke issued an edict by which summary collection of the tenth and twentieth pence was ordered.[2] The whole country was immediately in uproar. The estates of every province, the assemblies of every city, met and remonstrated. The merchants suspended all business, the petty dealers shut up their shops. The people congregated together in masses, vowing resistance to the illegal and cruel impost.[3] Not a farthing was collected. The "*seven stiver* people,"[4] spies of government, who for that paltry daily stipend were employed to listen for treason in every tavern, in every huckster's booth, in every alley of every city, were now quite unable to report all the curses which were hourly heard uttered against the tyranny of the viceroy. Evidently his power was declining. The councilors resisted him, the common people almost defied him. A mercer to whom he was indebted for thirty thousand florins' worth of goods refused to open his shop, lest the tax should be collected on his mer-

[1] Viglii Comm. Dec. Den., s. xxxv.
[2] Ibid., s. xxxviii.
[3] Ibid., s. xli. Bor, v. 345–348.
[4] Hoofd, v. 197.

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chandise.[1] The duke confiscated his debt, as the mercer had foreseen; but this, being a pecuniary sacrifice, seemed preferable to acquiescence in a measure so vague and so boundless that it might easily absorb the whole property of the country.

No man saluted the governor as he passed through the streets.[2] Hardly an attempt was made by the people to disguise their abhorrence of his person. Alva, on his side, gave daily exhibitions of ungovernable fury. At a council held on the 25th September, 1571, he stated that the king had ordered the immediate enforcement of the edict. Viglius observed that there were many objections to its form. He also stoutly denied that the estates had ever given their consent. Alva fiercely asked the president if he had not himself once maintained that the consent had been granted. Viglius replied that he had never made such an assertion. He had mentioned the conditions and the implied promises on the part of government, by which a partial consent had been extorted. He never could have said that the consent had been accorded, for he had never believed that it could be obtained. He had not proceeded far in his argument when he was interrupted by the duke. "But you said so, you said so, you said so," cried the exasperated governor, in a towering passion, repeating many times this flat contradiction to the president's statements.[3] Viglius firmly stood his ground. Alva loudly denounced him for the little respect he had manifested for his authority. He had hitherto done the

[1] Letter of Comte van den Berg to Prince of Orange, in Arch. et Corresp. de la Maison d'Oran. Nass., iii. 409, 410.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Viglii Comm., etc., s. xlv. xlvi.

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president good offices, he said, with his Majesty, but certainly should not feel justified in concealing his recent and very unhandsome conduct.[1]

Viglius replied that he had always reverently cherished the governor and had endeavored to merit his favor by diligent obsequiousness. He was bound by his oath, however, to utter in council that which comported with his own sentiments and his Majesty's interests. He had done this heretofore in presence of emperors, kings, queens, and regents, and they had not taken offense. He did not, at this hour, tremble for his gray head, and hoped his Majesty would grant him a hearing before condemnation.[2] The firm attitude of the president increased the irritation of the viceroy. Observing that he knew the proper means of enforcing his authority, he dismissed the meeting.[3]

Immediately afterward he received the visits of his son Don Frederick, of Vargas and other familiars. To these he recounted the scene which had taken place, raving the while so ferociously against Viglius as to induce the supposition that something serious was intended against him. The report flew from mouth to mouth. The affair became the town talk, so that, in the words of the president, it was soon discussed by every barber and old woman in Brussels.[4] His friends became alarmed for his safety, while, at the same time, the citizens rejoiced that their cause had found so powerful an advocate. Nothing, however, came of these threats and these explosions. On the contrary, shortly afterward the duke gave orders that the tenth penny should be remitted upon four great articles—corn, meat,

[1] Viglii Comm., etc., s. xlvii. [2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid., s. xlviii. [4] Ibid., l.

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wine, and beer.[1] It was also not to be levied upon raw materials used in manufactures.[2] Certainly these were very important concessions. Still the constitutional objections remained. Alva could not be made to understand why the alcabala, which was raised without difficulty in the little town of Alva, should encounter such fierce opposition in the Netherlands. The estates, he informed the king, made a great deal of trouble. They withheld their consent at command of their satrap. The motive which influenced the leading men was not the interest of factories or fisheries, but the fear *that for the future they might not be able to dictate the law to their sovereign*. The people of that country, he observed, had still the same character which had been described by Julius Cæsar.[3]

The duke, however, did not find much sympathy at Madrid. Courtiers and councilors had long derided his schemes. As for the king, his mind was occupied with more interesting matters. Philip lived but to enforce what he chose to consider the will of God. While the duke was fighting this battle with the Netherland constitutionalists, his master had engaged at home in a secret but most comprehensive scheme. This was a plot to assassinate Queen Elizabeth of England and to liberate Mary Queen of Scots, who was to be placed on the throne in her stead. This project, in which was of course involved the reduction of England under the dominion of the ancient Church, could not but prove attractive to Philip. It included a conspiracy against a friendly sovereign, immense service to the Church,

[1] Viglii Comm., etc., s. vi. See Bor, v. 345–348.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1063.

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and a murder. His passion for intrigue, his love of God, and his hatred of man, would all be gratified at once. Thus, although the Moorish revolt within the heart of his kingdom had hardly been terminated; although his legions and his navies were at that instant engaged in a contest of no ordinary importance with the Turkish empire; although the Netherlands, still maintaining their hostility and their hatred, required the flower of the Spanish army to compel their submission, he did not hesitate to accept the dark adventure which was offered to him by ignoble hands.

One Ridolfi, a Florentine, long resident in England, had been sent to the Netherlands as secret agent of the Duke of Norfolk. Alva read his character immediately, and denounced him to Philip as a loose, prating creature,[1] utterly unfit to be intrusted with affairs of importance. Philip, however, thinking more of the plot than of his fellow-actors, welcomed the agent of the conspiracy to Madrid, listened to his disclosures attentively, and, without absolutely committing himself by direct promises, dismissed him with many expressions of encouragement.

On the 12th of July, 1571, Philip wrote to the Duke of Alva, giving an account of his interview with Roberto Ridolfi.[2] The envoy, after relating the sufferings of the Queen of Scotland, had laid before him a plan for her liberation. If the Spanish monarch were willing to assist the Duke of Norfolk and his friends, it would be easy to put upon Mary's head the crown of England. She was then to intermarry with Norfolk. The king-

[1] "Un gran parlanchin."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 180, note, and 1035.

[2] Ibid., ii. 1038.

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dom of England was again to acknowledge the authority of Rome, and the Catholic religion to be everywhere restored. The most favorable moment for the execution of the plan would be in August or September. As Queen Elizabeth would at that season quit London for the country, an opportunity would be easily found *for seizing and murdering her*. Pius V., to whom Ridolfi had opened the whole matter, highly approved the scheme and warmly urged Philip's coöperation. Poor and ruined as he was himself, the pope protested that he was ready to sell his chalices, and even his own vestments, to provide funds for the cause.[1] Philip had replied that few words were necessary to persuade him. His desire to see the enterprise succeed was extreme, notwithstanding the difficulties by which it was surrounded. He would reflect earnestly upon the subject, in the *hope that God, whose cause it was*, would enlighten and assist him. Thus much he had stated to Ridolfi, but he had informed his council afterward that he was determined to carry out the scheme by certain means of which the duke would soon be informed. The end proposed *was to kill or to capture Elizabeth*, to set at liberty the Queen of Scotland, and to put upon her head the crown of England. In this enterprise he instructed the Duke of Alva secretly to assist, without, however, resorting to open hostilities in his own name or in that of his sovereign. He desired to be informed how many Spaniards the duke could put at the disposition of the conspirators. They had asked for six thousand harque-

[1] "Y offresciendome su assistencia en general, sin descender à cosa particular, mas de que, siendo necessario, *aunque estava muy pobre* y gastado, ponria hasta los calices y su propria veste."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1038.

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busiers for England, two thousand for Scotland, two thousand for Ireland. Besides these troops, the viceroy[1] was directed to provide immediately four thousand harquebuses and two thousand corselets. For the expenses of the enterprise Philip would immediately remit two hundred thousand crowns. Alva was instructed to keep the affair a profound secret from his councilors. Even Hopper at Madrid knew nothing of the matter, while the king had only expressed himself in general terms to the nuncio and to Ridolfi, then already on his way to the Netherlands. The king concluded his letter by saying that from what he had *now written with his own hand* the duke could infer how much he *had this affair at heart*. It was unnecessary for him to say more, persuaded as he was that the duke would take as profound an interest in it as himself.[2]

Alva perceived all the rashness of the scheme, and felt how impossible it would be for him to comply with Philip's orders. To send an army from the Netherlands into England for the purpose of dethroning and killing a most popular sovereign, and at the same time to preserve the most amicable relations with the country, was rather a desperate undertaking. A force of ten thousand Spaniards, under Chiapin Vitelli and other favorite officers of the duke, would hardly prove a trifle to be overlooked, nor would their operations be susceptible of very friendly explanations. The governor therefore assured Philip[3] that he "highly applauded his master

[1] The title of viceroy, occasionally given to the duke, is, of course, not strictly correct, the Netherlands not constituting a kingdom.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1038.

[3] Ibid., ii. 1041.

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for his plot. *He could not help rendering infinite thanks to God for having made him vassal to such a prince.*" He praised exceedingly the resolution which his Majesty had taken.[1] After this preamble, however, he proceeded to pour cold water upon his sovereign's ardor. He decidedly expressed the opinion that Philip should not proceed in such an undertaking until, at any rate, the party of the Duke of Norfolk had obtained possession of Elizabeth's person. Should the king declare himself prematurely, he might be sure that the Venetians, breaking off their alliance with him, would make their peace with the Turk, and that Elizabeth would perhaps conclude that marriage with the Duke of Alençon which now seemed but a pleasantry. Moreover, he expressed his want of confidence in the Duke of Norfolk, whom he considered as a poor creature with but little courage.[2] He also expressed his doubts concerning the prudence and capacity of Don Gueran de Espes, his Majesty's ambassador at London.

It was not long before these machinations became known in England. The Queen of Scots was guarded more closely than ever, the Duke of Norfolk was arrested; yet Philip, whose share in the conspiracy had remained a secret, was not discouraged by the absolute explosion of the whole affair. He still held to an impossible purpose with a tenacity which resembled fatuity. He avowed that his obligations in the sight of God were so strict that he was still determined to

[1] "*Yo no puedo dexar de dar le (à Dios) infinitas gracias que me haya hecho vasallo de tal principe,* y alabar mucho la resolucion que V. M. ha tomado."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1041.

[2] "Al duque tengo le por flaco y de poco animo."—Ibid.

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proceed in the sacred cause.[1] He remitted, therefore the promised funds to the Duke of Alva, and urged him to act with proper secrecy and promptness.

The viceroy was not a little perplexed by these remarkable instructions. None but lunatics could continue to conspire after the conspiracy had been exposed and the conspirators arrested. Yet this was what his Catholic Majesty expected of his governor-general. Alva complained, not unreasonably, of the contradictory demands to which he was subjected.[2] He was to cause no rupture with England, yet he was to send succor to an imprisoned traitor; he was to keep all his operations secret from his council, yet he was to send all his army out of the country and to organize an expensive campaign. He sneered at the flippancy of Ridolfi, who imagined that it was the work of a moment to seize the Queen of England, to liberate the Queen of Scotland, to take possession of the Tower of London, and to burn the fleet in the Thames. "Were *your Majesty* and the *Queen of England acting together*," he observed, "it would be impossible to execute the plan proposed by Ridolfi."[3] The chief danger to be apprehended was from France and Germany. Were those countries not to interfere, he would undertake to make Philip sovereign of England before the winter.[4] Their opposition, however, was sufficient to make the enterprise not only difficult, but impossible. He begged his master not to be precipitate in the most important affair which had been negotiated by man *since Christ came upon earth*. Nothing less, he said, than the exis-

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1043.
[2] Ibid., ii. 1045. [3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid.

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tence of the Christian faith was at stake, for, should his Majesty fail in this undertaking, not one stone of the *ancient religion would be left upon another*.[1] He again warned the king of the contemptible character of Ridolfi, who had spoken of the affair so freely that it was a common subject of discussion on the Bourse at Antwerp,[2] and he reiterated in all his letters his distrust of the parties prominently engaged in the transaction.

Such was the general tenor of the long despatches exchanged between the king and the Duke of Alva upon this iniquitous scheme. The duke showed himself reluctant throughout the whole affair, although he certainly never opposed his master's project by any arguments founded upon good faith, Christian charity, or the sense of honor. To kill the Queen of England, subvert the laws of her realm, burn her fleets, and butcher her subjects, while the mask of amity and entire consideration was sedulously preserved—all these projects were admitted to be strictly meritorious in themselves, although objections were taken as to the time and mode of execution.

Alva never positively refused to accept his share in the enterprise, but he took care not to lift his finger till the catastrophe in England had made all attempts futile. Philip, on the other hand, never positively withdrew from the conspiracy, but, after an infinite deal of writ-

[1] "Por amor de Dios pido à V. M. que su gran celo no le lleve à errar el mayor negotio de Dios que se ha tratado despues que el vino à la tierra, porque no pende menos que acabarse su religion, que errandole V. M. no queda en toda la Cristianidad piedra sobre piedra en ella."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1045.

[2] Ibid., ii. 1049.

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ing and intriguing, concluded by leaving the whole affair in the hands of Alva.[1] The only sufferer for Philip's participation in the plot was the Spanish envoy at London, Don Gueran de Espes. This gentleman was formally dismissed by Queen Elizabeth for having given treacherous and hostile advice to the Duke of Alva and to Philip, but her Majesty at the same time expressed the most profound consideration for her brother of Spain.[2]

Toward the close of the same year, however (December, 1571), Alva sent two other Italian assassins to England, bribed by the promise of vast rewards to attempt the life of Elizabeth quietly, by poison or otherwise.[3] The envoy Mondoucet, in apprising the French monarch of this scheme, added that the duke was so ulcerated and annoyed by the discovery of the previous enterprise that nothing could exceed his rage. These ruffians were not destined to success, but the attempts of the duke upon the queen's life were renewed from time to time. Eighteen months later (August, 1573), two Scotchmen, pensioners of Philip, came from Spain, with secret orders to consult with Alva. They had accordingly much negotiation with the duke and his secretary, Albornoz. They boasted that they could easily capture Elizabeth, but said that the king's purpose was to kill her.[4] The plan, wrote Mondoucet, was

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1051.

[2] Letter of Queen Elizabeth to Philip II., in Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1069.

[3] Correspondance Charles IX. et Mondoucet, Com. Roy. de l'Hist., iv. 340 sqq.

[4] "Mon maistre a bien eu moyen de faire prisonnier la royne d'Angleterre, mais il la voulloit tuer," etc.—Ibid.

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the same as it had been before, namely, to murder the Queen of England and to give her crown to Mary of Scotland, who would thus be in their power, and whose son was to be seized, and bestowed in marriage in such a way as to make them perpetual masters of both kingdoms.[1]

It does not belong to this history to discuss the merits, nor to narrate the fortunes, of that bickering and fruitless alliance which had been entered into at this period by Philip with Venice and the holy see against the Turk. The revolt of Granada had at last, after a two years' struggle, been subdued, and the remnants of the romantic race which had once swayed the Peninsula been swept into slavery. The Moors had sustained the unequal conflict with a constancy not to have been expected of so gentle a people. "If a nation meek as lambs could resist so bravely," said the Prince of Orange, "what ought not to be expected of a hardy people like the Netherlanders?"[2] Don John of Austria, having concluded a series of somewhat inglorious forays against women, children, and bedridden old men in Andalusia and Granada, had arrived, in August of this year, at Naples, to take command of the combined fleet in the Levant.[3] The battle of Lepanto had been fought,[4] but the quarrelsome and contradictory conduct of the allies had rendered the splendid victory as barren as the waves upon which it had been won. It was no less

[1] Correspondance Charles IX. et Mondoucet, Com. Roy. de l'Hist., iv. 340 sqq.

[2] Archives et Correspondance, iii. 362.

[3] De Thou, t. vi. liv. l. 226 et seq. Cabrera, ix. xxiii. 678 et seq.

[4] De Thou, t. vi. 238 et seq. Cabrera, ix. 23, 692, 693.

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true, however, that the blunders of the infidels had previously enabled Philip to extricate himself with better success from the dangers of the Moorish revolt than might have been his fortune. Had the rebels succeeded in holding Granada and the mountains of Andalusia, and had they been supported, as they had a right to expect, by the forces of the Sultan, a different aspect might have been given to the conflict, and one far less triumphant for Spain. Had a prince of vigorous ambition and comprehensive policy governed at that moment the Turkish empire, it would have cost Philip a serious struggle to maintain himself in his hereditary dominions. While he was plotting against the life and throne of Elizabeth, he might have had cause to tremble for his own. Fortunately, however, for his Catholic Majesty, Selim was satisfied to secure himself in the possession of the isle of Venus, with its fruitful vineyards. "To shed the blood" of Cyprian vines, in which he was so enthusiastic a connoisseur, was to him a more exhilarating occupation than to pursue, amid carnage and hardships, the splendid dream of a reëstablished Eastern califate.[1]

On the 25th September, 1571, a commission of Governor-General of the Netherlands was at last issued to John de la Cerda, Duke of Medina-Celi.[2] Philip, in compliance with the duke's repeated requests, and perhaps not entirely satisfied with the recent course of events in the provinces, had at last, after great hesitation, consented to Alva's resignation. His successor, however, was not immediately to take his departure, and in the meantime the duke was instructed to persevere in his faithful

[1] De Thou, vi. l. 50. Cabrera, lib. ix., etc.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1055.

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services. These services had, for the present, reduced themselves to a perpetual and not very triumphant altercation with his council, with the estates, and with the people, on the subject of his abominable tax. He was entirely alone. They who had stood unflinchingly at his side when the only business of the administration was to burn heretics turned their backs upon him now that he had engaged in this desperate conflict with the whole money power of the country. The king was far from cordial in his support, the councilors much too crafty to retain their hold upon the wheel to which they had only attached themselves in its ascent. Viglius and Berlaymont, Noircarmes and Aerschot, opposed and almost defied the man they now thought sinking, and kept the king constantly informed of the vast distress which the financial measures of the duke were causing.[1]

Quite at the close of the year, an elaborate petition from the estates of Brabant was read before the state council.[2] It contained a strong remonstrance against the tenth penny. Its repeal was strongly urged, upon the ground that its collection would involve the country in universal ruin. Upon this, Alva burst forth in one of the violent explosions of rage to which he was subject. The prosperity of the Netherlands, he protested, was not dearer to the inhabitants than to himself. He swore by the cross, and by the most holy of holies, preserved in the Church of St. Gudule, that had he been but a private individual living in Spain, he would, out

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1056. Letter from Bishop of Ypres to Philip, 1073, 1074. Reports drawn up by Don Francis de Alava on the state of the provinces, 1097. Letters from bishops of Ypres, Ghent, Bruges.

[2] Viglii Comm. Dec. Den., s. lx.

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of the love he bore the provinces, have rushed to their defense had their safety been endangered.[1] He felt therefore deeply wounded that malevolent persons should thus insinuate that he had even wished to injure the country, or to exercise tyranny over its citizens. The tenth penny, he continued, was necessary to the defense of the land, and was much preferable to quotas. *It was highly improper that every man in the rabble should know how much was contributed, because each individual, learning the gross amount, would imagine that he had paid it all himself.*[2] In conclusion, he observed that, broken in health and stricken in years as he felt himself, he was now most anxious to return, and was daily looking with eagerness for the arrival of the Duke of Medina-Celi.[3]

During the course of this same year the Prince of Orange had been continuing his preparations. He had sent his agents to every place where a hope was held out to him of obtaining support. Money was what he was naturally most anxious to obtain from individuals; open and warlike assistance what he demanded from governments. His funds, little by little, were increasing, owing to the generosity of many obscure persons, and to the daring exploits of the beggars of the sea. His mission, however, to the northern courts had failed. His envoys had been received in Sweden and Denmark with barren courtesy.[4] The Duke of Alva, on the other hand, never alluded to the prince but with contempt, knowing not that the ruined outlaw was slowly undermining the very ground beneath the monarch's feet;

[1] Viglii Comm. Dec. Den., s. lx.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., lxi.
[4] Bor, v. 334–340. Hoofd, vi. 210.

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dreaming not that the feeble strokes which he despised were the opening blows of a century's conflict; foreseeing not that long before its close the chastised province was to expand into a great republic, and that the name of the outlaw was to become almost divine.

Granvelle had already recommended that the young Count de Buren should be endowed with certain lands in Spain, in exchange for his hereditary estates, in order that the name and fame of the rebel William should be forever extinguished in the Netherlands.[1] With the same view, a new sentence against the Prince of Orange was now proposed by the viceroy. This was to execute him solemnly in effigy, to drag his escutcheon through the streets at the tails of horses, and after having broken it in pieces, and thus canceled his armorial bearings, to declare him and his descendants ignoble, infamous, and incapable of holding property or estates.[2] Could a leaf or two of future history have been unrolled to king, cardinal, and governor, they might have found the destined fortune of the illustrious rebel's house not exactly in accordance with the plan of summary extinction thus laid down.

Not discouraged, the prince continued to send his emissaries in every direction. Diedrich Sonoy, his most trustworthy agent, who had been chief of the legation to the northern courts, was now actively canvassing the governments and peoples of Germany with the same object.[3] Several remarkable papers from the hand of Orange were used upon this service. A letter, drawn up and signed by his own hand, recited, in brief and striking language, the history of his campaign in 1568,

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 959.
[2] Ibid., ii. 1027. [3] Bor, vi. 362.

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and of his subsequent efforts in the sacred cause.[1] It was now necessary, he said, that others besides himself should partake of his sacrifices. This he stated plainly and eloquently. The document was in truth a letter asking arms for liberty. "For although all things," said the prince, "are in the hand of God, and although he has created all things out of naught, yet hath he granted to different men different means whereby, as with various instruments, he accomplishes his almighty purposes. Thereto hath he endowed some with strength of body, others with worldly wealth, others with still different gifts, all of which are to be used by their possessors to his honor and glory, if they wish not to incur the curse of the unworthy steward who buried his talent in the earth. . . . Now ye may easily see," he continued, "that the prince cannot carry out this great work alone, having lost land, people, and goods, and having already employed in the cause all which had remained to him, besides incurring heavy obligations in addition."[2]

Similar instructions were given to other agents, and a paper called the "Harangue," drawn up according to his suggestions, was also extensively circulated. This document is important to all who are interested in his history and character.[3] He had not before issued a missive so stamped with the warm religious impress of the reforming party. Sadly, but without despondency, the "Harangue" recalled the misfortunes of the past and depicted the gloom of the present. Earnestly, but not fanatically, it stimulated hope and solicited aid for the future. "Although the appeals made to the prince," so

[1] See it in Bor, vi. 362, 363.

[2] Bor, ubi sup.

[3] See the Harangue in Bor, vi. 363–365.

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ran a part of the document, "be of diverse natures and various in their recommendations, yet do they all tend to the advancement of God's glory and to the liberation of the fatherland. This it is which enables him and those who think with him to endure hunger, thirst, cold, heat, and all the misfortunes which Heaven may send. . . . Our enemies spare neither their money nor their labor; will ye be colder and duller than your foes? Let, then, each church congregation set an example to the others. We read that King Saul, when he would liberate the men of Jabesh from the hands of Nahash the Ammonite, hewed a yoke of oxen in pieces, and sent them as tokens over all Israel, saying, 'Ye who will not follow Saul and Samuel, with them shall be dealt even as with these oxen. And the fear of the Lord came upon the people; they came forth, and the men of Jabesh were delivered.' Ye have here the same warning: look to it; watch well, ye that despise it, lest the wrath of God, which the men of Israel by their speedy obedience escaped, descend upon your heads. . . . Ye may say that ye are banished men. 'T is true; but thereby are ye not stripped of all faculty of rendering service; moreover, your assistance is asked for one who will restore ye to your homes. Ye may say that ye have been robbed of all your goods; yet many of you have still something remaining, and of that little ye should contribute, each his mite. Ye say that you have given much already. 'T is true; but the enemy is again in the field, fierce for your subjugation, sustained by the largess of his supporters. Will ye be less courageous, less generous, than your foes?"[1]

[1] Harangue of the Commissioners of my Lord the Prince of Orange, ubi sup.

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These urgent appeals did not remain fruitless. The strength of the prince was slowly but steadily increasing. Meantime the abhorrence with which Alva was universally regarded had nearly reached to frenzy. In the beginning of the year 1572, Don Francis de Alava, Philip's ambassador in France, visited Brussels.[1] He had already been enlightened as to the consequences of the duke's course by the immense immigration of Netherland refugees to France, which he had witnessed with his own eyes. On his journey toward Brussels he had been met near Cambray by Noircarmes. Even that "cruel animal," as Hoogstraaten had called him, the butcher of Tournay and Valenciennes, had at last been roused to alarm, if not to pity, by the sufferings of the country. "The duke will never disabuse his mind of this filthy tenth penny,"[2] said he to Alava. He sprang from his chair with great emotion as the ambassador alluded to the flight of merchants and artisans from the provinces. "Señor Don Francis," cried he, "there are ten thousand more who are on the point of leaving the country if the governor does not pause in his career. God grant that no disaster arise beyond human power to remedy."[3]

The ambassador arrived in Brussels, and took up his lodgings in the palace. Here he found the duke just recovering from a fit of the gout, in a state of mind sufficiently savage. He became much excited as Don Francis began to speak of the emigration, and he assured him that there was gross deception on the subject.[4] The envoy replied that he could not be mistaken, for it

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1073, 1074.
[2] "Desta negra decima."—Ibid., ii. 1073.
[3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

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was a matter which, so to speak, he had touched with his own fingers and seen with his own eyes. The duke, persisting that Don Francis had been abused and misinformed, turned the conversation to other topics. Next day the ambassador received visits from Berlaymont and his son, the Seigneur de Hierges. He was taken aside by each of them separately. "Thank God you have come hither," said they, in nearly the same words, "that you may fully comprehend the condition of the provinces, and without delay admonish his Majesty of the impending danger."[1] All his visitors expressed the same sentiments. Don Frederick of Toledo furnished the only exception, assuring the envoy that his father's financial measures were opposed by Noircarmes and others only because they deprived them of their occupation and their influence.[2] This dutiful language, however, was to be expected in one of whom Secretary Albornoz had written that he was the greatest comfort to his father, and the most divine genius ever known.[3] It was unfortunately corroborated by no other inhabitant of the country.

On the third day Don Francis went to take his leave. The duke begged him to inform his Majesty of the impatience with which he was expecting the arrival of his successor.[4] He then informed his guest that they had already begun to collect the tenth penny in Brabant, the most obstinate of all the provinces. "What do you say to that, Don Francis?" he cried, with exultation. Alava replied that he thought, none the less, that the tax

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1073. [2] Ibid.

[3] "El mas divino ingenio."—Letter to Cayas, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 886.

[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1073.

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would encounter many obstacles, and begged him earnestly to reflect. He assured him, moreover, that he should without reserve express his opinions fully to the king. The duke used the same language which Don Frederick had held concerning the motives of those who opposed the tax. "It may be so," said Don Francis, "but, at any rate, all have agreed to sing to the same tune." A little startled, the duke rejoined, "Do you doubt that the cities will keep their promises? Depend upon it, I shall find the means to compel them." "God grant it may be so," said Alava, "but in my poor judgment you will have need of all your prudence and of all your authority."[1]

The ambassador did not wait till he could communicate with his sovereign by word of mouth. He forwarded to Spain an ample account of his observations and deductions. He painted to Philip in lively colors the hatred entertained by all men for the duke. The whole nation, he assured his Majesty, united in one cry: "Let him begone, let him begone, let him begone!"[2] As for the imposition of the tenth penny, that, in the opinion of Don Francis, was utterly impossible. He moreover warned his Majesty that Alva was busy in forming secret alliances with the Catholic princes of Europe, which would necessarily lead to defensive leagues among the Protestants.[3]

While thus, during the earlier part of the year 1572, the Prince of Orange, discouraged by no defeats, was indefatigable in his exertions to maintain the cause of liberty, and while at the same time the most stanch sup-

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1073.

[2] "Todo el pueblo esta en *vaya, vaya, vaya!*"—Ibid., ii. 1074.

[3] Ibid.

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porters of arbitrary power were unanimous in denouncing to Philip the insane conduct of his viceroy, the letters of Alva himself were naturally full of complaints and expostulations. It was in vain, he said, for him to look for a confidential councilor, now that matters which he had wished to be kept so profoundly secret that the very earth should not hear of them had been proclaimed aloud above the tiles of every housetop.[1] Nevertheless, he would be cut into little pieces but his Majesty should be obeyed while he remained alive to enforce the royal commands.[2] There were none who had been ever faithful but Berlaymont, he said, and even *he* had been neutral in the affair of the tax. He had rendered therein neither good nor bad offices, but, as his Majesty was aware, Berlaymont was entirely ignorant of business, and "knew nothing more than to be a good fellow."[3] That being the case, he recommended Hierges, son of the "good fellow," as a proper person to be governor of Friesland.[4]

The deputations appointed by the different provinces to confer personally with the king received a reprimand upon their arrival for having dared to come to Spain without permission. Further punishment, however, than this rebuke was not inflicted. They were assured that the king was highly displeased with their venturing to bring remonstrances against the tax, but they were comforted with the assurance that his Majesty would take the subject of their petition into consideration.[5]

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1095. [2] Ibid.

[3] "Y no sabe mas que ser buen hombre."—Ibid., ii. 1103.

[4] Ibid.

[5] "Relation of what passed from the arrival of the deputies at Madrid till 20th April, 1572," ibid., ii. 1105.

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Thus the expectations of Alva were disappointed, for the tenth penny was not formally confirmed; and the hopes of the provinces frustrated, because it was not distinctly disavowed.

Matters had reached another crisis in the provinces. "Had we money now," wrote the Prince of Orange, "we should, with the help of God, hope to effect something. This is a time when with even small sums more can be effected than at other seasons with ampler funds."[1] The citizens were in open revolt against the tax. In order that the tenth penny should not be levied upon every sale of goods, the natural but desperate remedy was adopted—no goods were sold at all. Not only the wholesale commerce of the provinces was suspended, but the minute and indispensable traffic of daily life was entirely at a stand. The shops were all shut. "The brewers," says a contemporary, "refused to brew, the bakers to bake, the tapsters to tap."[2] Multitudes thrown entirely out of employment, and wholly dependent upon charity, swarmed in every city. The soldiery, furious for their pay, which Alva had for many months neglected to furnish, grew daily more insolent; the citizens, maddened by outrage and hardened by despair, became more and more obstinate in their resistance; while the duke, rendered inflexible by opposition and insane by wrath, regarded the ruin which he had caused with a malignant spirit which had long ceased to be human. "The disease is gnawing at our vitals," wrote Viglius;[3] "everybody is suffering for the want of the

[1] Bor, vi. 362.

[2] "De Brouwers en wilden niet brouwen, de Backers en wilden niet backen, noch Tappers niet tappen."—Ibid., vi. 361.

[3] Viglii Epist. ad Joach. Hopper, 126.

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necessaries of life. Multitudes are in extreme and hopeless poverty. My interest in the welfare of the commonwealth," he continued, "induces me to send these accounts to Spain. For myself, I fear nothing. Broken by sickness and acute physical suffering, I should leave life without regret."

The aspect of the capital was that of a city stricken with the plague. Articles of the most absolute necessity could not be obtained. It was impossible to buy bread or meat or beer. The tyrant, beside himself with rage at being thus braved in his very lair, privately sent for Master Carl, the executioner.[1] In order to exhibit an unexpected and salutary example, he had determined to hang eighteen of the leading tradesmen of the city in the doors of their own shops, with the least possible delay and without the slightest form of trial.[2] Master Carl was ordered, on the very night of his interview with the duke, to prepare eighteen strong cords, and eighteen ladders twelve feet in length.[3] By this simple arrangement Alva was disposed to make manifest on the morrow, to the burghers of Brussels, that justice was thenceforth to be carried to every man's door. He supposed that the spectacle of a dozen and a half of butchers and bakers suspended in front of the shops which they had refused to open would give a more effective stimulus to trade than any to be expected from argument or proclamation. The hangman was making ready his cords and ladders; Don Frederick of Toledo was closeted with President Viglius,[4] who, somewhat

[1] Bor, vi. 361.
[2] Ibid. Strada, lib. vii. 357. Hoofd, vi. 216.
[3] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.
[4] Bor, vi. 361. Hoofd, vi. 216.

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against his will, was aroused at midnight to draw the warrants for these impromptu executions; Alva was waiting with grim impatience for the dawn upon which the show was to be exhibited, when an unforeseen event suddenly arrested the homely tragedy. In the night arrived the intelligence that the town of Brill had been captured. The duke, feeling the full gravity of the situation, postponed the chastisement which he had thus secretly planned to a more convenient season, in order without an instant's hesitation to avert the consequences of this new movement on the part of the rebels. The seizure of Brill was the *Deus ex machinâ* which unexpectedly solved both the inextricable knot of the situation and the hangman's noose.[1]

Allusion has more than once been made to those formidable partizans of the patriot cause, the marine outlaws. Cheated of half their birthright by nature, and now driven forth from their narrow isthmus by tyranny, the exiled Hollanders took to the ocean. Its boundless fields, long arable to their industry, became fatally fruitful now that oppression was transforming a peaceful seafaring people into a nation of corsairs. Driven to outlawry and poverty, no doubt many Netherlanders plunged into crime. The patriot party had long since laid aside the respectful deportment which had provoked the sarcasms of the loyalists. The beggars of the sea asked their alms through the mouths of their cannon. Unfortunately, they but too often made their demands upon both friend and foe.[2] Every ruined

[1] Strada, lib. vii. 357. Bor, Hoofd, supra.

[2] Letter of Prince of Orange to the refugee church at London, 26th February, 1573, Archives de la Maison d'Orange Nassau, iv. 63–66.

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merchant, every banished lord, every reckless mariner, who was willing to lay the commercial world under contribution to repair his damaged fortunes, could, without much difficulty, be supplied with a vessel and crew at some northern port, under color of cruising against the viceroy's government.[1] Nor was the ostensible motive simply a pretext. To make war upon Alva was the leading object of all these freebooters, and they were usually furnished by the Prince of Orange, in his capacity of sovereign, with letters of marque for that purpose.[2] The prince, indeed, did his utmost to control and direct an evil which had inevitably grown out of the horrors of the time. His admiral, William de la Marck, was, however, incapable of comprehending the lofty purposes of his superior. A wild, sanguinary, licentious noble, wearing his hair and beard unshorn, according to ancient Batavian custom, until the death of his relative, Egmont, should have been expiated, a worthy descendant of the Wild Boar of Ardennes, this hirsute and savage corsair seemed an embodiment of vengeance. He had sworn to wreak upon Alva and upon popery the deep revenge owed to them by the Netherland nobility, and in the cruelties afterward practised by him upon monks and priests the Blood-Council learned that their example had made at least one ripe scholar among the rebels.[3]

[1] "Nam audacissimus quisque Belgica extorres et inops exilium metuentes, in naves se conjecerant, aliasque complures obvias per vim, nacti, aucto numero, prædabundi oceano et per oram maritimam vagabantur. In hanc multitudinem Aurasionensis, quanquam jus et regimen aberant, speciem imperii retinebat, distributis per codicillos potestatibus."—Grotii Annal., lib. ii. 49. [2] Ibid.

[3] Vide Bor, vi. 365. V. Meteren, 64. Hoofd, 216 seq. See also Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vi. 86; Van der Vynckt, ii. 127; Grotii Ann., lib. ii. 49; Ulloa, Comment., i. 60.

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He was lying, at this epoch, with his fleet on the southern coast of England, from which advantageous position he was now to be ejected in a summary manner.[1]

The negotiations between the Duke of Alva and Queen Elizabeth had already assumed an amicable tone, and were fast ripening to an adjustment. It lay by no means in that sovereign's disposition to involve herself at this juncture in a war with Philip, and it was urged upon her government by Alva's commissioners that the continued countenance afforded by the English people to the Netherland cruisers must inevitably lead to that result. In the latter days of March, therefore, a sentence of virtual excommunication was pronounced against De la Marck and his rovers. A peremptory order of Elizabeth forbade any of her subjects to supply them

[1] The practice of effecting marine insurances took a great and rapid extension from these and similar piracies. Renom de France MS. (ii. 12) supposes the system to have been invented by the Antwerp merchants at this epoch. The custom, however, was doubtless established at an earlier period in Flanders, England, Italy, and Spain. The statute 43 Eliz. c. 12, on the subject, speaks of the immemorial usage among merchants, both English and foreign, to procure insurance on ships and goods. The Duke of Alva, at this time, after consultation with the merchants, drew up an edict regulating contracts of assurance; stipulating that the sum insured should be less than the just and common value of the property insured, one tenth at least remaining at the risk of the insurer, and prescribing the forms for the policies. A public officer was appointed to keep register of these contracts, which without such registration were to be invalid. Masters, pilots, and sailors were not allowed to insure their wages or anything belonging to them. Fraud on the part of the insurers or the insured was punished with death and confiscation. These contracts were, however, entirely insufficient to protect vessels, which were plundered daily by "ce canaille de corsaires," which infested every sea and bay. —Renom de France MS., ii. c. 12.

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with meat, bread, or beer.[1] The command being strictly complied with, their further stay was rendered impossible. Twenty-four vessels accordingly, of various sizes, commanded by De la Marck, Treslong, Adam van Haren, Brand, and other distinguished seamen, set sail from Dover[2] in the very last days of March.[3] Being almost in a state of starvation, these adventurers were naturally anxious to supply themselves with food. They determined to make a sudden foray upon the coasts of North Holland, and accordingly steered for Enkhuizen, both because it was a rich seaport and because it contained many secret partizans of the prince. On Palm Sunday they captured two Spanish merchantmen. Soon afterward, however, the wind becoming contrary, they were unable to double the Helder or the Texel, and on Tuesday, the 1st of April, having abandoned their original intention, they dropped down toward Zealand, and entered the broad mouth of the river Meuse. Between the town of Brill, upon the southern lip of this estuary, and Maaslandsluis, about half a league distant upon the opposite side, the squadron suddenly appeared at about two o'clock of an April afternoon, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants of both places.[4] It seemed too large a fleet to be a mere collection of trading-vessels, nor did they appear to be Spanish ships. Peter Koppelstok, a sagacious ferryman, informed the passengers whom he happened to be conveying across the river that the strangers were evidently the water beg-

[1] Bor, vi. 365, 366.

[2] Probably Dover. See in particular Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vi. 77; also Meteren, 68.

[3] Bor, ubi sup. Wagenaer, vi. 340 seq.

[4] Bor, ubi sup. Hoofd, pp. 216, 217.

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gars.[1] The dreaded name filled his hearers with consternation, and they became eager to escape from so perilous a vicinity. Having duly landed his customers, however, who hastened to spread the news of the impending invasion and to prepare for defense or flight, the stout ferryman, who was secretly favorable to the cause of liberty, rowed boldly out to inquire the destination and purposes of the fleet.

The vessel which he first hailed was that commanded by William de Blois, Seigneur of Treslong. This adventurous noble, whose brother had been executed by the Duke of Alva in 1568,[2] had himself fought by the side of Count Louis at Jemmingen, and, although covered with wounds, had been one of the few who escaped alive from that horrible carnage. During the intervening period he had become one of the most famous rebels on the ocean, and he had always been well known in Brill, where his father had been governor for the king.[3] He at once recognized Koppelstok, and hastened with him on board the admiral's ship, assuring De la Marck that the ferryman was exactly the man for their purpose. It was absolutely necessary that a landing should be effected, for the people were without the necessaries of life. Captain Martin Brand had visited the ship of Adam van Haren as soon as they had dropped anchor in the Meuse, begging for food. "I gave him a cheese," said Adam, afterward relating the occurrence, "and assured him that it was the last article of food to be found in the ship."[4] The other vessels were equally

[1] Bor, Hoofd, Wagenaer, ubi sup.

[2] Sententien van Alva, 73, 74.

[3] Bor, vi. 366.

[4] Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vi. 78, from a MS. journal kept by Adam van Haren himself.

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destitute. Under the circumstances it was necessary to attempt a landing. Treslong, therefore, who was really the hero of this memorable adventure, persuaded De la Marck to send a message to the city of Brill, demanding its surrender. This was a bold summons to be made by a handful of men, three or four hundred at most,[1] who were both metaphorically and literally beggars. The city of Brill was not populous, but it was well walled and fortified. It was, moreover, a most commodious port. Treslong gave his signet-ring to the fisherman Koppelstok, and ordered him, thus accredited as an envoy, to carry their summons to the magistracy.[2] Koppelstok, nothing loath, instantly rowed ashore, pushed through the crowd of inhabitants, who overwhelmed him with questions, and made his appearance in the town house before the assembled magistrates. He informed them that he had been sent by the admiral of the fleet and by Treslong, who was well known to them, to demand that two commissioners should be sent out on the part of the city to confer with the patriots. He was bidden, he said, to give assurance that the deputies would be courteously treated. The only object of those who had sent him was to free the land from the tenth penny, and to overthrow the tyranny of Alva and his Spaniards. Hereupon he was asked by the magistrates how large a force De la Marck had under

[1] Bor states their numbers at two hundred and fifty (vi. 366). Hoofd follows Bor. Mendoza (f. 111) says there were eleven hundred in all. The Duke of Alva, in his letter of 26th April, 1572 (No. 1107, Correspondance de Philippe II.), estimates them at between seven and eight hundred. Bentivoglio (lib. v. 88) says one thousand.

[2] Bor, Hoofd, Van Wyn.

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his command. To this question the ferryman carelessly replied that there might *be some five thousand in all.*[1] This enormous falsehood produced its effect upon the magistrates. There was now no longer any inclination to resist the invaders, the only question discussed being whether to treat with them or to fly. On the whole, it was decided to do both. With some difficulty, two deputies were found sufficiently valiant to go forth to negotiate with the beggars, while in their absence most of the leading burghers and functionaries made their preparations for flight. The envoys were assured by De la Marck and Treslong that no injury was intended to the citizens or to private property, but that the overthrow of Alva's government was to be instantly accomplished. Two hours were given to the magistrates in which to decide whether or not they would surrender the town and accept the authority of De la Marck as admiral of the Prince of Orange. They employed the two hours thus granted in making an ignominious escape. Their example was followed by most of the townspeople. When the invaders, at the expiration of the specified term, appeared under the walls of the city, they found a few inhabitants of the lower class gazing at them from above, but received no official communication from any source.[2]

The whole rebel force was now divided into two parties, one of which, under Treslong, made an attack upon the southern gate, while the other, commanded by the admiral, advanced upon the northern. Treslong after a short struggle succeeded in forcing his entrance, and arrested, in doing so, the governor of the city, just

[1] Hoofd, vi. 218.

[2] Bor, vi. 366. Hoofd, vi. 218.

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taking his departure. De la Marck and his men made a bonfire at the northern gate, and then battered down the half-burned portal with the end of an old mast.[1] Thus rudely and rapidly did the Netherland patriots conduct their first successful siege. The two parties, not more perhaps than two hundred and fifty men in all, met before sunset in the center of the city, and the foundation of the Dutch Republic was laid. The weary spirit of freedom, so long a fugitive over earth and sea, had at last found a resting-place which rude and even ribald hands had prepared.

The panic created by the first appearance of the fleet had been so extensive that hardly fifty citizens had remained in the town. The rest had all escaped, with as much property as they could carry away. The admiral, in the name of the Prince of Orange as lawful stadholder of Philip, took formal possession of an almost deserted city. No indignity was offered to the inhabitants of either sex, but as soon as the conquerors were fairly established in the best houses of the place the inclination to plunder the churches could no longer be restrained. The altars and images were all destroyed, the rich furniture and gorgeous vestments appropriated to private use. Adam van Haren appeared on his vessel's deck attired in a magnificent high-mass chasuble. Treslong thenceforth used no drinking-cups in his cabin save the golden chalices of the sacrament. Unfortunately, their hatred to popery was not confined to such demonstrations. Thirteen unfortunate monks and priests, who had been unable to effect their escape, were arrested and thrown into prison, from whence they were taken a few days later, by order of the fero-

[1] Bor, vi. 366. Hoofd, Wagenaer.

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cious admiral, and executed under circumstances of great barbarity.[1]

The news of this important exploit spread with great rapidity. Alva, surprised at the very moment of venting his rage on the butchers and grocers of Brussels, deferred this savage design in order to deal with the new difficulty. He had certainly not expected such a result from the ready compliance of Queen Elizabeth with his request. His rage was excessive; the triumph of the people, by whom he was cordially detested, proportionably great. The punsters of Brussels were sure not to let such an opportunity escape them, for the name of the captured town was susceptible of a quibble, and the event had taken place upon All Fools' day.

> On April Fool's day,
> Duke Alva's spectacles were stolen away,

became a popular couplet.[2] The word "spectacles," in Flemish, as well as the name of the suddenly surprised city, being Brill, this allusion to the duke's loss and implied purblindness was not destitute of ingenuity. A caricature, too, was extensively circulated, representing De la Marck stealing the duke's spectacles from his nose, while the governor was supposed to be uttering his habitual expression whenever any intelligence of importance was brought to him: "No es nada, no es nada" ("'T is nothing, 't is nothing").[3]

[1] Bor, vi. 366, 367. Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vi. 84, note 10.

[2] Bor, vi. 366:

> "Den eersten dag van April
> Verloor Duc d'Alva zijnen Bril."

[3] Vie du Duc d'Albe, i. 403. Van der Vynckt, ii. 142.

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The duke, however, lost not an instant in attempting to repair the disaster. Count Bossu, who had acted as stadholder of Holland and Zealand, under Alva's authority, since the Prince of Orange had resigned that office, was ordered at once to recover the conquered seaport, if possible.[1]

Hastily gathering a force of some ten companies from the garrison of Utrecht, some of which very troops had recently, and unluckily for government, been removed from Brill to that city, the count crossed the Sluis to the island of Voorn upon Easter day, and sent a summons to the rebel force to surrender Brill. The patriots, being very few in number, were at first afraid to venture outside the gates to attack the much superior force of their invaders. A carpenter, however, who belonged to the city, but had long been a partizan of Orange, dashed into the water with his ax in his hand, and swimming to the Nieuwland sluice, hacked it open with a few vigorous strokes. The sea poured in at once, making the approach to the city upon the north side impossible. Bossu then led his Spaniards along the Nieuwland dike to the southern gate, where they were received with a warm discharge of artillery, which completely staggered them. Meantime Treslong and Roobol had, in the most daring manner, rowed out to the ships which had brought the enemy to the island, cut some adrift, and set others on fire. The Spaniards at the southern gate caught sight of their blazing vessels, saw the sea rapidly rising over the dike, became panic-stricken at being thus inclosed between fire and water, and dashed off in precipitate retreat along the slippery causeway and through the slimy and turbid waters, which

[1] Bor, vi. 367.

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were fast threatening to overwhelm them.[1] Many were drowned or smothered in their flight, but the greater portion of the force effected their escape in the vessels which still remained within reach. This danger averted, Admiral de la Marck summoned all the inhabitants, a large number of whom had returned to the town after the capture had been fairly established, and required them, as well as all the population of the island, to take an oath of allegiance to the Prince of Orange as stadholder for his Majesty.[2]

The prince had not been extremely satisfied with the enterprise of De la Marck.[3] He thought it premature, and doubted whether it would be practicable to hold the place, as he had not yet completed his arrangements in Germany, nor assembled the force with which he intended again to take the field. More than all, perhaps, he had little confidence in the character of his admiral. Orange was right in his estimate of De la Marck. It had not been that rover's design either to take or to hold the place; and after the descent had been made, the ships victualed, the churches plundered, the booty secured, and a few monks murdered, he had given orders for the burning of the town and for the departure of the fleet.[4] The urgent solicitations of Treslong, however, prevailed, with some difficulty, over De la Marck's original intentions. It is to that bold and intelligent noble, therefore, more than to any other individual, that the merit of laying this corner-stone of

[1] "Door slyk, door slop, door dik en dun," are the homely but vigorous expressions of the Netherland chronicler (Bor, vi. 367).

[2] Ibid., vi. 368. Hoofd, vi. 220.

[3] Bor, vi. 367. Hoofd, vi. 221. Wagenaer, vi. 348.

[4] Bor, vi. 366. Hoofd, vi. 219. Wagenaer, vi. 345, 346.

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the Batavian commonwealth belongs.[1] The enterprise itself was an accident, but the quick eye of Treslong saw the possibility of a permanent conquest where his superior dreamed of nothing beyond a piratical foray.

Meantime Bossu, baffled in his attempt upon Brill, took his way toward Rotterdam. It was important that he should at least secure such other cities as the recent success of the rebels might cause to waver in their allegiance. He found the gates of Rotterdam closed. The authorities refused to comply with his demand to admit a garrison for the king. Professing perfect loyalty, the inhabitants very naturally refused to admit a band of sanguinary Spaniards to enforce their obedience. Compelled to parley, Bossu resorted to a perfidious stratagem. He requested permission for his troops to pass through the city without halting. This was granted by the magistrates, on condition that only a corporal's command should be admitted at a time. To these terms the count affixed his hand and seal.[2] With the admission, however, of the first detachment, a violent onset was made upon the gate by the whole Spanish force. The townspeople, not suspecting treachery, were not prepared to make effective resistance. A stout smith, confronting the invaders at the gate, almost singly, with his sledge-hammer, was stabbed to the heart by Bossu with his own hand.[3] The soldiers, having thus gained admittance, rushed through the streets, putting every man to death who offered the slightest resistance. Within a few minutes four hundred citizens were murdered. The fate of the women, abandoned now to the outrage of a brutal soldiery, was

[1] Hoofd, vi. 219. [2] Bor, vi. 368.
[3] Ibid. Hoofd, vi. 220, 221.

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worse than death. The capture of Rotterdam is infamous for the same crimes which blacken the record of every Spanish triumph in the Netherlands.[1]

The important town of Flushing, on the isle of Walcheren, was first to vibrate with the patriotic impulse given by the success at Brill. The Seigneur de Erpt, a warm partizan of Orange, excited the burghers assembled in the market-place to drive the small remnant of the Spanish garrison from the city. A little later upon the same day a considerable reinforcement arrived before the walls. The duke had determined, although too late, to complete the fortress which had been commenced long before to control the possession of this important position at the mouth of the western Schelde. The troops who were to resume this too long intermitted work arrived just in time to witness the expulsion of their comrades. De Erpt easily persuaded the burghers that the die was cast, and that their only hope lay in a resolute resistance. The people warmly acquiesced, while a half-drunken, half-witted fellow in the crowd valiantly proposed, in consideration of a pot of beer, to ascend the ramparts and to discharge a couple of pieces of artillery at the Spanish ships. The offer was accepted, and the vagabond, merrily mounting the height, discharged the guns. Strange to relate, the shot thus fired by a lunatic's hand put the invading ships to flight. A sudden panic seized the Spaniards; the whole fleet stood away at once in the direction of Middelburg, and was soon out of sight.[2]

The next day, however, Antony of Burgoyne, governor under Alva for the island of Walcheren, made his

[1] Meteren, 66. Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[2] Bor, vi. 369, 370. Hoofd, vi. 222.

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appearance in Flushing. Having a high opinion of his own oratorical powers, he came with the intention of winning back with his rhetoric a city which the Spaniards had thus far been unable to recover with their cannon. The great bell was rung, the whole population assembled in the market-place, and Antony, from the steps of the town house, delivered a long oration, assuring the burghers, among other asseverations, that the king, who *was the best-natured prince in all Christendom*, would forget and forgive their offenses if they returned honestly to their duties.[1]

The effect of the governor's eloquence was much diminished, however, by the interlocutory remarks of De Erpt and a group of his adherents. They reminded the people of the king's good nature, of his readiness to forget and to forgive, as exemplified by the fate of Horn and Egmont, of Berghen and Montigny, and by the daily and almost hourly decrees of the Blood-Council. Each well-rounded period of the governor was greeted with ironical cheers. The oration was unsuccessful. "Oh, citizens, citizens!" cried at last the discomfited Antony, "ye know not what ye do. Your blood be upon your own heads; the responsibility be upon your own hearts for the fires which are to consume your cities and the desolation which is to sweep your land!" The orator at this impressive point was interrupted, and most unceremoniously hustled out of the city. The government remained in the hands of the patriots.[2]

The party, however, was not so strong in soldiers as in spirit. No sooner, therefore, had they established their rebellion to Alva as an incontrovertible fact than

[1] Bor, vi. 370. Hoofd, vi. 222.
[2] Ibid. Ibid.

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they sent off emissaries to the Prince of Orange and to Admiral de la Marck at Brill. Finding that the inhabitants of Flushing were willing to provide arms and ammunition, De la Marck readily consented to send a small number of men, bold and experienced in partizan warfare, of whom he had now collected a larger number than he could well arm or maintain in his present position.[1]

The detachment, two hundred in number, in three small vessels,[2] set sail accordingly from Brill for Flushing; and a wild crew they were of reckless adventurers, under command of the bold Treslong. The expedition seemed a fierce but whimsical masquerade. Every man in the little fleet was attired in the gorgeous vestments of the plundered churches, in gold-embroidered cassocks, glittering mass-garments, or the more somber cowls and robes of Capuchin friars.[3] So sped the early standard-bearers of that ferocious liberty which had sprung from the fires in which all else for which men cherish their fatherland had been consumed. So swept that resolute but fantastic band along the placid estuaries of Zealand, waking the stagnant waters with their wild beggar songs and cries of vengeance.

That vengeance found soon a distinguished object. Pacheco, the chief engineer of Alva, who had accompanied the duke in his march from Italy, who had since earned a world-wide reputation as the architect of the Antwerp citadel, had been just despatched in haste to Flushing to complete the fortress whose construction had been so long delayed. Too late for his work, too

[1] Bor, vi. 370. [2] Wagenaer, vi. 351.

[3] Bor, vi. 370. Wagenaer, vi. 351. Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vi. 84 seq.

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soon for his safety, the ill-fated engineer had arrived almost at the same moment with Treslong and his crew.[1] He had stepped on shore, entirely ignorant of all which had transpired, expecting to be treated with the respect due to the chief commandant of the place, and to an officer high in the confidence of the governor-general. He found himself surrounded by an indignant and threatening mob. The unfortunate Italian understood not a word of the opprobrious language addressed to him, but he easily comprehended that the authority of the duke was overthrown. Observing De Ryk, a distinguished partizan officer and privateersman of Amsterdam, whose reputation for bravery and generosity was known to him, he approached him, and drawing a seal-ring from his finger, kissed it, and handed it to the rebel chieftain.[2] By this dumb-show he gave him to understand that he relied upon his honor for the treatment due to a gentleman. De Ryk understood the appeal, and would willingly have assured him, at least, a soldier's death, but he was powerless to do so. He arrested him, that he might be protected from the fury of the rabble; but Treslong, who now commanded in Flushing, was especially incensed against the founder of the Antwerp citadel, and felt a ferocious desire to avenge his brother's murder upon the body of his destroyer's favorite.[3] Pacheco was condemned to be hanged upon the very day of his arrival. Having been brought

[1] Bor, vi. 370. Hoofd, vi. 224, 225.

[2] Hoofd, who afterward received the ring as a present from Simon de Ryk, son of the officer to whom it was given by the unfortunate Don Pedro Pacheco.

[3] Bor, vi. 370.

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forth from his prison, he begged hard but not abjectly for his life. He offered a heavy ransom; but his enemies were greedy for blood, not for money. It was, however, difficult to find an executioner. The city hangman was absent, and the prejudice of the country and the age against the vile profession had assuredly not been diminished during the five horrible years of Alva's administration. Even a condemned murderer, who lay in the town jail, refused to accept his life in recompense for performing the office. It should never be said, he observed, that his mother had given birth to a hangman. When told, however, that the intended victim was a Spanish officer, the malefactor consented to the task with alacrity, on condition that he might afterward kill any man who taunted him with the deed.

Arrived at the foot of the gallows, Pacheco complained bitterly of the disgraceful death designed for him. He protested loudly that he came of a house as noble as that of Egmont or Horn, and was entitled to as honorable an execution as theirs had been. "The sword! the sword!" he frantically exclaimed, as he struggled with those who guarded him. His language was not understood, but the names of Egmont and Horn inflamed still more highly the rage of the rabble, while his cry for the sword was falsely interpreted by a rude fellow who had happened to possess himself of Pacheco's rapier at his capture, and who now paraded himself with it at the gallows' foot. "Never fear for your sword, señor," cried this ruffian; "your sword is safe enough, and in good hands. Up the ladder with you, señor; you have no further use for your sword."

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Pacheco, thus outraged, submitted to his fate. He mounted the ladder with a steady step, and was hanged between two other Spanish officers.[1] So perished miserably a brave soldier, and one of the most distinguished engineers of his time—a man whose character and accomplishments had certainly merited for him a better fate.[2] But while we stigmatize as it deserves the atrocious conduct of a few Netherland partizans, we should remember who first unchained the demon of international hatred in this unhappy land, nor should it ever be forgotten that the great leader of the revolt, by word, proclamation, example, by entreaties, threats, and condign punishment, constantly rebuked, and to a certain extent restrained, the sanguinary spirit by which some of his followers disgraced the noble cause which they had espoused.

Treslong did not long remain in command at Flushing. An officer high in the confidence of the prince, Jerome van Tseraerts, now arrived at Flushing with a

[1] Bor, vi. 370. Hoofd, vi. 225. Wagenaer, vi. 352. It is erroneously stated by Bentivoglio (lib. v. 92) and Cabrera (lib. ix. 705) that Pacheco was beheaded. Both these writers follow Mendoza. Tassis differs from all other historians. "Sed suspensum sublime pedibus vita privarunt."—J. B. Tassis, Comment. de Tumultibus Belgicis, xxvi. 149. There is no doubt, however, that the unfortunate gentleman was hanged by the neck, and not by the legs.

[2] It was said, in extenuation of the barbarous punishment which was inflicted upon him, that a paper had been found upon his person containing a list of a large number of persons in the Netherlands whom the Duke of Alva had doomed to immediate execution. The fact is stated in the "Petition to the King." Bor, vi. 348–369. Hoofd, vi. 225. Meteren, 71. Compare Wagenaer, vi. 352, 353; Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vi. 89, 90.

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commission to be lieutenant-governor over the whole isle of Walcheren. He was attended by a small band of French infantry, while at nearly the same time the garrison was further strengthened by the arrival of a large number of volunteers from England.[1]

[1] Bor, vi. 371.

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CHAPTER VII

Municipal revolution throughout Holland and Zealand—Characteristics of the movement in various places—Sonoy commissioned by Orange as governor of North Holland—Theory of the provisional government—Instructions of the prince to his officers—Oath prescribed—Clause of toleration—Surprise of Mons by Count Louis—Exertions of Antony Oliver—Details of the capture—Assembly of the citizens—Speeches of Genlis and of Count Louis—Effect of the various movements upon Alva—Don Frederick ordered to invest Mons—The duke's impatience to retire—Arrival of Medina-Celi—His narrow escape—Capture of the Lisbon fleet—Affectation of cordiality between Alva and Medina—Concessions by king and viceroy on the subject of the tenth penny—Estates of Holland assembled, by summons of Orange, at Dort—Appeals from the prince to this congress for funds to pay his newly levied army—Theory of the provisional states' assembly—Source and nature of its authority—Speech of Sainte-Aldegonde—Liberality of the estates and the provinces—Pledges exchanged between the prince's representative and the congress—Commission to De la Marck ratified—Virtual dictatorship of Orange—Limitation of his power by his own act—Count Louis at Mons—Reinforcements led from France by Genlis—Rashness of that officer—His total defeat—Orange again in the field—Roermond taken—Excesses of the patriot army—Proclamation of Orange commanding respect to all personal and religious rights—His reply to the emperor's summons—His progress in the Netherlands—Hopes entertained from France—Reinforcements under Coligny promised to Orange by Charles IX.—The massacre of St. Bartholomew—The event characterized—Effect in England, in Rome, and in other parts of Europe—Excessive hilarity of Philip—Extravagant encomium bestowed by him upon Charles IX.—Order

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sent by Philip to put all French prisoners in the Netherlands to death—Secret correspondence of Charles IX. with his envoy in the Netherlands—Exultation of the Spaniards before Mons—Alva urged by the French envoy, according to his master's commands, to put all the Frenchmen in Mons and those already captured to death—Effect of the massacre upon the Prince of Orange—Alva and Medina in the camp before Mons—Hopelessness of the prince's scheme to obtain battle from Alva—Romero's *encamisada* —Narrow escape of the prince—Mutiny and dissolution of his army—His return to Holland—His steadfastness—Desperate position of Count Louis in Mons—Sentiments of Alva—Capitulation of Mons—Courteous reception of Count Louis by the Spanish generals—Hypocrisy of these demonstrations—Nature of the Mons capitulation—Horrible violation of its terms—Noircarmes at Mons—Establishment of a Blood-Council in the city—Wholesale executions—Cruelty and cupidity of Noircarmes—Late discovery of the archives of these crimes—Return of the revolted cities of Brabant and Flanders to obedience—Sack of Mechlin by the Spaniards—Details of that event.

THE example thus set by Brill and Flushing was rapidly followed. The first half of the year 1572 was distinguished by a series of triumphs rendered still more remarkable by the reverses which followed at its close. Of a sudden, almost as it were by accident, a small but important seaport, the object for which the prince had so long been hoping, was secured. Instantly afterward half the island of Walcheren renounced the yoke of Alva. Next Enkhuizen, the key to the Zuyder Zee, the principal arsenal, and one of the first commercial cities in the Netherlands, rose against the Spanish admiral, and hung out the banner of Orange on its ramparts.[1] The revolution effected here was purely the work of the people —of the mariners and burghers of the city.[2] Moreover,

[1] Bor, vi. 371–375. Hoofd, vi. 230–236.

[2] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.

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the magistracy was set aside and the government of Alva repudiated without shedding one drop of blood, without a single wrong to person or property.[1] By the same spontaneous movement nearly all the important cities of Holland and Zealand raised the standard of him in whom they recognized their deliverer.[2] The revolution was accomplished under nearly similar circumstances everywhere. With one fierce bound of enthusiasm the nation shook off its chain. Oudewater, Dort, Haarlem, Leyden, Gorcum, Loevenstein, Gouda, Medemblik, Horn, Alkmaar, Edam, Monnikendam, Purmerend, as well as Flushing, Veer, and Enkhuizen, all ranged themselves under the government of Orange, as lawful stadholder for the king.[3]

Nor was it in Holland and Zealand alone that the beacon-fires of freedom were lighted. City after city in Gelderland, Overyssel, and the see of Utrecht, all the important towns of Friesland,—some sooner, some later; some without a struggle, some after a short siege; some with resistance by the functionaries of government, some by amicable compromise,—accepted the garrisons of the prince and formally recognized his authority.[4] Out of the chaos which a long and preternatural tyranny had produced, the first struggling elements of a new and a better world began to appear. It were superfluous to narrate the details which marked the sudden restoration of liberty in these various groups of cities. Traits of generosity marked the change of government in some,

[1] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Van Meteren, 67–69.

[2] Hoofd, vi. 238–240 et seq. Bor, vi. 377 et seq.

[3] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, 69 et seq. Wagenaer, vi. 363–370.

[4] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, Wagenaer, ubi sup.

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circumstances of ferocity disfigured the revolution in others. The island of Walcheren, equally divided as it was between the two parties, was the scene of much truculent and diabolical warfare. It is difficult to say whether the mutual hatred of race or the animosity of religious difference proved the deadlier venom. The combats were perpetual and sanguinary, the prisoners on both sides instantly executed. On more than one occasion men were seen assisting to hang with their own hands and in cold blood their own brothers who had been taken prisoners in the enemy's ranks.[1] When the captives were too many to be hanged, they were tied back to back, two and two, and thus hurled into the sea.[2] The islanders found a fierce pleasure in these acts of cruelty. A Spaniard had ceased to be human in their eyes. On one occasion a surgeon at Veer cut the heart from a Spanish prisoner, nailed it on a vessel's prow, and invited the townsmen to come and fasten their teeth in it, which many did with savage satisfaction.[3]

In other parts of the country the revolution was, on the whole, accomplished with comparative calmness. Even traits of generosity were not uncommon. The burgomaster of Gouda, long the supple slave of Alva and the Blood-Council, fled for his life as the revolt broke forth in that city. He took refuge in the house of a certain widow, and begged for a place of concealment. The widow led him to a secret closet which served as a pantry. "Shall I be secure there?" asked the fugitive functionary. "Oh, yes, Sir Burgomaster,"

[1] Hoofd, vi. 227.

[2] "Vocten spoelen."—Hoofd. Wagenaer, vi. 355.

[3] Hoofd, vi. 228.

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replied the widow; "'t was in that very place that my husband lay concealed when you, accompanied by the officers of justice, were searching the house that you might bring him to the scaffold for his religion. Enter the pantry, your worship; I will be responsible for your safety."[1] Thus faithfully did the humble widow of a hunted and murdered Calvinist protect the life of the magistrate who had brought desolation to her hearth.

Not all the conquests thus rapidly achieved in the cause of liberty were destined to endure, nor were any to be retained without a struggle. The little northern cluster of republics which had now restored its honor to the ancient Batavian name was destined, however, for a long and vigorous life. From that bleak isthmus the light of freedom was to stream through many years upon struggling humanity in Europe, a guiding pharos across a stormy sea; and Haarlem, Leyden, Alkmaar—names hallowed by deeds of heroism such as have not often illustrated human annals—still breathe as trumpet-tongued and perpetual a defiance to despotism as Marathon, Thermopylæ, or Salamis.

A new board of magistrates had been chosen in all the redeemed cities by popular election. They were required to take an oath of fidelity to the King of Spain, and to the Prince of Orange as his stadholder; to promise resistance to the Duke of Alva, the tenth penny, and the Inquisition; "to support every man's freedom and the welfare of the country; to protect widows, orphans, and miserable persons, and to maintain justice and truth."[2]

[1] Hoofd, vi. 242.

[2] Bor, vi. 374, 375. Hoofd, vi. 230, 236. Wagenaer, vi. 360, 361.

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Diedrich Sonoy arrived on the 2d June at Enkhuizen. He was provided by the prince with a commission appointing him lieutenant-governor of North Holland, or Waterland.[1] Thus to combat the authority of Alva was set up the authority of the king. The stadholderate over Holland and Zealand, to which the prince had been appointed in 1559, he now reassumed. Upon this fiction reposed the whole provisional polity of the revolted Netherlands. The government, as it gradually unfolded itself from this epoch forward until the declaration of independence and the absolute renunciation of the Spanish sovereign power, will be sketched in a future chapter. The people at first claimed not an iota more of freedom than was secured by Philip's coronation oath. There was no pretense that Philip was not sovereign, but there *was* a pretense and a determination to worship God according to conscience, and to reclaim the ancient political "liberties" of the land. So long as Alva reigned, the Blood-Council, the Inquisition, and martial law were the only codes or courts, and every charter slept. To recover this practical liberty and these historical rights, and to shake from their shoulders a most sanguinary government, was the purpose of William and of the people. No revolutionary standard was displayed.

The written instructions given by the prince to his lieutenant, Sonoy,[2] were "to see that the Word of God was preached, without, however, *suffering any hindrance to the Roman Church in the exercise of its religion;* to restore fugitives and the banished for conscience' sake, and to require of all magistrates and officers of gilds

[1] Bor, vi. 375.

[2] See them in Bor, vi. 375, 376.

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and brotherhoods an oath of fidelity." The prince likewise prescribed the form of that oath, repeating therein, to his eternal honor, the same strict prohibition of intolerance. "Likewise," said the formula, "shall those of 'the religion' offer no let or hindrance to the Roman churches."[1]

The prince was still in Germany, engaged in raising troops and providing funds. He directed, however, the affairs of the insurgent provinces in their minutest details, by virtue of the dictatorship inevitably forced upon him both by circumstances and by the people. In the meantime, Louis of Nassau, the Bayard[2] of the Netherlands, performed a most unexpected and brilliant exploit. He had been long in France, negotiating with the leaders of the Huguenots, and, more secretly, with the court. He was supposed by all the world to be still in that kingdom when the startling intelligence arrived that he had surprised and captured the important city of Mons.[3] This town, the capital of Hainault, situate in a fertile, undulating, and beautiful country, protected by lofty walls, a triple moat, and a strong citadel, was one of the most flourishing and elegant places in the Netherlands. It was, moreover, from its vicinity to the frontiers of France, a most important acquisition to the insurgent party. The capture was thus accomplished: A native of Mons, one Antony Oliver, a geographical painter, had insinuated himself into the confidence of Alva, for whom he had prepared at different times some remarkably well-executed maps of the country. Having

[1] Bor, vi. 376.

[2] Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, etc., iv. liv.

[3] Hoofd, vi. 237, 238. Bor, vi. 377, 378. Mendoza, lib. v. 120, 121.

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occasion to visit France, he was employed by the duke to keep a watch upon the movements of Louis of Nassau, and to make a report as to the progress of his intrigues with the court of France. The painter, however, was only a spy in disguise, being in reality devoted to the cause of freedom, and a correspondent of Orange and his family. His communications with Louis, in Paris, had therefore a far different result from the one anticipated by Alva. A large number of adherents within the city of Mons had already been secured, and a plan was now arranged between Count Louis, Genlis, De la Noue, and other distinguished Huguenot chiefs, to be carried out with the assistance of the brave and energetic artist.[1]

On the 23d of May, Oliver appeared at the gates of Mons, accompanied by three wagons, ostensibly containing merchandise, but in reality laden with harquebuses. These were secretly distributed among his confederates in the city. In the course of the day Count Louis arrived in the neighborhood, accompanied by five hundred horsemen and a thousand foot-soldiers. This force he stationed in close concealment within the thick forests between Maubeuge and Mons. Toward evening he sent twelve of the most trusty and daring of his followers, disguised as wine-merchants, into the city. These individuals proceeded boldly to a public house, ordered their supper, and, while conversing with the landlord, carelessly inquired at what hour next morning the city gates would be opened. They were informed that the usual hour was four in the morning, but that a trifling present to the porter would insure admission, if they

[1] Bentivoglio, lib. vi. 100. Hoofd, vi. 237. Mendoza, lib. v. 120. Van Meteren, iv. 71.

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desired it, at an earlier hour. They explained their inquiries by a statement that they had some casks of wine which they wished to introduce into the city before sunrise. Having obtained all the information which they needed, they soon afterward left the tavern. The next day they presented themselves very early at the gate, which the porter, on promise of a handsome "drink-penny," agreed to unlock. No sooner were the bolts withdrawn, however, than he was struck dead, while about fifty dragoons rode through the gate.[1] The count and his followers now galloped over the city in the morning twilight, shouting, "France! liberty! the town is ours!" "The prince is coming!" "Down with the tenth penny; down with the murderous Alva!" So soon as a burgher showed his wondering face at the window, they shot at him with their carbines. They made as much noise and conducted themselves as boldly as if they had been at least a thousand strong.

Meantime, however, the streets remained empty, not one of their secret confederates showing himself. Fifty men could surprise, but were too few to keep possession of, the city. The count began to suspect a trap. As daylight approached the alarm spread; the position of the little band was critical. In his impetuosity, Louis had far outstripped his army; but they had been directed to follow hard upon his footsteps, and he was astonished that their arrival was so long delayed. The suspense becoming intolerable, he rode out of the city in quest of his adherents, and found them wandering in the woods, where they had completely lost their way. Ordering each horseman to take a foot-soldier on the crupper be-

[1] Hoofd, vi. 237. Bor, vi. 377. Meteren, 71. Mendoza, v. 120, 121.

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hind him, he led them rapidly back to Mons. On the way they were encountered by La Noue, "with the iron arm,"[1] and Genlis, who, meantime, had made an unsuccessful attack to recover Valenciennes, which within a few hours had been won and lost again. As they reached the gates of Mons, they found themselves within a hair's-breadth of being too late; their adherents had not come forth; the citizens had been aroused; the gates were all fast but one, and there the porter was quarreling with a French soldier about a harquebus. The drawbridge across the moat was at the moment rising; the last entrance was closing, when Guitoy de Chaumont, a French officer, mounted on a light Spanish barb, sprang upon the bridge as it rose. His weight caused it to sink again, the gate was forced, and Louis, with all his men, rode triumphantly into the town.[2]

The citizens were forthwith assembled by sound of bell in the market-place. The clergy, the magistracy, and the general council were all present. Genlis made the first speech, in which he disclaimed all intention of making conquests in the interest of France. This pledge having been given, Louis of Nassau next addressed the assembly. "The magistrates," said he, "have not understood my intentions. I protest that I am no rebel to the king; I prove it by asking no new oaths from any man. Remain bound by your old oaths of allegiance; let the magistrates continue to exercise their functions—to administer justice. I imagine that no

[1] He had been severely wounded in 1570. His arm had been amputated, but "de bons ouvriers lui firent un bras de fer, dont il a porté depuis le nom."—Vie de De la Noue, 63.

[2] De Thou, vi. 499. Mendoza, v. 121. Dewez, Hist. Gén. de la Belg., v. 413–416. Bor, Meteren, Hoofd.

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person will suspect a brother of the Prince of Orange capable of any design against the liberties of the country. As to the Catholic religion, I take it under my very particular protection. You will ask why I am in Mons at the head of an armed force. Are any of you ignorant of Alva's cruelties? The overthrow of this tyrant is as much the interest of the king as of the people; therefore there is nothing in my present conduct inconsistent with fidelity to his Majesty. Against Alva alone I have taken up arms; 't is to protect you against his fury that I am here; it is to prevent the continuance of a general rebellion that I make war upon him. The only proposition which I have to make to you is this: I demand that you declare Alva de Toledo a traitor to the king, the executioner of the people, an enemy to the country, unworthy of the government, and hereby deprived of his authority." [1]

The magistracy did not dare to accept so bold a proposition; the general council, composing the more popular branch of the municipal government, were comparatively inclined to favor Nassau, and many of its members voted for the downfall of the tyrant. Nevertheless, the demands of Count Louis were rejected. His position thus became critical. The civic authorities refused to pay for his troops, who were, moreover, too few in number to resist the inevitable siege. The patriotism of the citizens was not to be repressed, however, by the authority of the magistrates. Many rich proprietors of

[1] Paridaens, Mons sous les rapports historiques, statistiques, etc., 68–70 (Mons, 1819). The speech is reported from original documents in the Archives of the city: "farde intitulée Pièces relatives à la Surprise de Mons; déclarations des échevins," etc. Compare Bor, v. 377. Hoofd, vi. 238.

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the great cloth and silk manufactories, for which Mons was famous, raised and armed companies at their own expense; many volunteer troops were also speedily organized and drilled, and the fortifications were put in order. No attempt was made to force the Reformed religion upon the inhabitants, and even Catholics who were discovered in secret correspondence with the enemy were treated with such extreme gentleness by Nassau as to bring upon him severe reproaches from many of his own party.[1]

A large collection of ecclesiastical plate, jewelry, money, and other valuables, which had been sent to the city for safe-keeping from the churches and convents of the provinces, was seized, and thus, with little bloodshed and no violence, was the important city secured for the insurgents.[2] Three days afterward two thousand infantry, chiefly French, arrived in the place.[3] In the early part of the following month Louis was still further strengthened by the arrival of thirteen hundred foot and twelve hundred horsemen, under command of Count Montgomery, the celebrated officer[4] whose spear at the tournament had proved fatal to Henry II. Thus the Duke of Alva suddenly found himself exposed to a tempest of revolution. One thunderbolt after another seemed descending around him in breathless succession. Brill and Flushing had been already lost; Middelburg was so closely invested that its fall seemed imminent, and with it would go the whole island of Walcheren, the key to all the Netherlands. In one morning[5] he had

[1] Paridaens, 76, 77.

[2] Bor, vi. 378. Hoofd, vi. 238. Compare Bentivoglio, vi. 100 et seq.; Mendoza, v. 120, 121; Grotius.

[3] Bor, vi. 378. Hoofd, vi. 238.

[4] Bor, vi. 378.

[5] Mendoza, v. 120; vi. 122.

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heard of the revolt of Enkhuizen and of the whole Waterland; two hours later came the news of the Valenciennes rebellion, and next day the astonishing capture of Mons. One disaster followed hard upon another. He could have sworn that the detested Louis of Nassau, who had dealt this last and most fatal stroke, was at that moment in Paris, safely watched by government emissaries; and now he had, as it were, suddenly started out of the earth to deprive him of this important city, and to lay bare the whole frontier to the treacherous attacks of faithless France. He refused to believe the intelligence when it was first announced to him, and swore that he had certain information that Count Louis had been seen playing in the tennis-court at Paris within so short a period as to make his presence in Hainault at that moment impossible. Forced at last to admit the truth of the disastrous news, he dashed his hat upon the ground in a fury, uttering imprecations upon the Queen Dowager of France, to whose perfidious intrigues he ascribed the success of the enterprise, and pledging himself to send her Spanish thistles enough in return for the Florentine lilies which she had thus bestowed upon him.[1]

In the midst of the perplexities thus thickening around him, the duke preserved his courage, if not his temper. Blinded, for a brief season, by the rapid attacks made upon him, he had been uncertain whither to direct his vengeance. This last blow in so vital a quarter determined him at once. He forthwith despatched Don Frederick to undertake the siege of Mons, and earnestly set about raising large reinforcements to his army. Don Frederick took possession, without much opposition,

[1] Bor, vi. 378. Hoofd, vi. 238. Van Meteren, iv. 71.

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of the Bethlehem cloister in the immediate vicinity of the city, and with four thousand troops began the investment in due form.[1]

Alva had for a long time been most impatient to retire from the provinces. Even he was capable of human emotions. Through the sevenfold panoply of his pride he had been pierced by the sharpness of a nation's curse. He was wearied with the unceasing execrations which assailed his ears. "*The hatred which the people bear me*," said he in a letter to Philip, "because of the chastisement which it has been necessary for me to inflict, *although with all the moderation in the world*, makes all my efforts vain. A successor will meet more sympathy and prove more useful."[2] On the 10th June the Duke of Medina-Celi, with a fleet of more than forty sail, arrived off Blankenburg, intending to enter the Schelde.[3] Julien Romero, with two thousand Spaniards, was also on board the fleet. Nothing, of course, was known to the newcomers of the altered condition of affairs in the Netherlands, nor of the unwelcome reception which they were like to meet in Flushing. A few of the lighter craft having been taken by the patriot cruisers, the alarm was spread through all the fleet. Medina-Celi, with a few transports, was enabled to effect his escape to Sluis, whence he hastened to Brussels in a much less ceremonious manner than he had originally contemplated. Twelve Biscayan ships stood out to sea, descried a large Lisbon fleet, by a singular coincidence suddenly heaving in sight, changed their course again, and with a favoring breeze bore boldly up the Hond, passed

[1] Bor, vi. 384. Meteren, iv. 71, 72.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1107.

[3] Van Meteren, iv. 65. Hoofd, vi. 239. Mendoza, vi. 127, 128.

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Flushing in spite of a severe cannonade from the forts, and eventually made good their entrance into Rammekens, whence the soldiery, about one half of whom had thus been saved, were transferred at a very critical moment to Middelburg.[1]

The great Lisbon fleet followed in the wake of the Biscayans, with much inferior success. Totally ignorant of the revolution which had occurred in the isle of Walcheren, it obeyed the summons of the rebel fort to come to anchor, and, with the exception of three or four, the vessels were all taken. It was the richest booty which the insurgents had yet acquired by sea or land. The fleet was laden with spices, money, jewelry, and the richest merchandise. Five hundred thousand crowns of gold were taken, and it was calculated that the plunder altogether would suffice to maintain the war for two years at least. One thousand Spanish soldiers and a good amount of ammunition were also captured. The unexpected condition of affairs made a pause natural and almost necessary before the government could be decorously transferred. Medina-Celi, with Spanish grandiloquence, avowed his willingness to serve as a soldier under a general whom he so much venerated, while Alva ordered that in all respects the same outward marks of respect should be paid to his appointed successor as to himself. Beneath all this external ceremony, however, much mutual malice was concealed.[2]

[1] Meteren, iv. 65, 66 Hoofd, vi. 239, 240. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1133. Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange, iii. 437–442. Mendoza, vi. 127, 128.

[2] Meteren, iv. 66. Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iii. 440, 442. Hoofd, vi. 240; vii. 257. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1177.

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Meantime the duke, who was literally "without a single real,"[1] was forced at last to smother his pride in the matter of the tenth penny. On the 24th June he summoned the estates of Holland to assemble on the 15th of the ensuing month. In the missive issued for this purpose he formally agreed to abolish the whole tax, on condition that the States-General of the Netherlands would furnish him with a yearly supply of two millions of florins. Almost at the same moment the king had dismissed the deputies of the estates from Madrid with the public assurance that the tax was to be suspended, and a private intimation that it was not abolished in terms only in order to save the dignity of the duke.[2]

These healing measures came entirely too late. The estates of Holland met, indeed, on the appointed day of July, but they assembled not in obedience to Alva, but in consequence of a summons from William of Orange.[3] They met, too, not at The Hague, but at Dort, to take formal measures for renouncing the authority of the duke.[4] The first congress of the Netherland commonwealth still professed loyalty to the crown, but was determined to accept the policy of Orange without a question.

The prince had again assembled an army in Germany, consisting of fifteen thousand foot and seven thousand horse, besides a number of Netherlanders, mostly Walloons, amounting to nearly three thousand more.[5] Be-

[1] Mendoza, vi. 122: "Hallando se sin un real como el Duque lo estara en esta sazon."

[2] "Garschelyk te quijten aboleren on aftestallen," etc.—Bor, vi. 384, 385, 386. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1135.

[3] Bor, vi. 386. [4] Ibid.

[5] Ibid. Compare Hoofd, vii. 259; Meteren, iv. 71; Bentivoglio, v. 104.

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fore taking the field, however, it was necessary that he should guarantee at least three months' pay to his troops. This he could no longer do, except by giving bonds indorsed by certain cities of Holland as his securities.[1] He had accordingly addressed letters in his own name to all the principal cities, fervently adjuring them to remember, at last, what was due to him, to the fatherland, and to their own character. "Let not a sum of gold," said he in one of these letters, "be so dear to you that for its sake you will sacrifice your lives, your wives, your children, and all your descendants to the latest generations; that you will bring sin and shame upon yourselves, and destruction upon us who have so heartily striven to assist you. Think what scorn you will incur from foreign nations, what a crime you will commit against the Lord God, what a bloody yoke ye will impose forever upon yourselves and your children, if you now seek for subterfuges, if you now prevent us from taking the field with the troops which we have enlisted. On the other hand, what inexpressible benefits you will confer on your country if you now help us to rescue that fatherland from the power of Spanish vultures and wolves!"[2]

This and similar missives, circulated throughout the province of Holland, produced a deep impression. In accordance with his suggestions, the deputies from the nobility and from twelve cities of that province assembled on the 15th July at Dort. Strictly speaking, the estates or government of Holland, the body which represented the whole people, consisted of the nobles and

[1] Bor, vi. 386. Hoofd, vii. 259.

[2] This remarkable letter is published in Kluit, Hist. der Hollandsche Staatsregeering, deel i. bl. 376–379 (Bijlagen).

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six great cities. On this occasion, however, Amsterdam, being still in the power of the king, could send no deputies, while, on the other hand, all the small towns were invited to send up their representatives to the congress. Eight accepted the proposal; the rest declined to appoint delegates, partly from motives of economy, partly from timidity.[1]

These estates were the legitimate representatives of the people, but they had no legislative powers.[2] The people had never pretended to sovereignty, nor did they claim it now. The source from which the government of the Netherlands was supposed to proceed was still the divine mandate. Even now the estates silently conceded, as they had ever done, the supreme legislative and executive functions to the land's master.[3] Upon Philip of Spain, as representative of Count Dirk I. of Holland, had descended, through many tortuous channels, the divine effluence originally supplied by Charles the Simple of France. That supernatural power was not contested, but it was now ingeniously turned against the sovereign. The king's authority was invoked against himself in the person of the Prince of Orange, to whom, thirteen years before, a portion of that divine right had been delegated. The estates of Holland met at Dort on the 15th July as representatives of the people, but they were summoned by Orange, royally commissioned in 1559 as stadholder, and therefore the supreme legislative and executive officer of certain

[1] Kluit, Hist. der Hol. Staatsreg., i. bl. 46 et seq.; and Bijlagen, bl. 374 et seq. Bor, vi. 381, 386, et seq. Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vi. 377–380.

[2] Kluit, Hol. Staatsreg., i. 10–17.

[3] Ibid., i. 50, 52.

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provinces. This was the theory of the provisional government.[1] The prince represented the royal authority, the nobles represented both themselves and the people of the open country, while the twelve cities represented the whole body of burghers. Together they were supposed to embody all authority, both divine and human, which a congress could exercise. Thus the whole movement was directed against Alva and against Count Bossu, appointed stadholder by Alva in the place of Orange.[2] Philip's name was destined to figure for a long time at the head of documents by which moneys were raised, troops levied, and taxes collected, all to be used in deadly war against himself.

The estates were convened on the 15th July, when Paul Buys, pensionary of Leyden, the tried and confidential friend of Orange, was elected advocate of Holland.[3] The convention was then adjourned till the 18th, when Sainte-Aldegonde made his appearance, with full powers to act provisionally in behalf of his Highness.[4]

The distinguished plenipotentiary delivered before the congress a long and very effective harangue. He recalled the sacrifices and efforts of the prince during previous years. He adverted to the disastrous campaign of 1568, in which the prince had appeared, full of high hope, at the head of a gallant army, but had been obliged, after a short period, to retire, because not a city had opened its gates, nor a Netherlander lifted his finger in the cause. Nevertheless, he had not lost cour-

[1] Bor, vi. 388. Kluit, Hist. Hol. Staatsreg., i. 48 et seq.; and Bijlagen, 374 et seq.

[2] Bor, Kluit, ubi sup. Wagenaer, vi. 377–380.

[3] Resol. Holl., 14th September, 1574, bl. 93. Wagenaer, vi. 376.

[4] Bor, vi. 386, 387.

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age nor closed his heart; and now that, through the blessing of God, the eyes of men had been opened, and so many cities had declared against the tyrant, the prince had found himself exposed to a bitter struggle. Although his own fortunes had been ruined in the cause, he had been unable to resist the daily flood of petitions which called upon him to come forward once more. He had again importuned his relations and powerful friends; he had at last set on foot a new and well-appointed army. The day of payment had arrived. Over his own head impended perpetual shame, over the fatherland perpetual woe, if the congress should now refuse the necessary supplies. "Arouse ye, then," cried the orator, with fervor; "awaken your own zeal and that of your sister cities. Seize Opportunity by the locks, who never appeared fairer than she does to-day."[1]

The impassioned eloquence of Sainte-Aldegonde produced a profound impression. The men who had obstinately refused the demands of Alva now unanimously resolved to pour forth their gold and their blood at the call of Orange. "Truly," wrote the duke, a little later, "it almost drives me mad to see the difficulty with which your Majesty's supplies are furnished, and the liberality with which the people place their lives and fortunes at the disposal of this rebel."[2] It seemed strange to the loyal governor that men should support their liberator with greater alacrity than that with which they served their

[1] Bor (vi. 386–388) and Hoofd (vii. 248, 249) report the speech in full.

[2] "Que verdaderamente me hace perder el juicio ver la dificultad con que à V. M. servera en sussaguda, y la liberalida con que acuden a este rebelde con sus vidas y haciendas."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1198.

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destroyer. It was resolved that the requisite amount should be at once raised, partly from the regular imposts and current "requests," partly by loans from the rich, from the clergy, from the gilds and brotherhoods, partly from superfluous church ornaments and other costly luxuries. It was directed that subscriptions should be immediately opened throughout the land, that gold and silver plate, furniture, jewelry, and other expensive articles should be received by voluntary contributions, for which inventories and receipts should be given by the magistrates of each city, and that upon these money should be raised, either by loan or sale.[1] An enthusiastic and liberal spirit prevailed. All seemed determined, rather than pay the tenth to Alva, to pay the whole to the prince.[2]

The estates, furthermore, by unanimous resolution, declared that they recognized the prince as the king's lawful stadholder over Holland, Zealand, Friesland, and Utrecht, and that they would use their influence with the other provinces to procure his appointment as protector of all the Netherlands during the king's absence.[3] His Highness was requested to appoint an admiral, on whom, with certain deputies from the Water-cities, the conduct of the maritime war should devolve. The conduct of the military operations by land was to be directed by Dort, Leyden, and Enkhuizen, in conjunction with the Count de la Marck. A pledge was likewise exchanged between the estates and the plenipotentiary that neither party should enter into any treaty with the

[1] Bor, vi. 388. Hoofd, vii. 349, 350. Wagenaer, vi. 378–380.

[2] "Tanto flagrabant odio dominatus," says Grotius (Ann., ii. 58), "omnia dabant ne decimam darent."

[3] Bor, vi. 388 et seq. Hoofd, vii. 250. Kluit, i. 50 et seq.

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king except by full consent and coöperation of the other. With regard to religion, it was firmly established that the public exercises of divine worship should be permitted not only to the Reformed Church, but to the Roman Catholic, the clergy of both being protected from all molestation.[1]

After these proceedings Count de la Marck made his appearance before the assembly. His commission from Orange was read to the deputies, and by them ratified.[2] The prince, in that document, authorized "his dear cousin" to enlist troops, to accept the fealty of cities, to furnish them with garrisons, to reëstablish all the local laws, municipal rights, and ancient privileges which had been suppressed. He was to maintain *freedom of religion, under penalty of death to those who infringed it;* he was to restore all confiscated property; he was, with advice of his council, to continue in office such city magistrates as were favorable, and to remove those adverse to the cause.[3]

The prince was, in reality, clothed with dictatorial and even regal powers. This authority had been forced upon him by the prayers of the people, but he manifested no eagerness as he partly accepted the onerous station. He was provisionally the depositary of the whole sovereignty of the northern provinces, but he cared much less for theories of government than for ways and means. It was his object to release the country from the tyrant who, five years long, had been burning and butchering the people. It was his determination to drive out the foreign soldiery. To do this, he

[1] Bor, vi. 388.
[2] Ibid., vi. 389. Hoofd, vii. 250, 251.
[3] See the commission in Bor, vi. 389–391.

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must meet his enemy in the field. So little was he disposed to strengthen his own individual power that he voluntarily imposed limits on himself by an act supplemental to the proceedings of the Congress of Dort. In this important ordinance made by the Prince of Orange as a provisional form of government,[1] he publicly announced "that he *would do and ordain nothing* except by the advice of the estates, by reason that they were best acquainted with the circumstances and the humors of the inhabitants." He directed the estates to appoint receivers for all public taxes, and ordained that all military officers should make oath of fidelity to him, as stadholder, and *to the estates* of Holland, to be true and obedient, in order to liberate the land from the Albanian and Spanish tyranny, *for the service of his Royal Majesty as Count of Holland.* The provisional constitution, thus made by a sovereign prince and actual dictator, was certainly as disinterested as it was sagacious.

Meanwhile the war had opened vigorously in Hainault. Louis of Nassau had no sooner found himself in possession of Mons than he had despatched Genlis to France for those reinforcements which had been promised by royal lips.[2] On the other hand, Don Frederick held the city closely beleaguered; sharp combats before the walls were of almost daily occurrence; but it was obvious that Louis would be unable to maintain the position into which he had so chivalrously thrown himself unless he should soon receive important succor. The

[1] "Ordonnantie ende Instructie van den Prince van Orange, voor die van Hollandt, om bij provisie 't Landt daarovaer geregeerd to werden."—Groot Placcaet Boek, d. iii. bl. 32. Vide Kluit, Hist. der Hol. Staatsreg., i. 69 et seq.

[2] Bor, vi. 397. Hoofd, vi. 251.

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necessary reinforcements were soon upon the way. Genlis had made good speed with his levy, and it was soon announced that he was advancing into Hainault with a force of Huguenots, whose numbers report magnified to ten thousand veterans.[1] Louis despatched an earnest message to his confederate to use extreme caution in his approach. Above all things, he urged him, before attempting to throw reinforcements into the city, to effect a junction with the Prince of Orange, who had already crossed the Rhine with his new army.[2]

Genlis, full of overweening confidence, and desirous of acquiring singly the whole glory of relieving the city, disregarded this advice.[3] His rashness proved his ruin, and the temporary prostration of the cause of freedom. Pushing rapidly forward across the French frontier, he arrived, toward the middle of July, within two leagues of Mons. The Spaniards were aware of his approach, and well prepared to frustrate his project. On the 19th he found himself upon a circular plain of about a league's extent, surrounded with coppices and forests, and dotted with farm-houses and kitchen-gardens.[4] Here he paused to send out a reconnoitering party. The little detachment was, however, soon driven in, with the information that Don Frederick of Toledo, with ten thousand men, was coming instantly upon them. The Spanish force, in reality, numbered four thousand infantry and fifteen hundred cavalry, but three thousand half-armed boors had been engaged by Don Frederick to

[1] Bor, vi. 397. Hoofd, vi. 251. Compare Mendoza, vi. 141; Bentivoglio, v. 102.

[2] Bentivoglio, v. 102. Bor, vi. 397. Hoofd, vi. 251.

[3] Bor, Hoofd, Bentivoglio, ubi sup.

[4] Mendoza, vi. 139.

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swell his apparent force.[1] The demonstration produced its effect, and no sooner had the first panic of the intelligence been spread than Noircarmes came charging upon them at the head of his cavalry. The infantry arrived directly afterward, and the Huguenots were routed almost as soon as seen. It was a meeting rather than a battle.[2] The slaughter of the French was very great, while but an insignificant number of the Spaniards fell. Chiapin Vitelli was the hero of the day. It was to his masterly arrangements before the combat, and to his animated exertions upon the field, that the victory was owing. Having been severely wounded in the thigh but a few days previously, he caused himself to be carried upon a litter[3] in a recumbent position in front of his troops, and was everywhere seen, encouraging their exertions, and exposing himself, crippled as he was, to the whole brunt of the battle. To him the victory nearly proved fatal; to Don Frederick it brought increased renown. Vitelli's exertions, in his precarious condition, brought on severe inflammation, under which he nearly succumbed, while the son of Alva reaped extensive fame from the total overthrow of the veteran Huguenots, due rather to his lieutenant and to Julien Romero.[4]

The number of dead left by the French upon the plain amounted to at least twelve hundred, but a much larger number was butchered in detail by the peasantry, among whom they attempted to take refuge, and who had not yet forgotten the barbarities inflicted by their country-

[1] Hoofd, vi. 251. Mendoza, vi. 139.
[2] Bentivoglio, v. 102.
[3] Strada, vii. 364.
[4] Ibid., vii. 363-365. Bentivoglio, v. 102.

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men in the previous war.[1] Many officers were taken prisoners, among whom was the commander-in-chief, Genlis. That unfortunate gentleman was destined to atone for his rashness and obstinacy with his life. He was carried to the castle of Antwerp, where, sixteen months afterward, he was secretly strangled by command of Alva, who caused the report to be circulated that he had died a natural death.[2] About one hundred foot-soldiers succeeded in making their entrance into Mons,[3] and this was all the succor which Count Louis was destined to receive from France, upon which country he had built such lofty and such reasonable hopes.

While this unfortunate event was occurring, the prince had already put his army in motion. On the 7th of July he had crossed the Rhine at Duisburg with fourteen thousand foot, seven thousand horse enlisted in Germany, besides a force of three thousand Walloons.[4] On the 23d of July he took the city of Roermond after a sharp cannonade, at which place his troops already began to disgrace the honorable cause in which they were engaged by imitating the cruelties and barbarities of their antagonists. The persons and property of the burghers were, with a very few exceptions, respected; but many priests and monks were put to death by the soldiery under circumstances of great barbarity.[5] The prince, incensed at such conduct, but being unable to exercise very stringent authority over troops

[1] Bor, vi. 397, 398. Hoofd, vi. 251, 252. Strada, Bentivoglio, ubi sup. Meteren, iv. 72. Mendoza, vi. 139 et seq.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1283.

[3] Hoofd, vi. 251. Meteren, iv. 71.

[4] Bor, vi. 398.

[5] Ibid., vi. 399. Hoofd, vii. 259, 260.

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whose wages he was not yet able to pay in full, issued a proclamation denouncing such excesses, and commanding his followers, upon pain of death, to respect the rights of all individuals, whether papist or Protestant, and to protect religious exercises both in Catholic and Reformed churches.[1]

It was hardly to be expected that the troops enlisted by the prince in the same great magazine of hireling soldiers, Germany, from whence the duke also derived his annual supplies, would be likely to differ very much in their propensities from those enrolled under Spanish banners; yet there was a vast contrast between the characters of the two commanders. One leader inculcated the practice of robbery, rape, and murder *as a duty*, and issued distinct orders to butcher "every mother's son" in the cities which he captured; the other restrained every excess to the utmost of his ability, protecting not only life and property, but even the ancient religion.

The Emperor Maximilian had again issued his injunctions against the military operations of Orange. Bound to the monarch of Spain by so many family ties, being at once cousin, brother-in-law, and father-in-law of Philip, it was difficult for him to maintain the attitude which became him as chief of that empire to which the peace of Passau had assured religious freedom. It had, however, been sufficiently proved that remonstrances and intercessions addressed to Philip were but idle breath. It had therefore become an insult to require pacific conduct from the prince on the ground of any past or future mediation. It was a still grosser mockery to call upon him to discontinue hostilities because

[1] Bor, vi. 399, 400. Hoofd, vii. 259, 260.

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the Netherlands were included in the empire, and therefore protected by the treaties of Passau and Augsburg. Well did the prince reply to his Imperial Majesty's summons, in a temperate but cogent letter[1] which he addressed to him from his camp, that all intercessions had proved fruitless, and that the only help for the Netherlands was the sword.

The prince had been delayed for a month at Roermond, because, as he expressed it, "he had not a single sou,"[2] and because, in consequence, the troops refused to advance into the Netherlands. Having at last been furnished with the requisite guaranties from the Holland cities for three months' pay, on the 27th of August, the day of the publication of his letter to the emperor, he crossed the Meuse and took his circuitous way through Diest, Tirlemont, Sichem, Louvain, Mechlin, Dendermonde, Oudenarde, Nivelles.[3] Many cities and villages accepted his authority and admitted his garrisons. Of these Mechlin was the most considerable, in which he stationed a detachment of his troops. Its doom was sealed in that moment. Alva could not forgive this act of patriotism on the part of a town which had so recently excluded his own troops. "This is a direct permission of God," he wrote, in the spirit of dire and revengeful prophecy, "for us to punish her as she deserves for the image-breaking and other misdeeds done there in the time of Madame de Parma, which our Lord was not willing to pass over without chastisement."[4]

[1] See it in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 63 et seq.

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iii. 490.

[3] Bor, vi. 400–402. Hoofd, vii. 260 et seq.

[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1156.

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Meantime the prince continued his advance. Louvain purchased its neutrality[1] for the time with sixteen thousand ducats; Brussels obstinately refused to listen to him, and was too powerful to be forcibly attacked at that juncture; other important cities, convinced by the arguments and won by the eloquence of the various proclamations which he scattered as he advanced, ranged themselves spontaneously and even enthusiastically upon his side. How different would have been the result of his campaign but for the unexpected earthquake which at that instant was to appal Christendom and to scatter all his well-matured plans and legitimate hopes! His chief reliance, under Providence and his own strong heart, had been upon French assistance. Although Genlis, by his misconduct, had sacrificed his army and himself, yet the prince was still justly sanguine as to the policy of the French court. The papers which had been found in the possession of Genlis by his conquerors all spoke one language. "You would be struck with stupor," wrote Alva's secretary, "could you see a letter which is now in my power, *addressed by the King of France to Louis of Nassau.*"[2] In that letter the king had declared his determination to employ all the forces which God had placed in his hands to rescue the Netherlands from the oppression under which they were groaning. In accordance with the whole spirit and language of the French government was the tone of Coligny in his correspondence with Orange. The admiral assured the prince that there was no doubt as to the earnestness of the royal intentions in behalf of the Netherlands, and, recommending extreme caution, announced his hope

[1] Hoofd, vii. 260.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1146.

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within a few days to effect a junction with him at the head of twelve thousand French harquebusiers and at least three thousand cavalry.[1] Well might the Prince of Orange, strong, and soon to be strengthened, boast that the Netherlands were free, and that Alva was in his power.[2] He had a right to be sanguine, for nothing less than a miracle could now destroy his generous hopes—and alas! the miracle took place; a miracle of perfidy and bloodshed such as the world, familiar as it had ever been and was still to be with massacre, had not yet witnessed. On the 11th of August, Coligny had written thus hopefully of his movements toward the Netherlands, *sanctioned and aided by his king.* A fortnight from that day occurred the "Paris wedding"; and the admiral, with thousands of his religious confederates, invited to confidence by superhuman treachery, and lulled into security by the music of august marriage-bells, was suddenly butchered in the streets of Paris by royal and noble hands.

The prince proceeded on his march, during which the heavy news had been brought to him, but he felt convinced that, with the very arrival of the awful tidings, the fate of that campaign was sealed, and the fall of Mons inevitable. In his own language, he had been struck to the earth "with the blow of a sledge-hammer"[3] —nor did the enemy draw a different augury from the great event.

The crime was not committed with the connivance of the Spanish government. On the contrary, the two courts were at the moment bitterly hostile to each other.

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, iii. 496–500.
[2] Ibid., iii. 501–507.
[3] Ibid., iii. 501–507, and iv. 102.

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In the beginning of the summer Charles IX. and his advisers were as false to Philip as at the end of it they were treacherous to Coligny and Orange. The massacre of the Huguenots had not even the merit of being a well-contrived and intelligently executed scheme. We have seen how steadily, seven years before, Catherine de' Medici had rejected the advances of Alva toward the arrangement of a general plan for the extermination of all heretics within France and the Netherlands at the same moment. We have seen the disgust with which Alva turned from the wretched young king at Bayonne when he expressed the opinion that to take arms against his own subjects was wholly out of the question and could only be followed by general ruin. "'T is easy to see that he has been tutored,"[1] wrote Alva to his master. Unfortunately, the same mother who had then instilled those lessons of hypocritical benevolence had now wrought upon her son's cowardly but ferocious nature with a far different intent. The incomplete assassination of Coligny, the dread of signal vengeance at the hands of the Huguenots, the necessity of taking the lead in the internecine struggle, were employed with Medicean art, and with entire success. The king was lashed into a frenzy. Starting to his feet with a howl of rage and terror, "I agree to the scheme," he cried, "provided not one Huguenot be left alive in France to reproach me with the deed."[2]

That night the slaughter commenced. The long-premeditated crime was executed in a panic, but the work was thoroughly done. The king, who a few days

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1158. Hoofd, vii. 262.

[2] Von Raumer, Geschichte Europas seit dem Ende des fünfzehnten Jahrhunderts (Leipsic, 1833), ii. 256.

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before had written with his own hand to Louis of Nassau, expressing his firm determination to sustain the Protestant cause both in France and the Netherlands, who had employed the counsels of Coligny in the arrangement of his plans, and who had sent French troops, under Genlis and La Noue, to assist their Calvinist brethren in Flanders, now gave the signal for the general massacre of the Protestants, and with his own hands, from his own palace windows, shot his subjects with his harquebus as if they had been wild beasts.

Between Sunday and Tuesday, according to one of the most moderate calculations, five thousand Parisians of all ranks were murdered. Within the whole kingdom the number of victims was variously estimated at from twenty-five thousand to one hundred thousand.[1] The heart of Protestant Europe for an instant stood still with horror. The Queen of England put on mourning weeds, and spurned the apologies of the French envoy with contempt.[2] At Rome, on the contrary, the news of the massacre created a joy beyond description. The pope, accompanied by his cardinals, went solemnly to the Church of St. Mark to render thanks to God for the grace thus singularly vouchsafed to the holy see and to all Christendom, and a Te Deum was performed in presence of the same august assemblage.[3]

But nothing could exceed the satisfaction which the event occasioned in the mind of Philip II. There was an end now of all assistance from the French government to the Netherland Protestants. "The news of the events

[1] Von Raumer, ii. 260. Compare De Thou, t. vi. liv. ii. 430; Bor, vi. 402, 403; Meteren, iv. 74.

[2] Von Raumer, ii. 263.

[3] De Thou, t. vi. liv. liii. 442.

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upon St. Bartholomew's day," wrote the French envoy at Madrid, Saint-Goard, to Charles IX., "arrived on the 7th September. The king, on receiving the intelligence, showed, contrary to his natural custom, so much gaiety that he seemed more delighted than with all the good fortune or happy incidents which had ever before occurred to him. He called all his familiars about him in order to assure them that your Majesty was his good brother, and that no one else deserved the title of Most Christian. He sent his secretary Cayas to me with his felicitations upon the event, and with the information that he was just going to St. Jerome to render thanks to God, and to offer his prayers that your Majesty might receive divine support in this great affair. I went to see him next morning, and as soon as I came into his presence *he began to laugh*, and, with demonstrations of extreme contentment, to praise your Majesty as deserving your title of Most Christian, telling me there was no king worthy to be your Majesty's companion, either for *valor or prudence*. He praised the steadfast resolution and the long dissimulation of so great an enterprise, which all the world would not be able to comprehend. . . . I thanked him," continued the ambassador, "and I said that I thanked God for enabling your Majesty to *prove to his Master that his apprentice had learned his trade* and deserved his title of Most Christian King. I added that he ought to confess that he owed the preservation of the Netherlands to your Majesty."[1]

Nothing certainly could, in Philip's apprehension, be more delightful than this most unexpected and most opportune intelligence. Charles IX., whose intrigues

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., Supplément, 125.

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in the Netherlands he had long known, had now been suddenly converted by this stupendous crime into his most powerful ally, while at the same time the Protestants of Europe would learn that there was still another crowned head in Christendom more deserving of abhorrence than himself. He wrote immediately to Alva,[1] expressing his satisfaction that the King of France had disembarrassed himself of such pernicious men, because he would now be obliged to cultivate the friendship of Spain, neither the English queen nor the German Protestants being thenceforth capable of trusting him. He informed the duke, moreover, that the French envoy, Saint-Goard, had been urging him to command the immediate execution of Genlis and his companions, who had been made prisoners, as well as all the Frenchmen who would be captured in Mons, and that he fully concurred in the propriety of the measure. "The sooner," said Philip, "these noxious plants are extirpated from the earth, the less fear there is that a fresh crop will spring up." The monarch therefore added, with his own hand, to the letter: "*I desire that if you have not already disembarrassed the world of them, you will do it immediately, and inform me thereof, for I see no reason why it should be deferred.*"[2] This is the demoniacal picture painted by the French ambassador, and by Philip's own hand, of the Spanish monarch's joy that his "Most

[1] The letter is published by M. Gachard, "Particularités inédites sur la Saint Barthélémy," Bulletins de l'Acad. Roy. de Belg., xvi.

[2] "Y assi holgare que si ya no les ubiere deshechado del mundo lo hagais luego, y me aviseis dello, pues que no veo que aya causa ni la pueda aber por que esto se dexe de hazer."—Letter of Philip, 18th September, 1572, ubi sup.

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Christian" brother had just murdered twenty-five thousand of his own subjects. In this cold-blooded way, too, did his Catholic Majesty order the execution of some thousand Huguenots additionally, in order more fully to carry out his royal brother's plans; yet Philip could write of himself "that all the world recognized the gentleness of his nature and the mildness of his intentions."[1]

In truth, the advice thus given by Saint-Goard on the subject of the French prisoners in Alva's possession was a natural result of the St. Bartholomew. Here were officers and soldiers whom Charles IX. had himself sent into the Netherlands to fight *for the Protestant cause against Philip and Alva.* Already the papers found upon them had placed him in some embarrassment, and exposed his duplicity to the Spanish government, before the great massacre had made such signal reparation for his delinquency. He had ordered Mondoucet, his envoy in the Netherlands, to use dissimulation to an unstinted amount, to continue his intrigues with the Protestants, and to deny stoutly all proofs of such connivance. "I see that the papers found upon Genlis," he wrote[2] twelve days before the massacre, "have been put into the hands of Assonleville, and that they know everything done by Genlis to have been committed with my consent. Nevertheless, you will tell

[1] Letter to the emperor, Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., Suppl., 46.

[2] These remarkable letters exchanged between Charles IX. and Mondoucet have recently been published by M. Émile Gachet (chef du bureau paléographique aux Archives de Belgique) from a manuscript discovered by him in the library at Rheims (Compte Rendu de la Com. Roy. d'Hist., iv. 340 sqq.).

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the Duke of Alva *that these are lies invented to excite suspicion against me.* You will also give him occasional information of the enemy's affairs, in order to make him believe in your integrity. Even if he does not believe you, my purpose will be answered, provided you do it dexterously.[1] At the same time you must keep up a *constant communication with the Prince of Orange*, taking great care to *prevent discovery of your intelligence with him.*"[2]

Were not these master-strokes of diplomacy worthy of a king whom his mother, from boyhood upward, had caused to study Machiavelli's "Prince," and who had thoroughly taken to heart the maxim, often repeated in those days, that the "science of reigning was the science of lying"?[3]

The joy in the Spanish camp before Mons was unbounded. It was as if the only bulwark between the Netherland rebels and total destruction had been suddenly withdrawn. With anthems in St. Gudule,[4] with bonfires, festive illuminations, roaring artillery, with trumpets also, and with shawms, was the glorious holiday celebrated in court and camp, in honor of the vast murder committed by the Most Christian King upon his Christian subjects; nor was a moment lost in apprising the Huguenot soldiers shut up with Louis of

[1] "Encores qu'il ne y adjouste foy, toutes fois cela servira à mon intention, pourveu que le faciez destrement."—Compte Rendu de la Com. Roy. d'Hist., iv. 340 sqq.

[2] Ibid.

[3] "Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare."

[4] Letter of Mondoucet, ubi sup. Strada, vii. 366: "In Hispanorum castris sub primas tenebras, ingentis lætitiæ signa hostes edere, scloporum explosione ter repetitia, læto tympanorum tubarumque cantu, ac toto circum vallo festis ignibus collucente," etc.

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Nassau in the beleaguered city of the great catastrophe which was to render all their valor fruitless. "'T was a punishment," said a Spanish soldier who fought most courageously before Mons, and who elaborately described the siege afterward, "well worthy of a king whose title is 'The Most Christian,' and it was still more honorable to inflict it with his own hands as he did."[1] Nor was the observation a pithy sarcasm, but a frank expression of opinion from a man celebrated alike for the skill with which he handled both his sword and his pen.

The French envoy in the Netherlands was, of course, immediately informed by his sovereign of the great event. Charles IX. gave a very pithy account of the transaction. "To prevent the success of the enterprise planned by the admiral," wrote the king on the 26th of August, with hands yet reeking, and while the havoc throughout France was at its height, "I have been obliged to permit the said Guises to rush upon the said admiral,[2] which they have done, the said admiral having been killed, and all his adherents. A very great number of those belonging to the new religion have also been massacred and cut to pieces. It is probable that the fire thus kindled will spread through all the cities of my kingdom, and that all those of the said religion will be made sure of."[3] Not often, certainly, in history, has a Christian king spoken thus calmly of butchering his subjects while the work was proceeding all around

[1] Mendoza, vii. 146.

[2] "J'ay été constraint permettre et doner moyen ausdits de Guise de courir sus audit Amiral," etc.—Correspondance de Mondoucet, etc., ubi sup.

[3] Ibid.

SAN FERNANDO
DISCARDED
UNION HIGH SCHOOL
DISCARDED
SAN FERNANDO, CALIF.
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him. It is to be observed, moreover, that the usual excuse for such enormities, religious fanaticism, cannot be even suggested on this occasion. Catherine in times past had favored Huguenots as much as Catholics, while Charles had been, up to the very moment of the crime, in strict alliance with the heretics of both France and Flanders, and furthering the schemes of Orange and Nassau. Nay, even at this very moment, and in this very letter in which he gave the news of the massacre, he charged his envoy still *to maintain the closest but most secret intelligence with the Prince of Orange*, taking great care that the Duke of Alva should not discover these relations. His motives were, of course, to prevent the prince from abandoning his designs, and from coming to make a disturbance in France. The king, now that the deed was done, was most anxious to reap all the fruits of his crime. "Now, M. de Mondoucet, it is necessary in such affairs," he continued, "to have an eye to every possible contingency. I know that this news will be most agreeable to the Duke of Alva, for it is most favorable to his designs. At the same time, I don't desire that he alone should gather the fruit. I don't choose that he should, according to his excellent custom, conduct his affairs in such wise as to throw the Prince of Orange upon my hands, besides sending back to France Genlis and the other prisoners, as well as the French now shut up in Mons."[1]

This was a sufficiently plain hint, which Mondoucet could not well misunderstand. "Observe the duke's countenance carefully when you give him this message," added the king, "and let me know his reply." In order, however, that there might be no mistake about the

[1] Correspondance de Mondoucet.

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matter, Charles wrote again to his ambassador, five days afterward, distinctly stating the regret which he should feel if Alva should not take the city of Mons, or if he should take it by composition. "Tell the duke," said he, "that it is most important for the service of his master and of God that those Frenchmen and others in Mons should be cut in pieces."[1] He wrote another letter upon the same day, such was his anxiety upon the subject, instructing the envoy to urge upon Alva the necessity of chastising those rebels to the French crown. "If he tells you," continued Charles, "that this is tacitly requiring him to put to death all the French prisoners now in hand, as well as to cut in pieces every man in Mons, you will say to him that this is exactly what he ought to do, and that he will be guilty of a great wrong to Christianity if he does otherwise."[2] Certainly the duke, having been thus distinctly ordered, both by his own master and by his Christian Majesty, to put every one of these Frenchmen to death, had a sufficiency of royal warrant. Nevertheless, he was not able to execute entirely these ferocious instructions. The prisoners already in his power were not destined to escape, but the city of Mons, in his own language, "proved to have sharper teeth than he supposed."[3]

Mondoucet lost no time in placing before Alva the urgent necessity of accomplishing the extensive and cold-blooded massacre thus proposed. "The duke has replied," wrote the envoy to his sovereign, "that he is executing his prisoners every day, and that he has but a few left. Nevertheless, for some reason which he does not mention, he is reserving the principal noblemen

[1] Correspondance de Mondoucet. [2] Ibid.
[3] Mondoucet to Charles IX., 15th September, 1572.

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and chiefs."[1] He afterward informed his master that Genlis, Jumelles, and the other leaders had engaged, if Alva would grant them a reasonable ransom, to induce the French in Mons to leave the city, but that the duke, although his language was growing less confident, still hoped to take the town by assault. "I have urged him," he added, "to put them all to death, assuring him that he would be responsible for the consequences of a contrary course." "Why does not your Most Christian master," asked Alva, "order these Frenchmen in Mons to come to him under oath to make no disturbance? Then my prisoners will be at my discretion, and I shall get my city." "Because," answered the envoy, "they *will not trust his Most Christian Majesty, and will prefer to die in Mons.*"[2]

This certainly was a most sensible reply, but it is instructive to witness the cynicism with which the envoy accepts this position for his master, while coldly recording the results of all these sanguinary conversations.

Such was the condition of affairs when the Prince of Orange arrived at Péronne, between Binche and the Duke of Alva's intrenchments.[3] The besieging army was rich in notabilities of elevated rank. Don Frederick of Toledo had hitherto commanded, but on the 27th of August the dukes of Medina-Celi and of Alva had arrived in the camp.[4] Directly afterward came the warlike Archbishop of Cologne,[5] at the head of two thousand cavalry.[6] There was but one chance for the Prince

[1] Mondoucet to Charles IX., 5th September, 1572.
[2] Ibid., 15th September.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1158. Hoofd, vii. 262.
[4] Hoofd, vii. 257.
[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1158. [6] Bor, vi. 402.

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of Orange, and experience had taught him, four years before, its slenderness. He might still provoke his adversary into a pitched battle, and he relied upon God for the result. In his own words, "he trusted ever that the great God of armies was with him and would fight in the midst of his forces."[1] So long as Alva remained in his impregnable camp, it was impossible to attack him or to throw reinforcements into Mons. The prince soon found, too, that Alva was far too wise to hazard his position by a superfluous combat. The duke knew that the cavalry of the prince was superior to his own.[2] He expressed himself entirely unwilling to play into the prince's hands, instead of winning the game which was no longer doubtful. The Huguenot soldiers within Mons were in despair and mutiny; Louis of Nassau lay in his bed consuming with a dangerous fever; Genlis was a prisoner, and his army cut to pieces; Coligny was murdered, and Protestant France paralyzed; the troops of Orange, enlisted but for three months, were already rebellious, and sure to break into open insubordination when the consequences of the Paris massacre should become entirely clear to them; and there were, therefore, even more cogent reasons than in 1568 why Alva should remain perfectly still and see his enemy's cause founder before his eyes. The valiant Archbishop of Cologne was most eager for the fray. He rode daily at the duke's side, with harness on his back and pistols in his holsters, armed and attired like one of his own troopers, and urging the duke, with vehemence, to a pitched battle with the prince. The duke commended, but did not yield to, the prelate's enthusiasm. "'T is a fine figure

[1] Letter of John of Nassau, Archives, etc., iii. 461.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1158.

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of a man, with his corselet and pistols," he wrote to Philip, "and he shows great affection for your Majesty's service."[1]

The issue of the campaign was inevitable. On the 11th September, Don Frederick, with a force of four thousand picked men, established himself at St.-Florian, a village near the Havré gate of the city, while the prince had encamped at Hermigny, within half a league of the same place, whence he attempted to introduce reinforcements into the town. On the night of the 11th and 12th, Don Frederick hazarded an encamisada upon the enemy's camp, which proved eminently successful, and had nearly resulted in the capture of the prince himself. A chosen band of six hundred harquebusiers, attired, as was customary in these nocturnal expeditions, with their shirts outside their armor, that they might recognize each other in the darkness, were led by Julien Romero within the lines of the enemy. The sentinels were cut down, the whole army surprised and for a moment powerless, while, for two hours long, from one o'clock in the morning until three, the Spaniards butchered their foes, hardly aroused from their sleep, ignorant by how small a force they had been thus suddenly surprised, and unable in the confusion to distinguish between friend and foe.[2] The boldest, led by Julien in person, made at once for the prince's tent. His guards and himself were in profound sleep, but a small spaniel, who always passed the night upon his bed, was a more faithful sentinel. The creature sprang forward, barking furiously at the sound of hostile footsteps, and scratching his master's face with his paws.[3] There was but

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1158.

[2] Mendoza, vii. 157. Strada, vii. 367, 368.

[3] Strada, vii. 368. Hoofd, vii. 263.

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just time for the prince to mount a horse which was ready saddled, and to effect his escape through the darkness, before his enemies sprang into the tent. His servants were cut down, his master of the horse and two of his secretaries, who gained their saddles a moment later, all lost their lives,[1] and but for the little dog's watchfulness, William of Orange, upon whose shoulders the whole weight of his country's fortunes depended, would have been led within a week to an ignominious death. To his dying day, the prince ever afterward [2] kept a spaniel of the same race in his bedchamber. The midnight slaughter still continued, but the Spaniards, in their fury, set fire to the tents. The glare of the conflagration showed the Orangists by how paltry a force they had been surprised. Before they could rally, however, Romero led off his harquebusiers, every one of whom had at least killed his man. Six hundred of the prince's troops had been put to the sword, while many others were burned in their beds, or drowned in the little rivulet which flowed outside their camp. Only sixty Spaniards lost their lives.[3]

This disaster did not alter the plans of the prince, for those plans had already been frustrated. The whole marrow of his enterprise had been destroyed in an instant by the massacre of St. Bartholomew. He retreated to Péronne and Nivelles, an assassin named Heist, a German by birth, but a French chevalier, following him secretly in his camp, pledged to take his life

[1] Hoofd, vii. 264.

[2] Ibid., vii. 263. In the statues of the prince, a little dog is frequently sculptured at his feet.

[3] Bentivoglio, v. 106. Mendoza, vii. 157 et seq. Hoofd, vii. 263, 264. Bor, vii. 408.

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for a large reward promised by Alva[1]—an enterprise not destined, however, to be successful. The soldiers flatly refused to remain an hour longer in the field, or even to furnish an escort for Count Louis, if, by chance, he could be brought out of the town.[2] The prince was obliged to inform his brother of the desperate state of his affairs, and to advise him to capitulate on the best terms[3] which he could make. With a heavy heart he left the chivalrous Louis besieged in the city which he had so gallantly captured, and took his way across the Meuse toward the Rhine. A furious mutiny broke out among his troops. His life was with difficulty saved from the brutal soldiery—infuriated at his inability to pay them, except in the overdue securities of the Holland cities—by the exertions of the officers, who still regarded him with veneration and affection.[4] Crossing the Rhine at Orsoy, he disbanded his army and betook himself, almost alone, to Holland.[5]

Yet even in this hour of distress and defeat the prince seemed more heroic than many a conqueror in his day of triumph. With all his hopes blasted, with the whole fabric of his country's fortunes shattered by the colossal crime of his royal ally, he never lost his confidence in himself nor his unfaltering trust in God. All the cities which, but a few weeks before, had so eagerly raised his standard now fell off at once. He went to Holland,

[1] Letter of Mondoucet to Charles IX., Com. Roy. d'Hist., iv. 340.

[2] Letter of Prince of Orange to John of Nassau, Archives de la Maison d'Orange, etc., iii. 501–507, and the cipher explained in t. iv. c. ii.

[3] Hoofd, vii. 264. Meteren, iv. 75.

[4] Bor, vii. 408. Meteren, iv. 75.

[5] Hoofd, vii. 264.

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the only province which remained true, and which still looked up to him as its savior, but he went thither expecting and prepared to perish. "*There I will make my sepulcher*,"[1] was his simple and sublime expression in a private letter to his brother.

He had advanced to the rescue of Louis, with city after city opening its arms to receive him. He had expected to be joined on the march by Coligny, at the head of a chosen army, and he was now obliged to leave his brother to his fate, having the massacre of the admiral and his confederates substituted for their expected army of assistance, and with every city and every province forsaking his cause as eagerly as they had so lately embraced it. "It has pleased God," he said, "to take away every hope which we could have founded upon man. The king has published that the massacre was by his orders, and has forbidden all his subjects, upon pain of death, to assist me; he has, moreover, sent succor to Alva. Had it not been for this, we had been masters of the duke, and should have made him capitulate at our pleasure."[2] Yet even then he was not cast down.

Nor was his political sagacity liable to impeachment by the extent to which he had been thus deceived by the French court. "So far from being reprehensible that I did not suspect such a crime," he said, "I should rather be chargeable with malignity had I been capable of so sinister a suspicion. 'T is not an ordinary thing to conceal such enormous deliberations under the plausible cover of a marriage-festival."[3]

[1] "Ayant délibéré de faire illecq ma sépultre."—Letter to his brother John of Nassau, Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 4.

[2] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, etc., iii. 501–507.

[3] Ibid.

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Meanwhile Count Louis lay confined to his couch with a burning fever. His soldiers refused any longer to hold the city, now that the altered intentions of Charles IX. were known[1] and the forces of Orange withdrawn. Alva offered the most honorable conditions, and it was therefore impossible for the count to make longer resistance. The city was so important and time was at that moment so valuable that the duke was willing to forego his vengeance upon the rebel whom he so cordially detested, and to be satisfied with depriving him of the prize which he had seized with such audacity. "It would have afforded me sincere pleasure," wrote the duke, "over and above the benefit to God and your Majesty, to have had the Count of Nassau in my power. I would overleap every obstacle to seize him, such is the particular hatred which I bear the man."[2] Under the circumstances, however, he acknowledged that the result of the council of war could only be to grant liberal terms.

On the 19th September, accordingly, articles of capitulation were signed between the distinguished De la Noue with three others on the one part, and the Seigneur de Noircarmes and three others on the side of Spain. The town was given over to Alva, but all the soldiers were to go out with their weapons and property. Those of the townspeople who had borne arms against his Majesty, and all who still held to the Reformed religion, were to retire with the soldiery. The troops were to pledge themselves not to serve in future against the kings of France or Spain, but from this provision Louis, with

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, etc., iii. 501–507. Vie de De la Noue, 75.

[2] Letter of Alva to Philippe II., Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1162.

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his English and German soldiers, was expressly excepted, the count indignantly repudiating the idea of such a pledge, or of discontinuing his hostilities for an instant. It was also agreed that convoys should be furnished, and hostages exchanged, for the due observance of the terms of the treaty. The preliminaries having been thus settled, the patriot forces abandoned the town.[1]

Count Louis, rising from his sick-bed, paid his respects in person to the victorious generals, at their request. He was received in Alva's camp with an extraordinary show of admiration and esteem. The Duke of Medina-Celi overwhelmed him with courtesies and *basolomanos*, while Don Frederick assured him, in the high-flown language of Spanish compliment, that there was nothing which he would not do to serve him, and that he would take a greater pleasure in executing his slightest wish than if he had been his next of kin.[2]

As the count next day, still suffering with fever, and attired in his long dressing-gown, was taking his departure from the city, he ordered his carriage to stop at the entrance to Don Frederick's quarters. That gen-

[1] Bor, vii. 408, 409. Hoofd, vii. 265. Meteren, iv. 76. Mendoza, vii. 158, 159, 160.

[2] "So haten auch Don Frederico, le grand Prieur genañt" (which he certainly was not, however), "und der Herzog de Medina-Celi mit sonder ehrerbietung Graf Ludwig in dem Albanischen Lager selbst persönlich angesprochen und haben den Don Fred. viel besolosmanos gemacht und under andern sich erbotten wo er Graf Ludwigen freundschaft und angenehmen willen werde zu erzeigen wissen, soll sein Gnad: sich des zu ihm gewiszlich versehen das er solchs so gern und willig thun wolle als ob er S. Gn. nechster verwandter were."—Schwarz to Landgrave Will. of Hesse, Appendix to vol. iv., Archives de la Maison d'Orange, 17*.

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eral, who had been standing incognito near the door, gazing with honest admiration at the hero of so many a hard-fought field, withdrew as he approached, that he might not give the invalid the trouble of alighting.[1] Louis, however, recognizing him, addressed him with the Spanish salutation, "Perdone vuestra Señoria la pesedumbre," and paused at the gate.[2] Don Frederick, from politeness to his condition, did not present himself, but sent an aide-de-camp to express his compliments and good wishes. Having exchanged these courtesies, Louis left the city, conveyed, as had been agreed upon, by a guard of Spanish troops. There was a deep meaning in the respect with which the Spanish generals had treated the rebel chieftain. Although the massacre of St. Bartholomew met with Alva's entire approbation, yet it was his cue to affect a holy horror at the event, and he avowed that he would "rather cut off both his hands than be guilty of such a deed"[3]—as if those hangman's hands had the right to protest against any murder, however wholesale. Count Louis suspected at once, and soon afterward thoroughly understood, the real motives of the chivalrous treatment which he had received.[4] He well knew that these very men would have sent him to the scaffold had he fallen into their

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iii. 515, 518.

[2] Hoofd, vii. 265.

[3] Letter of Louis of Nassau to Charles IX., 1st June, 1573, Groen v. Prinst., Archives de la Maison, etc., iv. 86* et seq. The letter is taken from the Archives of Simancas.

[4] "Et que cà esté la seulle cause de la courtoisie et fidelité dont le Duc d'Albe a ussé envers le Conte à la prinse de la ville de Monts; comme il a depuis dict à plusieurs que c'estoit pour monstrer qu'il ne vouldroit point avoir faict ung si méchant acte qu'avoit faict le Roy de France," etc.—Ibid.

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power, and he therefore estimated their courtesy at its proper value.

It was distinctly stated, in the capitulation of the city, that all the soldiers, as well as such of the inhabitants as had borne arms, should be allowed to leave the city, with all their property. The rest of the people, it was agreed, might remain without molestation to their persons or estates.[1] It has been the general opinion of historians that the articles of this convention were maintained by the conquerors in good faith.[2] Never was a more signal error. The capitulation was made late at night, on the 20th September, without the provision which Charles IX. had hoped for—the massacre, namely, of De la Noue and his companions. As for Genlis and those who had been taken prisoners at his defeat, their doom had already been sealed. The city was evacuated on the 21st September. Alva entered it upon the 24th. Most of the volunteers departed with the garrison, but many who had, most unfortunately, prolonged their farewells to their families, trusting to the word of the Spanish captain Molinos, were thrown into prison.[3] Noircarmes, the butcher of Valenciennes, now made his appearance in Mons. As grand bailiff of Hainault, he came to the place as one in authority, and his deeds were now to complete the infamy which must forever surround his name. In brutal violation of the terms upon which the town had surrendered, he now set about the work of massacre and pillage. A Commission of Troubles, in close imitation of the famous

[1] Mendoza, vii. 157vo, 158vo. Bor, vii. 408, 409.

[2] Bor, Le Petit, Guicciardini, et al.

[3] Mons; sous les Rapports Historiques et Statisques, etc., par F. Paridaens (Mons, 1819), 77 sqq.

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Blood-Council at Brussels, was established,[1] the members of the tribunal being appointed by Noircarmes, and all being inhabitants of the town. The council commenced proceedings by condemning all the volunteers, although expressly included in the capitulation. Their wives and children were all banished, their property all confiscated. On the 15th December the executions commenced. The intrepid De Leste, silk-manufacturer, who had commanded a band of volunteers and sustained during the siege the assaults of Alva's troops with remarkable courage at a very critical moment, was one of the earliest victims.[2] In consideration "that he was a gentleman and not among the most malicious,"[3] he was executed by sword. "In respect that he heard the mass and made a sweet and Catholic end," it was allowed that he should be "buried in consecrated earth."[4] Many others followed in quick succession. Some were beheaded, some were hanged, some were burned alive. All who had borne arms or worked at the fortifications were, of course, put to death. Such as refused to confess and receive the Catholic sacraments perished by fire. A poor wretch, accused of having ridiculed these mysteries, had his tongue torn out before being beheaded.[5] A cobbler named Blaise Bouzet was hanged for having eaten meat-soup upon Friday.[6]

[1] Paridaens, 77–87. [2] Ibid.

[3] Sentence against Pierre de Leste, apud Altmeyer, Une Succursale au Tribunal de Sang, 113, note 3.

[4] Ibid.: "En considération de sa belle fin, doulce et catholique avec grande recognoissance et repentance, Monsqr de Vaulx accorda la terre saincte et son corps porté aux cordeliers."

[5] Paridaens, Sentences du 6me Mars, 1573, et autres.

[6] Altmeyer, 120, from the Archives Judiciaires de Hainaut, Registre contenant les sentences criminelles.

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He was also accused of going to the Protestant preachings for the sake of participating in the alms distributed on these occasions [1]—a crime for which many other paupers were executed.[2] An old man of sixty-two was sent to the scaffold for having permitted his son to bear arms among the volunteers.[3] At last, when all pretexts were wanting to justify executions, the council assigned as motives for its decrees an adhesion of heart on the part of the victims to the cause of the insurgents or to the doctrines of the Reformed Church.[4] Ten, twelve, twenty persons were often hanged, burned, or beheaded in a single day.[5] Gibbets laden with mutilated bodies lined the public highways, while Noircarmes, by frightful expressions of approbation, excited without ceasing the fury of his satellites.[6] This monster would perhaps be less worthy of execration had he been governed in these foul proceedings by fanatical bigotry or by political hatred; but his motives were of the most sordid description. It was mainly to acquire gold for himself that he ordained all this carnage. With the same pen which signed the death-sentences of the richest victims he drew orders to his own benefit on their confiscated property.[7] The lion's share of the plunder was

[1] Altmeyer, 120, from the Archives Judiciaires de Hainaut, Registre contenant les sentences criminelles.

[2] Sentences du 6me Mars, 1573, et autres, apud Paridaens, 82.

[3] Paridaens.

[4] Ibid., Sentences du 6me Mars, et autres.

[5] Paridaens, 83. Sentences des 15me et 31me Dec., 1572, 17me Jan., 1573, 6me Mars, 10me, 11me, 13me Avril, 9me Juillet, 26me et 27me Août, 1573.

[6] Ibid.

[7] Paridaens, 84. Lettres aux Commissaires des 1er Juin et 24me Nov., 1573.

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appropriated by himself. He desired the estate of François de Glarges, Seigneur d'Eslesmes. The gentleman had committed no offense of any kind, and, moreover, lived beyond the French frontier. Nevertheless, in contempt of international law, the neighboring territory was invaded, and D'Eslesmes dragged before the blood-tribunal of Mons. Noircarmes had drawn up beforehand, in his own handwriting, both the terms of the accusation and of the sentence. The victim was innocent and a Catholic, but he was rich. He confessed to have been twice at the preaching, from curiosity, and to have omitted taking the sacrament at the previous Easter. For these offenses he was beheaded, and his confiscated estate adjudged at an almost nominal price to the secretary of Noircarmes, bidding for his master.[1] "You can do me no greater pleasure," wrote Noircarmes to the council, "than to make quick work with all these rebels, and to proceed with the confiscation of their estates, real and personal. Don't fail to put all those to the torture out of whom anything can be got."[2]

Notwithstanding the unexampled docility of the commissioners, they found it difficult to extract from their redoubted chief a reasonable share in the wages of blood. They did not scruple, therefore, to display their own infamy, and to enumerate their own crimes, in order to justify their demand for higher salaries. "Consider," they said in a petition to this end—"consider closely all that is odious in our office, and the great number of

[1] Paridaens, 85, Greffe de Mons. Sentence du 24me Fev., 1573. Lettre de Noircarmes à Buzequies de 25me Nov., 1573, cited by Paridaens.

[2] Altmeyer, 115, from the Archives de Hainaut.

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banishments and of executions which we have *pronounced among all our own relations and friends.*"[1]

It may be added, moreover, as a slight palliation for the enormous crimes committed by these men, that, becoming at last weary of their business, they urged Noircarmes to desist from the work of proscription. Longehaye, one of the commissioners, even waited upon him personally with a plea for mercy in favor of "the poor people, even beggars, who, although having borne arms during the siege, might then be pardoned." Noircarmes, in a rage at the proposition, said that "if he did not know the commissioners to be honest men, he should believe *that their palms had been oiled,*"[2] and forbade any further words on the subject. When Longehaye still ventured to speak in favor of certain persons "who were very poor and simple, not charged with duplicity, and good Catholics besides," he fared no better. "Away with you!" cried Noircarmes, in a great fury,[3] adding that he had already written to have execution done upon the whole of them. "Whereupon," said poor Blood-Councilor Longehaye, in his letter to his colleagues, "I retired, I leave you to guess how."[4]

[1] "Considérer de près tout l'odieux de nostre charge et le grand nombre de bannissemens et d'exécutions que nous avons prononcées *au milieu* de tous nos parens et amis."—Lettres des Commissaires du 22me Juin, 1575, apud Paridaens, 86; from the Greffe de Mons.

[2] ". . . vous avé veu . . . la collere de Monseigneur—disant que se ne nous cognoissoit gens de bien, auroit opinion qu'avions heu les mains engraissées."—Letter of Longehaye, in Altmeyer, 125 sqq.

[3] "Replicqua, Arrière! par grant furie," etc.—Ibid.

[4] "Sur quoy me rethiray, je vous laisse à penser comment."—Ibid.

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Thus the work went on day after day, month after month. Till the 27th August of the following year (1573) the executioner never rested, and when Requesens, successor to Alva, caused the prisons of Mons to be opened, there were found still seventy-five individuals condemned to the block and awaiting their fate.[1]

It is the most dreadful commentary upon the times in which these transactions occurred that they could sink so soon into oblivion. The culprits took care to hide the records of their guilt, while succeeding horrors, on a more extensive scale, at other places, effaced the memory of all these comparatively obscure murders and spoliations. The prosperity of Mons, one of the most flourishing and wealthy manufacturing towns in the Netherlands, was annihilated, but there were so many cities in the same condition that its misery was hardly remarkable. Nevertheless, in our own days, the fall of a moldering tower in the ruined Château de Naast at last revealed the archives of all these crimes.[2] How the documents came to be placed there remains a mystery, but they have at last been brought to light.

The Spaniards had thus recovered Mons, by which event the temporary revolution throughout the whole southern Netherlands was at an end. The keys of that city unlocked the gates of every other in Brabant and Flanders. The towns which had so lately embraced the authority of Orange now hastened to disavow the prince, and to return to their ancient, hypocritical, and cowardly allegiance.[3] The new oaths of fidelity were in general accepted by Alva, but the beautiful archiepis-

[1] Paridaens, 86 sqq.
[2] Ibid., 279, note E.
[3] Bor, vi. 415.

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copal city of Mechlin was selected for an example and a sacrifice.

There were heavy arrears due to the Spanish troops. To indemnify them, and to make good his blasphemous prophecy of divine chastisement for its past misdeeds, Alva now abandoned this town to the license of his soldiery. By his command Don Frederick advanced to the gates and demanded its surrender. He was answered by a few shots from the garrison. Those cowardly troops, however, having thus plunged the city still more deeply into the disgrace which, in Alva's eyes, they had incurred by receiving rebels within their walls after having but just before refused admittance to the Spanish forces, decamped during the night, and left the place defenseless.[1]

Early next morning there issued from the gates a solemn procession of priests, with banner and crozier, followed by a long and suppliant throng of citizens, who attempted by this demonstration to avert the wrath of the victor. While the penitent psalms were resounding, the soldiers were busily engaged in heaping dried branches and rubbish into the moat. Before the religious exercises were concluded, thousands had forced the gates or climbed the walls, and entered the city with a celerity which only the hope of rapine could inspire. The sack instantly commenced. The property of friend and foe, of papist and Calvinist, was indiscriminately rifled. Everything was dismantled and destroyed. "Hardly a nail," said a Spaniard writing soon afterward from Brussels, "was left standing in the walls." The troops seemed to imagine themselves in a Turkish town, and wreaked the divine vengeance which

[1] Bor, vi. 409. Meteren, iv. 76.

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Alva had denounced upon the city with an energy which met with his fervent applause.[1]

Three days long the horrible scene continued, one day for the benefit of the Spaniards, two more for that of the Walloons and Germans. All the churches, monasteries, religious houses of every kind, were completely sacked. Every valuable article which they contained, the ornaments of altars, the reliquaries, chalices, embroidered curtains, and carpets of velvet or damask, the golden robes of the priests, the repositories of the host, the precious vessels of chrism and extreme unction, the rich clothing and jewelry adorning the effigies of the Holy Virgin, all were indiscriminately rifled by the Spanish soldiers. The holy wafers were trampled underfoot, the sacramental wine was poured upon the ground, and, in brief, all the horrors which had been committed by the iconoclasts in their wildest moments, and for a thousandth part of which enormities heretics had been burned in droves, were now repeated in Mechlin by the especial soldiers of Christ, by Roman Catholics who had been sent to the Netherlands to avenge the insults offered to the Roman Catholic faith. The motive, too, which inspired the sacrilegious crew was not fanaticism, but the desire of plunder. The property of Romanists was taken as freely as that of

[1] Bor, vi. 409. Hoofd, vii. 266, 267. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1185. "Bref il n'y ha heu église, ny monastère, soit d'hommes ou de femmes, hospital ny lieu sacré auquel l'on aye porté respect, que tout n'aye esté saccagé jusques aux lianges et deniers d'epargne des povres."—Discours du Pillage de Malines, 2me Oct., 1572, p. 409, apud Willems, Mengelingen van historisch vaderlandschen inhoud (Antwerpen, 1827–30). The author of this contemporary account was a citizen of Mechlin and a Catholic.

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Calvinists, of which sect there were, indeed, but few in the archiepiscopal city. Cardinal Granvelle's house was rifled. The pauper funds deposited in the convents were not respected. The beds were taken from beneath sick and dying women, whether lady abbess or hospital patient, that the sacking might be torn to pieces in search of hidden treasure.[1]

The iconoclasts of 1566 had destroyed millions of property for the sake of an idea, but they had appropriated nothing. Moreover, they had scarcely injured a human being, confining their wrath to graven images. The Spaniards at Mechlin spared neither man nor woman. The murders and outrages would be incredible were they not attested by most respectable Catholic witnesses. Men were butchered in their houses, in the streets, at the altars. Women were violated by hundreds in churches and in graveyards.[2] Moreover, the deed had been as deliberately arranged as it was thoroughly performed. It was sanctioned by the highest authority. Don Frederick, son of Alva, and General Noircarmes were both present at the scene, and applications were in vain made to them that the havoc might

[1] Discours du Pillage de Malines, 2me Octobre, 1572, 406, 407: "Voires ne ont esté respectez les repositoires et cyboires, où estoyent les sainctes hostyes et précieux corps de nostre seigneur et rédempteur, ny les vaisseaux des saint chresme et extrêmes onctions, qui ont esté ravis par les soldats Espagnols . . . tiré déhors le ciboire, gectant en terre les sainctes hosties," etc.

"Et y a la mater des noires-sœurs ha perdu 6e florins de son espargne . . . et pardessus ha esté tiré à la dicte mater, gisant malade, son liet de dessoubz elle; comme aussi ha este faict avec infinité de femmes accouchées et d'aultre avortées et de malades." —Discours, etc., 409.

[2] Ibid., 415.

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be stayed. "They were seen whispering to each other in the ear on their arrival," says an eye-witness and a Catholic, "and it is well known that the affair had been resolved upon the preceding day. The two continued together as long as they remained in the city."[1] The work was, in truth, fully accomplished. The ultra-Catholic Jean Richardot, member of the Grand Council and nephew of the Bishop of Arras, informed the state council that the sack of Mechlin had been so horrible that the poor and unfortunate mothers had not a single morsel of bread to put in the mouths of their children, who were dying before their eyes, so insane and cruel had been the avarice of the plunderers. "He could say more," he added, "if his hair did not stand on end, not only at recounting, but even at remembering the scene."[2]

Three days long the city was abandoned to that trinity of furies which ever wait upon War's footsteps, —Murder, Lust, and Rapine,—under whose promptings human beings become so much more terrible than the most ferocious beasts. In his letter to his master, the duke congratulated him upon these foul proceedings as upon a pious deed well accomplished. He thought it necessary, however, to excuse himself before the public in a document which justified the sack of Mechlin by its refusal to accept his garrison a few months before, and by the shots which had been discharged at his troops as they approached the city.[3] For these offenses,

[1] Discours, etc., 411, 412.

[2] Letter of Jean Richardot, apud Gachard, Rapport au Ministre de l'Intérieur sur les Archives de Lille, 234.

[3] Bor, vi. 409, 410.

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and by his express order, the deed was done. Upon his head must the guilt forever rest.[1]

[1] Bor, vi. 409, 410. Meteren, iv. 76. Hoofd, vii. 266, 267. Compare Bentivoglio, vi. 114; Mendoza, viii. 161. The latter historian endeavors to exonerate the duke by imputing all the blame to the insubordination of his soldiers. Unfortunately, the commander's letters show that he had deliberately ordered the sack and was highly satisfied with the faithful manner in which it was accomplished: "donde quedan (los soldados) al presente exécutando el castigo que évidentemente parece que *Dios ha sido servido darles.*" With the blasphemy customary upon such occasions, the Almighty was, of course, represented as the chief perpetrator and instigator of these diabolical crimes. Vide Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1165.

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CHAPTER VIII

Affairs in Holland and Zealand—Siege of Ter Goes by the patriots—Importance of the place—Difficulty of relieving it—Its position—Audacious plan for sending succor across the "Drowned Land"—Brilliant and successful expedition of Mondragon—The siege raised—Horrible sack of Zutphen—Base conduct of Count van den Berg—Refusal of Naarden to surrender—Subsequent unsuccessful deputation to make terms with Don Frederick—Don Frederick before Naarden—Treachery of Romero—The Spaniards admitted—General massacre of the garrison and burghers—The city burned to the ground—Warm reception of Orange in Holland—Secret negotiations with the estates—Desperate character of the struggle between Spain and the provinces—Don Frederick in Amsterdam—Plans for reducing Holland—Skirmish on the ice at Amsterdam—Preparation in Haarlem for the expected siege—Description of the city—Early operations—Complete investment—Numbers of besiegers and besieged—Mutual barbarities—Determined repulse of the first assault—Failure of Batenburg's expedition—Cruelties in city and camp—Mining and countermining—Second assault victoriously repelled—Suffering and disease in Haarlem—Disposition of Don Frederick to retire—Memorable rebuke by Alva—Efforts of Orange to relieve the place—Sonoy's expedition—Exploit of John Haring—Cruel execution of prisoners on both sides—Quiryn Dirkzoon and his family put to death in the city—Fleets upon the lake—Defeat of the patriot armada—Dreadful suffering and starvation in the city—Parley with the besiegers—Despair of the city—Appeal to Orange—Expedition under Batenburg to relieve the city—His defeat and death—Desperate condition of Haarlem—Its surrender at discretion—Sanguinary executions—General massacre—Expense of the victory in blood and money—Joy of Philip at the news.

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WHILE thus Brabant and Flanders were scourged back to the chains which they had so recently broken, the affairs of the Prince of Orange were not improving in Zealand. Never was a twelvemonth so marked by contradictory fortune; never were the promises of a spring followed by such blight and disappointment in autumn than in the memorable year 1572. On the island of Walcheren, Middelburg and Arnemuyden still held for the king, Campveer and Flushing for the Prince of Orange. On the island of South Beveland, the city of Goes, or Ter Goes, was still stoutly defended by a small garrison of Spanish troops. As long as the place held out, the city of Middelburg could be maintained. Should that important city fall, the Spaniards would lose all hold upon Walcheren and the province of Zealand.

Jerome de Tseraerts, a brave, faithful, but singularly unlucky officer, commanded for the prince in Walcheren.[1] He had attempted by various hastily planned expeditions to give employment to his turbulent soldiery, but fortune had refused to smile upon his efforts. He had laid siege to Middelburg and failed. He had attempted Ter Goes and had been compelled ingloriously to retreat. The citizens of Flushing, on his return, had shut the gates of the town in his face, and for several days refused to admit him or his troops.[2] To retrieve this disgrace, which had sprung rather from the insubordination of his followers and the dislike which they bore his person than from any want of courage or conduct on his part, he now assembled a force of seven thousand men, marched again to Ter Goes, and upon the 26th of August laid siege to the place in form.[3] The garrison

[1] Bor, vi. 392. [2] Ibid., vi. 394. [3] Ibid.

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was very insufficient, and although they conducted themselves with great bravery, it was soon evident that unless reinforced they must yield. With their overthrow it was obvious that the Spaniards would lose the important maritime province of Zealand, and the duke accordingly ordered D'Avila, who commanded in Antwerp, to throw succor into Ter Goes without delay. Attempts were made, by sea and by land, to this effect, but were all unsuccessful. The Zealanders commanded the waters with their fleet, and were too much at home among those gulfs and shallows not to be more than a match for their enemies. Baffled in their attempt to relieve the town by water or by land, the Spaniards conceived an amphibious scheme. Their plan led to one of the most brilliant feats of arms which distinguishes the history of this war.

The Schelde, flowing past the city of Antwerp and separating the provinces of Flanders and Brabant, opens wide its two arms in nearly opposite directions before it joins the sea. Between these two arms lie the isles of Zealand, half floating upon, half submerged by the waves. The town of Ter Goes was the chief city of South Beveland, the most important part of this archipelago; but South Beveland had not always been an island. Fifty years before, a tempest, one of the most violent recorded in the stormy annals of that exposed country, had overthrown all barriers,[1] the waters of the German Ocean, lashed by a succession of north winds, having been driven upon the low coast of Zealand more rapidly than they could be carried off through the narrow Straits of Dover. The dikes of the island had

[1] Mendoza, viii. 166 et seq. Compare Guicciardini and Bentivoglio, vii. 109–114.

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burst, the ocean had swept over the land, hundreds of villages had been overwhelmed, and a tract of country torn from the province and buried forever beneath the sea. This "Drowned Land,"[1] as it is called, now separated the island from the main. At low tide it was, however, possible for experienced pilots to ford the estuary which had usurped the place of the land. The average depth was between four and five feet at low water, while the tide rose and fell at least ten feet; the bottom was muddy and treacherous, and it was moreover traversed by three living streams or channels, always much too deep to be fordable.[2]

Captain Blomaert, a Fleming of great experience and bravery, warmly attached to the king's cause, conceived the plan of sending reinforcements across this drowned district to the city of Ter Goes. Accompanied by two peasants of the country, well acquainted with the track, he twice accomplished the dangerous and difficult passage, which, from dry land to dry land, was nearly ten English miles in length. Having thus satisfied himself as to the possibility of the enterprise, he laid his plan before the Spanish colonel Mondragon.[3]

That courageous veteran eagerly embraced the proposal, examined the ground, and, after consultation with Sancho d'Avila, resolved in person to lead an expedition along the path suggested by Blomaert. Three thousand picked men—a thousand from each nation,[4] Spaniards, Walloons, and Germans—were speedily and secretly assembled at Bergen-op-Zoom, from the neigh-

[1] "Verdronken Land."—Bor, vi. 394.
[2] Bor, Hoofd, Mendoza, Bentivoglio, etc.
[3] Hoofd, vii. 270, 271. Bentivoglio, vi. 3.
[4] Bentivoglio, vi. 112.

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borhood of which city, at a place called Agger,[1] it was necessary that the expedition should set forth. A quantity of sacks were provided, in which a supply of biscuit and of powder was placed, one to be carried by each soldier upon his head. Although it was already late in the autumn, the weather was propitious; the troops, not yet informed as to the secret enterprise for which they had been selected, were already assembled at the edge of the water, and Mondragon, who, notwithstanding his age, had resolved upon heading the hazardous expedition, now briefly, on the evening of the 20th October, explained to them the nature of the service. His statement of the dangers which they were about to encounter rather inflamed than diminished their ardor. Their enthusiasm became unbounded as he described the importance of the city which they were about to save, and alluded to the glory which would be won by those who thus courageously came forward to its rescue. The time of about half ebb-tide having arrived, the veteran, preceded only by the guides and Blomaert, plunged gaily into the waves, followed by his army, almost in single file. The water was never lower than the breast, often higher than the shoulder. The distance to the island, three and a half leagues at least, was to be accomplished within, at most, six hours, or the rising tide would overwhelm them forever. And thus, across the quaking and uncertain slime, which often refused them a footing, that adventurous band, five hours long, pursued their midnight march, sometimes swimming for their lives, and always struggling with the waves which every instant threatened to engulf them.

Before the tide had risen to more than half-flood, be-

[1] Bor, vi. 394.

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fore the day had dawned, the army set foot on dry land again, at the village of Yerseke. Of the whole three thousand, only nine unlucky individuals had been drowned, so much had courage and discipline availed in that dark and perilous passage through the very bottom of the sea.[1] The Duke of Alva might well pronounce it one of the most brilliant and original achievements in the annals of war.[2] The beacon-fires were immediately lighted upon the shore, as agreed upon, to inform Sancho d'Avila, who was anxiously awaiting the result at Bergen-op-Zoom, of the safe arrival of the troops. A brief repose was then allowed. At the approach of daylight they set forth from Yerseke, which lay about four leagues from Ter Goes. The news that a Spanish army had thus arisen from the depths of the sea flew before them as they marched. The besieging force commanded the water with their fleet, the land with their army; yet had these indomitable Spaniards found a path which was neither land nor water, and had thus stolen upon them in the silence of night. A panic preceded them as they fell upon a foe much superior in number to their own force. It was impossible for Tseraerts to induce his soldiers to offer resistance. The patriot army fled precipitately and ignominiously to their ships, hotly pursued by the Spaniards, who overtook and destroyed the whole of their rear-guard before they could embark. This done, the gallant little garrison which had so successfully held the city was reinforced with the courageous veterans who had come to their relief. His audacious project thus brilliantly ac-

[1] Bentivoglio, Mendoza, Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, iv. 76, 77.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1179.

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complished, the "good old Mondragon,"[1] as his soldiers called him, returned to the province of Brabant.[2]

After the capture of Mons and the sack of Mechlin, the Duke of Alva had taken his way to Nimwegen, having despatched his son, Don Frederick, to reduce the northern and eastern country, which was only too ready to submit to the conqueror. Very little resistance was made by any of the cities which had so recently, and with such enthusiasm, embraced the cause of Orange. Zutphen attempted a feeble opposition to the entrance of the king's troops, and received a dreadful chastisement in consequence. Alva sent orders to his son to leave *not a single man alive in the city*, and to burn every house to the ground.[3] The duke's command was almost literally obeyed. Don Frederick entered Zutphen, and without a moment's warning put the whole garrison to the sword. The citizens next fell a defenseless prey; some being stabbed in the streets, some hanged on the trees which decorated the city, some stripped stark naked and turned out into the fields to freeze to death in the wintry night. As the work of death became too fatiguing for the butchers, five hundred innocent burghers were tied two and two, back to back, and drowned like dogs in the river Yssel. A few stragglers who had contrived to elude pursuit at first were afterward taken from their hiding-places and hung upon *the gallows by the feet*, some of which victims suffered four days and nights of agony before death came to their relief. It is superfluous to add that the outrages upon women were no less universal in Zutphen than they had

[1] "El bueno viejo Mondragon."—Corresp. de Philippe II., ii. 1179.

[2] Bentivoglio, Bor, Mendoza, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1180.

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been in every city captured or occupied by the Spanish troops. These horrors continued till scarcely chastity or life remained throughout the miserable city.[1]

This attack and massacre had been so suddenly executed that assistance would hardly have been possible, even had there been disposition to render it. There was, however, no such disposition. The whole country was already cowering again, except the provinces of Holland and Zealand. No one dared approach, even to learn what had occurred within the walls of the town, for days after its doom had been accomplished. "A wail of agony was heard above Zutphen last Sunday," wrote Count Nieuwenar, "a sound as of a mighty massacre, but we know not what has taken place."[2]

Count van den Berg, another brother-in-law of Orange, proved himself signally unworthy of the illustrious race to which he was allied. He had, in the earlier part of the year, received the homage of the cities of Gelderland and Overyssel on behalf of the patriot prince. He now basely abandoned the field where he had endeavored to gather laurels while the sun of success had been shining. Having written from Kampen, whither he had retired, that he meant to hold the city to the last gasp, he immediately afterward fled secretly and precipitately from the country.[3] In his flight he

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1180. Bor, vi. 415. Hoofd, vii. 274. Meteren, iv. 78. Compare Mendoza, viii. 172, and Bentivoglio, vi. 114, who glides rapidly over these scenes of horror with a smoothness all his own.

[2] "Aussi dict on que dimanche passé on a ouy ung grand jammergeschrey et tuerie dedans Zutfen, mais on ne sçait ce que c'est."—Comte Nieuwenar to Louis of Nassau, Archives de la Maison d'Orange, etc., iv. 28.

[3] Bor, vi. 415. Meteren, iv. 78. Hoofd, vii. 274.

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was plundered by his own people, while his wife, Mary of Nassau, then far advanced in pregnancy, was left behind, disguised as a peasant girl, in an obscure village.[1]

With the flight of Van den Berg, all the cities which, under his guidance, had raised the standard of Orange deserted the cause at once. Friesland too, where Robles obtained a victory over six thousand patriots, again submitted to the yoke. But if the ancient heart of the free Frisians was beating thus feebly, there was still spirit left among their brethren on the other side of the Zuyder Zee. It was not while William of Orange was within her borders, nor while her sister provinces had proved recreant to him, that Holland would follow their base example. No rebellion being left, except in the northwestern extremities of the Netherlands, Don Frederick was ordered to proceed from Zutphen to Amsterdam, thence to undertake the conquest of Holland. The little city of Naarden, on the coast of the Zuyder Zee, lay in his path, and had not yet formally submitted. On the 22d of November a company of one hundred troopers was sent to the city gates to demand its surrender. The small garrison which had been left by the prince was not disposed to resist, but the spirit of the burghers was stouter than their walls. They answered the summons by a declaration that they had thus far held the city for the king and the Prince of Orange, and, with God's help, would continue so to do. As the horsemen departed with this reply, a lunatic called Adrian Krankhoeft mounted the ramparts and discharged a culverin among them.[2] No man was in-

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1186.

[2] Bor, vi. 417.

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jured, but the words of defiance, and the shot fired by a madman's hand, were destined to be fearfully answered.

Meanwhile the inhabitants of the place, which was at best far from strong, and ill provided with arms, ammunition, or soldiers, despatched importunate messages to Sonoy, and to other patriot generals nearest to them, soliciting reinforcements. Their messengers came back almost empty-handed. They brought a little powder and a great many promises, but not a single man-at-arms, not a ducat, not a piece of artillery. The most influential commanders, moreover, advised an honorable capitulation, if it were still possible.[1]

Thus baffled, the burghers of the little city found their proud position quite untenable. They accordingly, on the 1st of December, despatched the burgomaster and a senator to Amersfoort, to make terms, if possible, with Don Frederick.[2] When these envoys reached the place, they were refused admission to the general's presence. The army had already been ordered to move forward to Naarden, and they were directed to accompany the advance-guard, and to expect their reply at the gates of their own city. This command was sufficiently ominous. The impression which it made upon them was confirmed by the warning voices of their friends in Amersfoort, who entreated them not to return to Naarden. The advice was not lost upon one of the two envoys. After they had advanced a little distance on their journey, the burgomaster, Laurentszoon, slid privately out of the sledge in which they were traveling, leaving his cloak behind him. "Adieu; I think I will

[1] Bor, vi. 417.

[2] Ibid. Hoofd, vii. 276.

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not venture back to Naarden at present," said he, calmly, as he abandoned his companion to his fate.[1] The other, who could not so easily desert his children, his wife, and his fellow-citizens in the hour of danger, went forward as calmly to share in their impending doom.

The army reached Bussem, half a league distant from Naarden, in the evening. Here Don Frederick established his headquarters, and proceeded to invest the city. Senator Gerrit was then directed to return to Naarden and to bring out a more numerous deputation on the following morning, duly empowered to surrender the place. The envoy accordingly returned next day, accompanied by Lambert Hortensius, rector of a Latin academy, together with four other citizens. Before this deputation had reached Bussem, they were met by Julien Romero, who informed them that he was commissioned to treat with them on the part of Don Frederick. He demanded the keys of the city, and gave the deputation a solemn pledge that the lives and property of all the inhabitants should be sacredly respected. To attest this assurance, Don Julien gave his hand three several times to Lambert Hortensius. A soldier's word thus plighted, the commissioners, without exchanging any written documents, surrendered the keys, and immediately afterward accompanied Romero into the city, who was soon followed by five or six hundred musketeers.[2]

To give these guests a hospitable reception, all the housewives of the city at once set about preparations for a sumptuous feast, to which the Spaniards did

[1] "Adieu, ik komm niet weder binnen Naarden voor dit pas." —Bor, vi. 417.

[2] Ibid. Hoofd, vii. 277.

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ample justice, while the colonel and his officers were entertained by Senator Gerrit at his own house.[1] As soon as this conviviality had come to an end, Romero, accompanied by his host, walked into the square. The great bell had been meantime ringing, and the citizens had been summoned to assemble in the Gasthuis Church, then used as a town hall.[2] In the course of a few minutes five hundred had entered the building, and stood quietly awaiting whatever measures might be offered for their deliberation. Suddenly a priest, who had been pacing to and fro before the church door, entered the building, and bade them all prepare for death; but the announcement, the preparation, and the death were simultaneous.[3] The door was flung open, and a band of armed Spaniards rushed across the sacred threshold. They fired a single volley upon the defenseless herd, and then sprang in upon them with sword and dagger. A yell of despair arose as the miserable victims saw how hopelessly they were engaged, and beheld the ferocious faces of their butchers. The carnage within that narrow space was compact and rapid. Within a few minutes all were despatched, and among them Senator Gerrit, from whose table the Spanish commander had but just risen. The church was then set on fire, and the dead and dying were consumed to ashes together.[4]

Inflamed but not satiated, the Spaniards then rushed into the streets, thirsty for fresh horrors. The houses

[1] Hoofd, vii. 278.

[2] Bor, Hoofd.

[3] "Maar, 't aanseggen, bereyden en sterven was een ding."—Hoofd, vii. 278.

[4] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.

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were all rifled of their contents, and men were forced to carry the booty to the camp, who were then struck dead as their reward. The town was then fired in every direction, that the skulking citizens might be forced from their hiding-places. As fast as they came forth they were put to death by their impatient foes. Some were pierced with rapiers, some were chopped to pieces with axes, some were surrounded in the blazing streets by troops of laughing soldiers, intoxicated not with wine but with blood, who tossed them to and fro with their lances, and derived a wild amusement from their dying agonies. Those who attempted resistance were crimped alive like fishes, and left to gasp themselves to death in lingering torture.[1] The soldiers, becoming more and more insane as the foul work went on, opened the veins of some of their victims, and drank their blood as if it were wine.[2] Some of the burghers were for a time spared, that they might witness the violation of their wives and daughters, and were then butchered in company with these still more unfortunate victims.[3] Miracles of brutality were accomplished. Neither church nor hearth was sacred. Men were slain, women outraged, at the altars, in the streets, in their blazing homes. The life of Lambert Hortensius was spared out of regard to his learning and genius; but he hardly could thank his foes for the boon, for they struck his only son dead, and tore his heart out before his father's eyes.[4]

[1] Hoofd, vii. 279: "Als visschen gekorven en lankzaamelyk gewentelt in een taaye doodt."

[2] Hoofd, ubi sup. [3] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[4] Bor, vi. 419. Hoofd. It was even said that they devoured it; nor was this the only act of cannibalism of which they were accused, for it was said and believed by many that the bodies of

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Hardly any man or woman survived, except by accident. A body of some hundred burghers made their escape across the snow into the open country. They were, however, overtaken, stripped stark naked, and hung upon the trees by the feet, to freeze, or to perish by a more lingering death. Most of them soon died, but twenty, who happened to be wealthy, succeeded, after enduring much torture, in purchasing their lives of their inhuman persecutors. The principal burgomaster, Heinrich Lambertszoon, was less fortunate. Known to be affluent, he was tortured by exposing the soles of his feet to a fire until they were almost consumed. On promise that his life should be spared, he then agreed to pay a heavy ransom; but hardly had he furnished the stipulated sum when, by express order of Don Frederick himself, he was hanged in his own doorway, and his dissevered limbs afterward nailed to the gates of the city.[1]

Nearly all the inhabitants of Naarden, soldiers and citizens, were thus destroyed; and now Don Frederick issued peremptory orders that no one, on pain of death, should give lodging or food to any fugitive. He likewise forbade to the dead all that could now be forbidden them—a grave. Three weeks long did these unburied bodies pollute the streets, nor could the few wretched women who still cowered within such houses as had escaped the flames ever move from their lurking-places without treading upon the festering remains of what

children were roasted and eaten by the soldiers. These last traits of horror are, however, only mentioned by Hoofd as reports. The tearing out of the heart before the father's eyes is attested both by him and by Bor.

[1] Hoofd, vii. 280.

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had been their husbands, their fathers, or their brethren. Such was the express command of him whom the flatterers called the "most divine genius ever known." Shortly afterward came an order to dismantle the fortifications, which had certainly proved sufficiently feeble in the hour of need, and to raze what was left of the city from the surface of the earth. The work was faithfully accomplished, and for a long time Naarden ceased to exist.[1]

Alva wrote, with his usual complacency in such cases, to his sovereign that "they had cut the throats of the burghers and all the garrison, and that they had not left a mother's son alive."[2] The statement was almost literally correct, nor was the cant with which these bloodhounds commented upon their crimes less odious than their guilt. "It was *a permission of God*," said the duke, "that these people should have undertaken to defend a city which was so weak that no other persons would have attempted such a thing."[3] Nor was the reflection of Mendoza less pious. "The sack of Naarden," said that really brave and accomplished cavalier, "was a chastisement which must be believed to have taken place by express permission of a Divine Providence—a punishment for having been the first of the Holland

[1] Bor, vi. 419. Hoofd, vii. 280. Meteren, iv. 78.

[2] "Degollaron burgeses y soldados, sin escaparse hombre nascido."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1186. Every inhabitant of Naarden was put to the sword, says the ultra-Catholic Renom de France, except the ecclesiastics and two or three persons of quality who were reserved. Then the city was pillaged, after which a fire was lighted, "qui la *consomma entièrement*" (Hist. des Causes des Révoltes des Pays-Bas, MS., ii. xx.).

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1186.

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towns in which heresy built its nest, whence it has taken flight to all the neighboring cities."[1]

It is not without reluctance, but still with a stern determination, that the historian should faithfully record these transactions. To extenuate would be base; to exaggerate, impossible. It is good that the world should not forget how much wrong has been endured by a single harmless nation at the hands of despotism, and in the sacred name of God. There have been tongues and pens enough to narrate the excesses of the people, bursting from time to time out of slavery into madness. It is good, too, that those crimes should be remembered and freshly pondered; but it is equally wholesome to study the opposite picture. Tyranny, ever young and ever old, constantly reproducing herself with the same stony features, with the same imposing mask which she has worn through all the ages, can never be too minutely examined, especially when she paints her own portrait, and when the secret history of her guilt is furnished by the confessions of her lovers. The perusal of her traits will not make us love popular liberty the less.

The history of Alva's administration in the Netherlands is one of those pictures which strike us almost dumb with wonder. Why has the Almighty suffered such crimes to be perpetrated in his sacred name? Was it necessary that many generations should wade

[1] Mendoza, viii. 173. The details of these acts of iniquity have only been preserved by the Dutch writers. Mendoza and Cabrera (who always follows Mendoza) dismiss the sacking of each successive city with a phrase and a pious ejaculation. Alva briefly condenses the principal horrors in a few energetic lines. Compare Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vi. 403–408; Meteren, iv. 78; Bentivoglio, vi. 115.

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through this blood in order to acquire for their descendants the blessings of civil and religious freedom? Was it necessary that an Alva should ravage a peaceful nation with sword and flame, that desolation should be spread over a happy land, in order that the pure and heroic character of a William of Orange should stand forth more conspicuously, like an antique statue of spotless marble against a stormy sky?

After the army which the prince had so unsuccessfully led to the relief of Mons had been disbanded, he had himself repaired to Holland. He had come to Kampen shortly before its defection from his cause. Thence he had been escorted across the Zuyder Zee to Enkhuizen.[1] He came to that province, the only one which through good and ill report remained entirely faithful to him, not as a conqueror, but as an unsuccessful, proscribed man. But there were warm hearts beating within those cold lagunes, and no conqueror returning from a brilliant series of victories could have been received with more affectionate respect than William in that darkest hour of the country's history. He had but seventy horsemen at his back, all which remained of the twenty thousand troops which he had a second time levied in Germany, and he felt that it would be at that period hopeless for him to attempt the formation of a third army. He had now come thither to share the fate of Holland, at least, if he could not accomplish her liberation. He went from city to city, advising with the magistracies and with the inhabitants, and arranging many matters pertaining both to peace and war.[2] At

[1] Bor, vi. 414. Hoofd, vii. 264.

[2] Letter of Sainte-Aldegonde, in Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 22.

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Haarlem the States of the Provinces, according to his request, had been assembled. The assembly begged him to lay before them, if it were possible, any schemes and means which he might have devised for further resistance to the Duke of Alva. Thus solicited, the prince, in a very secret session, unfolded his plans, and satisfied them as to the future prospects of the cause.[1] His speech has nowhere been preserved. His strict injunctions as to secrecy, doubtless, prevented or effaced any record of the session. It is probable, however, that he entered more fully into the state of his negotiations with England, and into the possibility of a resumption by Count Louis of his private intercourse with the French court, than it was safe publicly to divulge.

While the prince had been thus occupied in preparing the stout-hearted province for the last death-struggle with its foe, that mortal combat was already fast approaching; for the aspect of the contest in the Netherlands was not that of ordinary warfare. It was an encounter between two principles, in their nature so hostile to each other that the absolute destruction of one was the only possible issue. As the fight went on, each individual combatant seemed inspired by direct personal malignity, and men found a pleasure in deeds of cruelty from which generations not educated to slaughter recoil with horror. To murder defenseless prisoners; to drink, not metaphorically *but literally*, the heart's blood of an enemy; to exercise a devilish ingenuity in inventions of mutual torture, became not only a duty, but a rapture. The Liberty of the Netherlands had now been hunted to its lair. It had taken its last refuge among the sands and thickets where its savage

[1] Bor, vi. 414. Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vi. 396, 397.

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infancy had been nurtured, and had now prepared itself to crush its tormentor in a last embrace, or to die in the struggle.

After the conclusion of the sack and massacre of Naarden, Don Frederick had hastened to Amsterdam,[1] where the duke was then quartered, that he might receive the paternal benediction for his well-accomplished work. The royal approbation was soon afterward added to the applause of his parent, and the duke was warmly congratulated, in a letter written by Philip as soon as the murderous deed was known, that Don Frederick had so plainly shown himself to be his father's son.[2] There was now more work for father and son. Amsterdam was the only point in Holland which held for Alva, and from that point it was determined to recover the whole province. The Prince of Orange was established in the southern district; Diedrich Sonoy, his lieutenant, was stationed in North Holland.[3] The important city of Haarlem lay between the two, at a spot where the whole breadth of the territory, from sea to sea, was less than an hour's walk. With the fall of that city the province would be cut in twain, the rebellious forces utterly dissevered, and all further resistance, it was thought, rendered impossible.

The inhabitants of Haarlem felt their danger. Bossu, Alva's stadholder for Holland, had formally announced the system hitherto pursued at Mechlin, Zutphen, and Naarden as the deliberate policy of the government. The king's representative had formally proclaimed the extermination of man, woman, and child in every city

[1] Bor, vi. 420, 421.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1197.

[3] Bor, vi. 424.

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which opposed his authority;[1] but the promulgation and practice of such a system had an opposite effect to the one intended. The hearts of the Hollanders were rather steeled to resistance than awed into submission by the fate of Naarden.[2] A fortunate event, too, was accepted as a lucky omen for the coming contest. A little fleet of armed vessels, belonging to Holland, had been frozen up in the neighborhood of Amsterdam. Don Frederick, on his arrival from Naarden, despatched a body of picked men over the ice to attack the imprisoned vessels. The crews had, however, fortified themselves by digging a wide trench around the whole fleet, which thus became for the moment an almost impregnable fortress. Out of this frozen citadel a strong band of well-armed and skilful musketeers sallied forth upon skates as the besieging force advanced. A rapid, brilliant, and slippery skirmish succeeded, in which the Hollanders, so accustomed to such sports, easily vanquished their antagonists and drove them off the field, with the loss of several hundred left dead upon the ice.[3] "'T was a thing never heard of before to-day," said Alva, "to see a body of harquebusiers thus skirmishing upon a frozen sea."[4] In the course of the next four-and-twenty hours a flood and a rapid thaw released the vessels, which all escaped to Enkhuizen, while a frost, immediately and strangely succeeding, made pursuit impossible.[5]

[1] Bor, vi. 417.

[2] Ibid., vi. 420. Hoofd, vii. 280, 281. Meteren, iv. 78. Bentivoglio, vi. 115.

[3] Mendoza, vii. 173.

[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1186: "Que me parece la mas nueva cosa que hasta oy se ha oido, escaramuzar arcabuzeria sobre la mer alada."

[5] Hoofd, vii. 281.

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The Spaniards were astonished at these novel manœuvers upon the ice. It is amusing to read their elaborate descriptions of the wonderful appendages which had enabled the Hollanders to glide so glibly into battle with a superior force, and so rapidly to glance away, after achieving a signal triumph. Nevertheless, the Spaniards could never be dismayed, and were always apt scholars, even if an enemy were the teacher. Alva immediately ordered seven thousand pairs of skates, and his soldiers soon learned to perform military evolutions with these new accoutrements as audaciously, if not as adroitly, as the Hollanders.[1]

A portion of the Haarlem magistracy, notwithstanding the spirit which pervaded the province, began to tremble as danger approached. They were base enough to enter into secret negotiations with Alva and to send three of their own number to treat with the duke at Amsterdam. One was wise enough to remain with the enemy. The other two were arrested on their return, and condemned, after an impartial trial, to death.[2] For, while these emissaries of a cowardly magistracy were absent, the stout commandant of the little garrison, Ripperda, had assembled the citizens and soldiers in the market-place. He warned them of the absolute necessity to make a last effort for freedom. In startling colors he held up to them the fate of Mechlin, of Zutphen, of Naarden, as a prophetic mirror in which they might read their own fate should they be base enough to surrender the city. There was no composition possible, he urged, with foes who were as false as they were sanguinary, and whose foul passions were stimulated, not slaked, by the hor-

[1] Bentivoglio, vii. 122. Mendoza, viii. 173, et al.

[2] Bor, vi. 420, 421. Hoofd, vii. 282. Meteren, iv. 78.

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rors with which they had already feasted themselves.[1]

Ripperda addressed men who could sympathize with his bold and lofty sentiments. Soldiers and citizens cried out for defense instead of surrender as with one voice, for there were no abject spirits at Haarlem, save among the magistracy; and Sainte-Aldegonde, the faithful minister of Orange, was soon sent to Haarlem by the prince to make a thorough change in that body.[2]

Haarlem, over whose ruins the Spanish tyranny intended to make its entrance into Holland, lay in the narrowest part of that narrow isthmus which separates the Zuyder Zee from the German Ocean. The distance from sea to sea is hardly five English miles across. Westerly from the city extended a slender strip of land, once a morass, then a fruitful meadow, maintained by unflagging fortitude in the very jaws of a stormy ocean. Between the North Sea and the outer edge of this pasture surged those wild and fantastic downs heaped up by wind and wave in mimicry of mountains—the long coils of that rope of sand by which, plaited into additional strength by the slenderest of bulrushes,[3] the waves of the North Sea were made to obey the command of man. On the opposite or eastern side Haarlem looked toward Amsterdam. That already flourishing city was distant but ten miles. The two cities were separated by an expanse of inland water, and united by a slender causeway. The Haarlem Lake, formed less than a century before by the bursting of four lesser meres during a storm which had threatened to swallow

[1] Bor, vi. 420, 421. Hoofd, vii. 283. Meteren, iv. 78.

[2] Bor, Hoofd, Mendoza, ubi sup.

[3] "Arundo arenaria."

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the whole peninsula, extended itself on the south and east—a sea of limited dimensions, being only fifteen feet in depth, with seventy square miles of surface, but, exposed as it lay to all the winds of heaven, often lashed into storms as dangerous as those of the Atlantic.[1] Beyond the lake, toward the north, the waters of the Y nearly swept across the peninsula. This inlet of the Zuyder Zee was only separated from the Haarlem Mere by a slender thread of land. Over this ran the causeway between the two sister cities, now so unfortunately in arms against each other. Midway between the two, the dike was pierced and closed again with a system of sluice-works, which when opened admitted the waters of the lake into those of the estuary, and caused an inundation of the surrounding country.[2]

The city was one of the largest and most beautiful in the Netherlands. It was also one of the weakest.[3] The walls were of antique construction, turreted, but not strong. The extent and feebleness of the defenses made a large garrison necessary, but unfortunately the garrison was even weaker than the walls. The city's main reliance was on the stout hearts of the inhabitants. The streets were, for that day, spacious and regular, the canals planted with limes and poplars. The ancient Church of St. Bavon, a large, imposing structure of brick, stood almost in the center of the place, the most

[1] Bentivoglio, vii. 118. Mendoza, viii. 176. Bor, vi. 422. Meteren, iv. 78. This lake, the scene of so many romantic events during the period with which we are occupied, has within the last few years been converted into dry land. The magnificent undertaking was completed in the year 1853.

[2] Bor, Meteren, Bentivoglio, Mendoza, ubi sup.

[3] Bor, vi. 422.

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prominent object not only of the town but of the province, visible over leagues of sea and of land more level than the sea, and seeming to gather the whole quiet little city under its sacred and protective wings. Its tall, openwork, leaden spire was surmounted by a colossal crown, which an exalted imagination might have regarded as the emblematic guerdon of martyrdom held aloft over the city to reward its heroism and its agony.

It was at once obvious that the watery expanse between Haarlem and Amsterdam would be the principal theater of the operations about to commence. The siege was soon begun. The fugitive burgomaster, De Fries, had the effrontery, with the advice of Alva, to address a letter to the citizens urging them to surrender at discretion. The messenger was hanged—a cruel but practical answer, which put an end to all further traitorous communications.[1] This was in the first week of December. On the 10th Don Frederick sent a strong detachment to capture the fort and village of Spaarndam, as an indispensable preliminary to the commencement of the siege. A peasant having shown Zapata, the commander of the expedition, a secret passage across the flooded and frozen meadows, the Spaniards stormed the place gallantly, routed the whole garrison, killed three hundred, and took possession of the works and village. Next day Don Frederick appeared before the walls of Haarlem, and proceeded regularly to invest the place. The misty weather favored his operations, nor did he cease reinforcing himself until at least thirty thousand men, including fifteen hundred cavalry, had been encamped around the city. The Germans, under Count Overstein, were stationed in a beautiful and extensive

[1] Hoofd, vii. 284.

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grove of limes and beeches, which spread between the southern walls and the shore of Haarlem Lake. Don Frederick, with his Spaniards, took up a position on the opposite side, at a place called the House of Kleef, the ruins of which still remain. The Walloons and other regiments were distributed in different places, so as completely to encircle the town.[1] On the edge of the mere the Prince of Orange had already ordered a cluster of forts to be erected, by which the command of its frozen surface was at first secured for Haarlem.[2] In the course of the siege, however, other forts were erected by Don Frederick, so that the aspect of things suffered a change.

Against this immense force, nearly equal in number to that of the whole population of the city, the garrison within the walls never amounted to more than four thousand men.[3] In the beginning it was much less numerous. The same circumstances, however, which assisted the initiatory operations of Don Frederick were of advantage to the Haarlemers. A dense frozen fog hung continually over the surface of the lake. Covered by this curtain, large supplies of men, provisions, and

[1] Pierre Sterlincx, Eene corte Waerachtige Beschryvinghe van alle Geschiedinissen, Anschlagen, Stormen, Schermutsingen oude Schieten voor de vroome Stadt Haerlem in Holland gheschicht, etc. (Delft, 1574).

This is by far the best contemporary account of the famous siege. The author was a citizen of Antwerp, who kept a daily journal of the events as they occurred at Haarlem. It is a dry, curt register of horrors, jotted down without passion or comment. Compare Bor, vi. 422, 423; Metcren, iv. 79; Mendoza, viii. 174, 175; Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vi. 413, 414.

[2] Bor. Hoofd. Mendoza. Wagenaer, vi. 415.

[3] Hoofd, vii. 285.

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ammunition were daily introduced into the city, notwithstanding all the efforts of the besieging force.[1] Sledges skimming over the ice, men, women, and even children, moving on their skates as swiftly as the wind, all brought their contributions in the course of the short, dark days and long nights of December, in which the wintry siege was opened.[2] The garrison at last numbered about one thousand pioneers or delvers, three thousand fighting men, and about three hundred fighting women.[3] The last was a most efficient corps, all females of respectable character, armed with sword, musket, and dagger. Their chief, Kenau Hasselaer, was a widow of distinguished family and unblemished reputation, about forty-seven years of age, who, at the head of her amazons, participated in many of the most fiercely contested actions of the siege, both within and without the walls.[4] When such a spirit animated the maids and matrons of the city, it might be expected that the men would hardly surrender the place without a struggle. The prince had assembled a force of three or four thousand men at Leyden, which he sent before the middle of December toward the city under the command of De la Marck.[5] These troops were, however, attacked on the way by a strong detachment under Bossu, Noircarmes, and Romero. After a sharp action in a heavy snowstorm, De la Marck was completely routed. One thousand of his soldiers were cut to pieces, and a large number carried off as prisoners to the gibbets, which

[1] Hoofd.
[2] Mendoza, ix. 190. Hoofd, vii. 285, 286. Meteren, iv. 79, 80.
[3] Wagenaer, vi. 415. Bor. Hoofd, vii. 286.
[4] Wagenaer. Hoofd. Meteren, iv. 79.
[5] Bor, vi. 424.

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were already conspicuously erected in the Spanish camp, and which from the commencement to the close of the siege were never bare of victims.[1] Among the captives was a gallant officer, Baptist van Trier, for whom De la Marck in vain offered two thousand crowns and nineteen Spanish prisoners. The proposition was refused with contempt. Van Trier was hanged upon the gallows by one leg until he was dead, in return for which barbarity the nineteen Spaniards were immediately gibbeted by De la Marck.[2] With this interchange of cruelties the siege may be said to have opened.

Don Frederick had stationed himself in a position opposite to the Gate of the Cross, which was not very strong, but fortified by a ravelin. Intending to make a very short siege of it, he established his batteries immediately, and on the 18th, 19th, and 20th December directed a furious cannonade against the Cross Gate, the St. John's Gate, and the curtain between the two.[3] Six hundred and eighty shots were discharged on the first, and nearly as many on each of the two succeeding days.[4] The walls were much shattered, but men, women, and children worked night and day within the city, repairing the breaches as fast as made. They brought bags of sand, blocks of stone, cart-loads of earth from every quarter, and they stripped the churches of all their statues, which they threw by heaps into the gaps.[5] They sought thus a more practical advantage from those

[1] P. Sterlincx, Corte Beschr., etc. Bor. Hoofd, vii. 286.

[2] Hoofd, vii. 286. P. Sterlincx.

[3] Bor, vi. 423. Meteren, iv. 79. Hoofd, vii. 287. Mendoza, ix. 178–180.

[4] Meteren, iv. 79. Hoofd.

[5] Bor, Bentivoglio, P. Sterlincx.

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sculptured saints than they could have gained by only imploring their interposition. The fact, however, excited horror among the besiegers. Men who were daily butchering their fellow-beings and hanging their prisoners in cold blood affected to shudder at the enormity of the offense thus exercised against graven images.[1]

After three days' cannonade the assault was ordered, Don Frederick only intending a rapid massacre, to crown his achievements at Zutphen and Naarden. The place, he thought, would fall in a week, and after another week of sacking, killing, and ravishing, he might sweep on to "pastures new" until Holland was overwhelmed. Romero advanced to the breach, followed by a numerous storming-party, but met with a resistance which astonished the Spaniards. The church bells rang the alarm throughout the city, and the whole population swarmed to the walls. The besiegers were encountered not only with sword and musket, but with every implement which the burghers' hands could find. Heavy stones, boiling oil, live coals, were hurled upon the heads of the soldiers; hoops, smeared with pitch and set on fire, were dexterously thrown upon their necks. Even Spanish courage and Spanish ferocity were obliged to shrink before the steady determination of a whole population animated by a single spirit. Romero lost an eye in the conflict, many officers were killed and wounded, and three or four hundred soldiers left dead in the breach, while only three or four of the townsmen lost their lives. The signal of recall was reluctantly given, and the Spaniards abandoned the assault. Don Frederick was now aware that Haarlem would not fall at his feet at the first sound of his trumpet. It was obvi-

[1] Vide Bentivoglio, vii. 121. Mendoza, passim.

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ous that a siege must precede the massacre. He gave orders, therefore, that the ravelin should be undermined, and doubted not that, with a few days' delay, the place would be in his hands.[1]

Meantime the Prince of Orange, from his head-quarters at Sassenheim, on the southern extremity of the mere, made a fresh effort to throw succor into the place.[2] Two thousand men, with seven field-pieces and many wagon-loads of munitions, were sent forward under Batenburg. This officer had replaced De la Marck, whom the prince had at last deprived of his commission.[3] The reckless and unprincipled free-booter was no longer to serve a cause which was more sullied by his barbarity than it could be advanced by his desperate valor. Batenburg's expedition was, however, not more successful than the one made by his predecessor. The troops, after reaching the vicinity of the city, lost their way in the thick mists which almost perpetually enveloped the scene. Cannons were fired, fog-bells were rung, and beacon-fires were lighted on the ramparts, but the party was irretrievably lost. The Spaniards fell upon them before they could find their way to the city. Many were put to the sword, others made their escape in different directions; a very few succeeded in entering Haarlem. Batenburg brought off a remnant of the forces, but all the provisions, so much needed, were lost, and the little army entirely destroyed.[4]

[1] Bor, vi. 423. Hoofd, vii. 287, 288. Meteren, 79. Mendoza, ix. 178–180.

[2] Hoofd, vii. 290. Bor, vi. 431.

[3] See all the proceedings and papers in the case of De la Marck, in Bor, vi. 425–431. See also Hoofd, vii. 288, 289.

[4] Hoofd, vii. 290.

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De Koning, the second in command, was among the prisoners. The Spaniards cut off his head and threw it over the walls into the city, with this inscription: "This is the head of Captain de Koning, who is on his way with reinforcements for the good city of Haarlem." The citizens retorted with a practical jest which was still more barbarous. They cut off the heads of eleven prisoners and put them into a barrel, which they threw into the Spanish camp. A label upon the barrel contained these words: "Deliver these ten heads to Duke Alva in payment of his tenpenny tax, with one additional head for interest."[1] With such ghastly merriment did besieged and besiegers vary the monotonous horror of that winter's siege. As the sallies and skirmishes were of daily occurrence, there was a constant supply of prisoners upon whom both parties might exercise their ingenuity, so that the gallows in camp or city was perpetually garnished.

Since the assault of the 21st December, Don Frederick had been making his subterranean attack by regular approaches. As fast, however, as the Spaniards mined, the citizens countermined. Spaniard and Netherlander met daily in deadly combat within the bowels of the earth. Desperate and frequent were the struggles within gangways so narrow that nothing but daggers could be used, so obscure that the dim lanterns hardly lighted the death-stroke. They seemed the conflicts, not of men, but of evil spirits. Nor were these hand-to-hand battles all. A shower of heads, limbs, mutilated trunks, the mangled remains of hundreds of human beings, often spouted from the earth as if from an

[1] P. Sterlincx, Corte Beschr., etc. Bor, vi. 431. Hoofd, vii. 290, 291.

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invisible volcano. The mines were sprung with unexampled frequency and determination. Still the Spaniards toiled on with undiminished zeal, and still the besieged, undismayed, delved below their works, and checked their advance by sword and spear and horrible explosions.[1]

The Prince of Orange, meanwhile, encouraged the citizens to persevere by frequent promises of assistance. His letters, written on extremely small bits of paper, were sent into the town by carrier-pigeons.[2] On the 28th of January he despatched a considerable supply of the two necessaries, powder and bread, on one hundred and seventy sledges across the Haarlem Lake, together with four hundred veteran soldiers.[3] The citizens continued to contest the approaches to the ravelin before the Cross Gate, but it had become obvious that they could not hold it long. Secretly, steadfastly, and swiftly they had, therefore, during the long wintry nights, been constructing a half-moon of solid masonry on the inside of the same portal.[4] Old men, feeble women, tender children, united with the able-bodied to accomplish this work, by which they hoped still to maintain themselves after the ravelin had fallen.[5]

On the 31st of January, after two or three days' can-

[1] P. Sterlincx. Bor, vi. 431. Mendoza, ix. 182: "Assi mismo consumian las minas mucha gente y soldados . . . y en las mismas que se labraran, se combatio algunas vezes, por la estrecheza del lugar con espada y rodela, por no poderse aprovechar de otras armas." "Daer onstond dan een ysslyk schonwspel en slaghreegen van hoofden, armen, beenen een sleeteren van ingewant, uit den aarde, naa de lucht."—Hoofd, vii. 291.

[2] Hoofd, viii. 303. Mendoza, ix. 188, 189. Meteren, iv. 80.

[3] Bor, vi. 432.

[4] Ibid., vi. 431, 432. Mendoza, iv. 188.

[5] Mendoza, iv. 188.

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nonade against the gates of the Cross and of St. John and the intervening curtains, Don Frederick ordered a midnight assault.[1] The walls had been much shattered; part of the John's Gate was in ruins; the Spaniards mounted the breach in great numbers; the city was almost taken by surprise; while the commander-in-chief, sure of victory, ordered the whole of his forces under arms to cut off the population who were to stream panic-stricken from every issue. The attack was unexpected, but the forty or fifty sentinels defended the walls while they sounded the alarm. The tocsin-bells tolled, and the citizens, whose sleep was not apt to be heavy during that perilous winter, soon manned the ramparts again. The daylight came upon them while the fierce struggle was still at its height. The besieged, as before, defended themselves with musket and rapier, with melted pitch, with firebrands, with clubs and stones. Meantime, after morning prayers in the Spanish camp, the trumpet for a general assault was sounded. A tremendous onset was made upon the Gate of the Cross, and the ravelin was carried at last. The Spaniards poured into this fort, so long the object of their attack, expecting instantly to sweep into the city with sword and fire. As they mounted its wall they became for the first time aware of the new and stronger fortification which had been secretly constructed on the inner side.[2] The reason why the ravelin had been at last conceded was revealed. The half-moon, whose existence they had not suspected, rose before them bristling with cannon. A sharp fire was instantly opened upon the besiegers, while at the same instant the ravelin, which the citizens had under-

[1] Bor, vi. 432. Hoofd, vii. 292, 293.

[2] Hoofd, vii. 293.

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mined, blew up with a severe explosion, carrying into the air all the soldiers who had just entered it so triumphantly. This was the turning-point. The retreat was sounded, and the Spaniards fled to their camp, leaving at least three hundred dead beneath the walls. Thus was a second assault, made by an overwhelming force and led by the most accomplished generals of Spain, signally and gloriously repelled by the plain burghers of Haarlem.[1]

It became now almost evident that the city could be taken neither by regular approaches nor by sudden attack. It was therefore resolved that it should be reduced by famine. Still, as the winter wore on, the immense army without the walls were as great sufferers by that scourge as the population within. The soldiers fell in heaps before the diseases engendered by intense cold and insufficient food, for, as usual in such sieges, these deaths far outnumbered those inflicted by the enemy's hand. The sufferings inside the city necessarily increased day by day, the whole population being put on a strict allowance of food.[2] Their supplies were daily diminishing, and with the approach of the spring and the thawing of the ice on the lake there was danger that they would be entirely cut off. If the possession of the water were lost, they must yield or starve; and they doubted whether the prince would be able to organize a fleet. The gaunt specter of Famine already rose before them with a menace which could not be misunderstood. In their misery they longed for the assaults of the Spaniards, that they might look in the face of a

[1] Hoofd, vii. 293. Mendoza, ix. 184, 185. Bor, vi. 432. Bentivoglio, vii. 124.

[2] Bentivoglio, vii. 125. Mendoza, ix. 185. Bor, vi. 436, 437.

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less formidable foe. They paraded the ramparts daily, with drums beating, colors flying, taunting the besiegers to renewed attempts. To inflame the religious animosity of their antagonists, they attired themselves in the splendid, gold-embroidered vestments of the priests, which they took from the churches, and moved about in mock procession, bearing aloft images bedizened in ecclesiastical finery, relics, and other symbols sacred in Catholic eyes, which they afterward hurled from the ramparts, or broke, with derisive shouts, into a thousand fragments.[1]

It was, however, at that season earnestly debated by the enemy whether or not to raise the siege.[2] Don Frederick was clearly of opinion that enough had been done for the honor of the Spanish arms. He was wearied with seeing his men perish helplessly around him, and considered the prize too paltry for the lives it must cost. His father thought differently. Perhaps he recalled the siege of Metz, and the unceasing regret with which, as he believed, his imperial master had remembered the advice received from him. At any rate, the duke now sent back Don Bernardino de Mendoza, whom Don Frederick had despatched to Nimwegen, soliciting his father's permission to raise the siege, with this reply: "Tell Don Frederick," said Alva, "that if he be not decided to continue the siege till the town be taken, I shall no longer consider him my son, whatever my opinion may formerly have been. *Should he fall in the siege*, I will myself take the field to maintain it, and when we have both perished, the duchess, my wife, shall come from Spain to do the same."[3]

[1] Bentivoglio, vii. 121.
[2] Mendoza, ix. 185, 186. Bentivoglio, vii. 124, 125.
[3] Mendoza, ix. 192.

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Such language was unequivocal, and hostilities were resumed as fiercely as before. The besieged welcomed them with rapture, and, as usual, made daily the most desperate sallies. In one outbreak the Haarlemers, under cover of a thick fog, marched up to the enemy's chief battery, and attempted to spike the guns before his face. They were all slain at the cannon's mouth, whither patriotism, not vainglory, had led them, and lay dead around the battery, with their hammers and spikes in their hands.[1] The same spirit was daily manifested. As the spring advanced, the kine went daily out of the gates to their peaceful pasture, notwithstanding all the turmoil within and around; nor was it possible for the Spaniards to capture a single one of these creatures without paying at least a dozen soldiers as its price.[2] "These citizens," wrote Don Frederick, "do as much as the best soldiers in the world could do."[3]

The frost broke up by the end of February. Count Bossu, who had been building a fleet of small vessels in Amsterdam, soon afterward succeeded in entering the lake with a few gunboats, through a breach which he had made in the Overtoom, about half a league from that city.[4] The possession of the lake was already imperiled. The prince, however, had not been idle, and he, too, was soon ready to send his flotilla to the mere.[5] At the same time the city of Amsterdam was in almost as hazardous a position as Haarlem. As the one on the lake, so did the other depend upon its dike for its supplies. Should that great artificial road which led to

[1] Mendoza, ix. 182. [2] Hoofd, viii. 303.

[3] "Todo lo que humanamente podian hacer los mejores soldados del mundo."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1217.

[4] Bor, vi. 436. [5] Ibid., vi. 436, 437.

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Muyden and Utrecht be cut asunder, Amsterdam might be starved as soon as Haarlem. "Since I came into the world," wrote Alva, "I have never been in such anxiety. If they should succeed in cutting off the communication along the dikes, we should have to raise the siege of Haarlem, to surrender, hands crossed, or to starve."[1] Orange was fully aware of the position of both places, but he was, as usual, sadly deficient in men and means. He wrote imploringly to his friends in England, in France, in Germany. He urged his brother Louis to bring a few soldiers, if it were humanly possible. "The whole country longs for you," he wrote to Louis, "as if you were the archangel Gabriel."[2]

The prince, however, did all that it was possible for man so hampered to do. He was himself, while anxiously writing, and hoping, and waiting for supplies of troops from Germany or France, doing his best with such volunteers as he could raise. He was still established at Sassenheim, on the south of the city, while Sonoy with his slender forces was encamped on the north. He now sent that general with as large a party as he could muster to attack the Diemerdyk.[3] His men intrenched themselves as strongly as they could between the Diemer and the Y, at the same time opening the sluices and breaking through the dike. During the absence of their commander, who had gone to Edam for reinforcements, they were attacked by a large force from Amsterdam. A fierce amphibious contest took place, partly in boats, partly on the slippery causeway, partly in the water, resembling in character the frequent

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1245.

[2] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 74.

[3] Bor, vi. 437.

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combats between the ancient Batavians and Romans during the wars of Civilis. The patriots were eventually overpowered.

Sonoy, who was on his way to their rescue, was frustrated in his design by the unexpected faint-heartedness of the volunteers whom he had enlisted at Edam.[1] Braving a thousand perils, he advanced, almost unattended, in his little vessel, but only to witness the overthrow and expulsion of his band.[2] It was too late for him singly to attempt to rally the retreating troops. They had fought well, but had been forced to yield before superior numbers, one individual of the little army having performed prodigies of valor. John Haring of Horn had planted himself entirely alone upon the dike, where it was so narrow, between the Y on the one side and the Diemer Lake on the other, that two men could hardly stand abreast. Here, armed with sword and shield, he had actually opposed and held in check one thousand of the enemy, during a period long enough to enable his own men, if they had been willing, to rally and effectively to repel the attack. It was too late, the battle was too far lost to be restored; but still the brave soldier held the post till, by his devotion, he had enabled all those of his compatriots who still remained in the intrenchments to make good their retreat. He then plunged into the sea, and, untouched by spear or bullet, effected his escape.[3] Had he been a Greek or a Roman, an Horatius or a Chabrias, his name would have been famous in history, his statue erected in the market-place; for the bold Dutchman on his dike had mani-

[1] Bor, vi. 437. Hoofd, viii. 300. [2] Bor, Hoofd.

[3] Hoofd, viii. 300, 301. Compare Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 80.

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fested as much valor in a sacred cause as the most classic heroes of antiquity.

This unsuccessful attempt to cut off the communication between Amsterdam and the country strengthened the hopes of Alva. Several hundreds of the patriots were killed or captured, and among the slain was Antony Oliver, the painter, through whose agency Louis of Nassau had been introduced into Mons. His head was cut off by two ensigns in Alva's service, who received the price which had been set upon it of two thousand caroli.[1] It was then labeled with its owner's name, and thrown into the city of Haarlem.[2] At the same time a new gibbet was erected in the Spanish camp before the city, in a conspicuous situation, upon which all the prisoners were hanged, some by the neck, some by the heels, in full view of their countrymen.[3] As usual, this especial act of cruelty excited the emulation of the citizens. Two of the old board of magistrates, belonging to the Spanish party, were still imprisoned at Haarlem, together with seven other persons, among whom was a priest and a boy of twelve years. They were now condemned to the gallows.[4] The wife of one of the ex-burgomasters and his daughter, who was a Beguin, went by his side as he was led to execution, piously exhorting him to sustain with courage the execrations of the populace and his ignominious doom. The rabble, irritated by such boldness, were not satisfied with wreaking their vengeance on the principal

[1] Letter of Alva to Philip, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1231.

[2] Hoofd, viii. 304.

[3] Ibid. Meteren, iv. 80. P. Sterlincx.

[4] P. Sterlincx, Corte Beschr.

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victims, but after the execution had taken place they hunted the wife and daughter into the water, where they both perished.[1] It is right to record these instances of cruelty, sometimes perpetrated by the patriots as well as by their oppressors—a cruelty rendered almost inevitable by the incredible barbarity of the foreign invader. It was a war of wolfish malignity. In the words of Mendoza, every man within and without Haarlem "seemed inspired by a spirit of special and personal vengeance."[2] The innocent blood poured out in Mechlin, Zutphen, Naarden, and upon a thousand scaffolds had been crying too long from the ground. The Hollanders must have been more or less than men not to be sometimes betrayed into acts which justice and reason must denounce.

The singular mood which has been recorded of a high-spirited officer of the garrison, Captain Curey, illustrated the horror with which such scenes of carnage were regarded by noble natures. Of a gentle disposition originally, but inflamed almost to insanity by a contemplation of Spanish cruelty, he had taken up the profession of arms, to which he had a natural repugnance. Brave to recklessness, he led his men on every daring outbreak, on every perilous midnight adventure. Armed only with his rapier, without defensive armor, he was ever found where the battle raged most fiercely, and numerous were the victims who fell before his sword. On returning, however, from such excursions, he invariably shut himself in his quarters, took to his bed, and lay for days sick with remorse, and bitterly

[1] P. Sterlinox. Hoofd, viii. 304, 305. Meteren, iv. 80. Brandt, i. x. 541.

[2] Mendoza, ix. 191.

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lamenting all that bloodshed in which he had so deeply participated, and which a cruel fate seemed to render necessary. As the gentle mood subsided, his frenzy would return, and again he would rush to the field, to seek new havoc and fresh victims for his rage.[1]

The combats before the walls were of almost daily occurrence. On the 25th March one thousand of the besieged made a brilliant sally, drove in all the outposts of the enemy, burned three hundred tents, and captured seven cannon, nine standards, and many wagon-loads of provisions, all which they succeeded in bringing with them into the city.[2] Having thus reinforced themselves, in a manner not often practised by the citizens of a beleaguered town, in the very face of thirty thousand veterans,—having killed eight hundred of the enemy, which was nearly one for every man engaged, while they lost but four of their own party,[3]—the Haarlemers, on their return, erected a trophy of funereal but exulting aspect. A mound of earth was constructed upon the ramparts, in the form of a colossal grave, in full view of the enemy's camp, and upon it were planted the cannon and standards so gallantly won in the skirmish, with the taunting inscription floating from the center of the mound, "Haarlem is the graveyard of the Spaniards."[4]

Such were the characteristics of this famous siege during the winter and early spring. Alva might well write to his sovereign that "it was a war such as never before was seen or heard of in any land on earth."[5]

[1] Hoofd, viii. 302. [2] Ibid.

[3] Ibid. [4] P. Sterlincx, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[5] "Es guerra que hasta oy se ha visto ny oydo semijante en pais estraño."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1230.

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Yet the duke had known near sixty years of warfare. He informed Philip that "*never was a place defended with such skill and bravery as Haarlem*, either by rebels or by men fighting for their lawful prince."[1] Certainly his son had discovered his mistake in asserting that the city would yield in a week; while the father, after nearly six years' experience, had found this "people of butter" less malleable than even those "iron people" whom he boasted of having tamed. It was seen that neither the skies of Greece or Italy, nor the sublime scenery of Switzerland, was necessary to arouse the spirit of defiance to foreign oppression—a spirit which beat as proudly among the wintry mists and the level meadows of Holland as it had ever done under sunnier atmospheres and in more romantic lands.

Mendoza had accomplished his mission to Spain, and had returned with supplies of money within six weeks from the date of his departure.[2] Owing to his representations and Alva's entreaties, Philip had, moreover, ordered Requesens, governor of Milan, to send forward to the Netherlands three veteran Spanish regiments, which were now more required at Haarlem than in Italy.[3] While the land force had thus been strengthened, the fleet upon the lake had also been largely increased. The Prince of Orange had, on the other hand, provided more than a hundred sail of various descriptions,[4] so that the whole surface of the mere was now alive with ships. Sea-fights and skirmishes took place almost daily, and it was obvious that the life-and-death struggle was now to be fought upon the water. So long as the Hollanders

[1] Corresp. de Philippe II., ii. 1198.
[2] Mendoza, ix. 192.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Bor, vi. 436.

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could hold or dispute the possession of the lake, it was still possible to succor Haarlem from time to time. Should the Spaniards overcome the prince's fleet, the city must inevitably starve.

At last, on the 28th of May, a decisive engagement of the fleets took place. The vessels grappled with each other, and there was a long, fierce, hand-to-hand combat. Under Bossu were one hundred vessels; under Martin Brand, admiral of the patriot fleet, nearly one hundred and fifty, but of lesser dimensions. Batenburg commanded the troops on board the Dutch vessels. After a protracted conflict, in which several thousands were killed, the victory was decided in favor of the Spaniards. Twenty-two of the prince's vessels being captured, and the rest totally routed, Bossu swept across the lake in triumph. The forts belonging to the patriots were immediately taken, and the Haarlemers, with their friends, entirely excluded from the lake.[1]

This was the beginning of the end. Despair took possession of the city. The whole population had been long subsisting upon an allowance of a pound of bread to each man, and half a pound for each woman; but the bread was now exhausted, the famine had already begun,[2] and with the loss of the lake starvation was close at their doors. They sent urgent entreaties to the prince to attempt something in their behalf. Three weeks more they assigned as the longest term during which they could possibly hold out.[3] He sent them word by carrier-pigeons to endure yet a little time, for

[1] Bor, vi. 436, 437. Hoofd, viii. 306, 307.

[2] Bor, vi. 437. Hoofd, viii. 309.

[3] Letter of Prince of Orange to his brothers, 16th May, 1573, Archives, etc., iv. 95.

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he was assembling a force, and would still succeed in furnishing them with supplies.[1] Meantime, through the month of June, the sufferings of the inhabitants increased hourly. Ordinary food had long since vanished. The population now subsisted on linseed and rape-seed; as these supplies were exhausted, they devoured cats, dogs, rats, and mice, and when at last these unclean animals had been all consumed, they boiled the hides of horses and oxen; they ate shoe-leather; they plucked the nettles and grass from the graveyards, and the weeds which grew between the stones of the pavement, that with such food they might still support life a little longer, till the promised succor should arrive. Men, women, and children fell dead by scores in the streets, perishing of pure starvation, and the survivors had hardly the heart or the strength to bury them out of their sight. They who yet lived seemed to flit like shadows to and fro, envying those whose sufferings had already been terminated by death.[2]

Thus wore away the month of June. On the 1st of July the burghers consented to a parley. Deputies were sent to confer with the besiegers, but the negotiations were abruptly terminated, for no terms of compromise were admitted by Don Frederick.[3] On the 3d a tremendous cannonade was reopened upon the city. One thousand and eight balls were discharged—the most which had ever been thrown in one day since the commencement of the siege.[4] The walls were severely shat-

[1] Bor, vi. 438, 439. Hoofd, viii. 310.

[2] Bor, vi. 436, 437. Hoofd, viii. 309, 310. Meteren, iv. 80. Bentivoglio, vii. 128.

[3] Hoofd, viii. 310. Mendoza, ix. 202, 203.

[4] Wagenaer, vi. 426.

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tered, but the assault was not ordered, because the besiegers were assured that it was physically impossible for the inhabitants to hold out many days longer.[1] A last letter, written in blood,[2] was now despatched to the Prince of Orange, stating the forlorn condition to which they were reduced. At the same time, with the derision of despair, they flung into the hostile camp the few loaves of bread which yet remained within the city walls. A day or two later, a second and third parley were held, with no more satisfactory result than had attended the first. A black flag was now hoisted on the cathedral tower, the signal of despair to friend and foe; but a pigeon soon afterward flew into the town with a letter from the prince, begging them to maintain themselves two days longer, because succor was approaching.[3]

The prince had indeed been doing all which, under the circumstances, was possible. He assembled the citizens of Delft in the market-place, and announced his intention of marching in person to the relief of the city, in the face of the besieging army, if any troops could be obtained.[4] Soldiers there were none; but there was the deepest sympathy for Haarlem throughout its sister cities, Delft, Rotterdam, Gouda. A numerous mass of burghers, many of them persons of station, all people of respectability, volunteered to march to the rescue. The prince highly disapproved[5] of this miscellaneous army, whose steadfastness he could not trust. As a soldier,

[1] Hoofd, viii. 310.

[2] Letter of Don Frederick to Duke of Alva, 8th and 9th June, 1573, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1239.

[3] Hoofd, viii. 309, 310. [4] Bor, vi. 439, 440.

[5] See his letter of 18th July, 1573, in Bor, vi. 440.

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he knew that, for such a momentous enterprise, enthusiasm could not supply the place of experience. Nevertheless, as no regular troops could be had, and as the emergency allowed no delay, he drew up a commission appointing Paulus Buys to be governor during his absence, and provisional stadholder should he fall in the expedition.[1] Four thousand armed volunteers, with six hundred mounted troopers under Carlo de Noot, had been assembled, and the prince now placed himself at their head.[2] There was, however, a universal cry of remonstrance from the magistracies and burghers of all the towns, and from the troops themselves, at this project.[3] They would not consent that a life so precious, so indispensable to the existence of Holland, should be needlessly hazarded. It was important to succor Haarlem, but the prince was of more value than many cities. He at last reluctantly consented, therefore, to abandon the command of the expedition to Baron Batenburg,[4] the less willingly from the want of confidence which he could not help feeling in the character of the forces. On the 8th of July, at dusk, the expedition set forth from Sassenheim.[5] It numbered nearly five thousand men, who had with them four hundred wagon-loads of provisions and seven field-pieces.[6] Among the volunteers, Oldenbarneveldt, afterward so illustrious in the history of the Republic, marched in the ranks, with

[1] This commission is published in Kluit, Hol. Staatsreg., iii. 425–427, Bijlagen.

[2] Hoofd, viii. 311.

[3] Bor, vi. 439. Hoofd.

[4] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, iv. 80.

[5] Bor, Hoofd.

[6] Bor, ubi sup.

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incapable of properly conducting the enterprise intrusted to him.

The Spaniards now cut off the nose and ears of a prisoner and sent him into the city to announce the news, while a few heads were also thrown over the walls to confirm the intelligence.[1] When this decisive overthrow became known in Delft, there was even an outbreak of indignation against Orange. According to a statement of Alva, which, however, is to be received with great distrust, some of the populace wished to sack the prince's house, and offered him personal indignities.[2] Certainly, if these demonstrations were made, popular anger was never more senseless; but the tale rests entirely upon a vague assertion of the duke, and is entirely at variance with every other contemporaneous account of these transactions. It had now become absolutely necessary, however, for the heroic but wretched town to abandon itself to its fate. It was impossible to attempt anything more in its behalf. The lake and its forts were in the hands of the enemy, the best force which could be mustered to make head against the besieging army had been cut to pieces, and the Prince of Orange, with a heavy heart, now sent word that the burghers were to make the best terms they could with the enemy.[3]

The tidings of despair created a terrible commotion in the starving city. There was no hope either in submission or resistance. Massacre or starvation was the only alternative. But if there was no hope within the walls, without there was still a soldier's death. For a moment the garrison and the able-bodied citizens re-

[1] P. Sterlinex. Hoofd, viii. 312.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1254.
[3] Hoofd, viii. 312, 313. Wagenaer, vi. 429.

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solved to advance from the gates in a solid column, to cut their way through the enemy's camp, or to perish on the field.[1] It was thought that the helpless and the infirm, who would alone be left in the city, might be treated with indulgence after the fighting men had all been slain. At any rate, by remaining the strong could neither protect nor comfort them. As soon, however, as this resolve was known, there was such wailing and outcry of women and children as pierced the hearts of the soldiers and burghers, and caused them to forego the project.[2] They felt that it was cowardly not to die in their presence. It was then determined to form all the females, the sick, the aged, and the children into a square, to surround them with all the able-bodied men who still remained, and thus arrayed to fight their way forth from the gates, and to conquer by the strength of despair, or at least to perish all together.[3]

These desperate projects, which the besieged were thought quite capable of executing, were soon known in the Spanish camp. Don Frederick felt, after what he had witnessed in the past seven months, that there was nothing which the Haarlemers could not do or dare. He feared lest they should set fire to their city, and consume their houses, themselves, and their children to ashes together;[4] and he was unwilling that the fruits of his victory, purchased at such a vast expense, should be snatched from his hand as he was about to gather them.

[1] Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd, viii. 313. Meteren, iv. 80. Mendoza, ix. 204.

[2] Hoofd, Meteren, Mendoza.

[3] Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd, viii. 313. Meteren, iv. 80. Mendoza, ix. 204.

[4] Hoofd, viii. 313.

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A letter was accordingly, by his order, sent to the magistracy and leading citizens, in the name of Count Overstein, commander of the German forces in the besieging army.[1] This despatch invited a surrender at discretion, but contained the solemn assurance that no punishment should be inflicted except upon those who, in the judgment of the citizens themselves, had deserved it, and promised ample forgiveness if the town should submit without further delay.[2] At the moment of sending this letter, Don Frederick was in possession of strict orders from his father not to leave a man alive of the garrison, excepting only the Germans, and to execute besides a large number of the burghers.[3] These commands he dared not disobey, even if he had felt any inclination to do so. In consequence of the semi-official letter of Overstein, however, the city formally surrendered at discretion on the 12th July.[4]

The great bell was tolled, and orders were issued that all arms in the possession of the garrison or the inhabitants should be brought to the town house.[5] The men

[1] Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd, viii. 313. Wagenaer, vi. 429, 430.

[2] Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd, viii. 313. Even Mendoza admits that a message promising mercy was sent into the city in order to induce the besieged to abandon their desperate resolution: "Se embio aviso del campo que todos los que quisiessen quedar en la villa à merced, se usaria con ellos de misericordia" (ix. 204). The assurance in Count Overstein's letter, according to the uniform testimony of Dutch historians, was to the effect stated in the text: "Dat er alsnoch vergiffenis ten beste was, Zoo zy tot oovergift verstaan wilden; *ende niemand* gestraft zoude worden, oft hy hadde 't naa hun eighen oordeel, verdient."—Hoofd, viii. 313.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1253.

[4] Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd, viii. 313. Meteren, iv. 80. Mendoza says the 14th July (ix. 205).

[5] P. Sterlincx. Bor, vi. 441. Hoofd, viii. 314, 315.

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THE DAY BEFORE THE EXECUTION
Painting by P. J. van der Ouderaa.

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were then ordered to assemble in the cloister of Zyl, the women in the cathedral.[1] On the same day, Don Frederick, accompanied by Count Bossu and a numerous staff, rode into the city. The scene which met his view might have moved a heart of stone. Everywhere was evidence of the misery which had been so bravely endured during that seven months' siege. The smoldering ruins of houses which had been set on fire by balls, the shattered fortifications, the felled trunks of trees, upturned pavements, broken images, and other materials for repairing gaps made by the daily cannonade, strewn around in all directions, the skeletons of unclean animals from which the flesh had been gnawed, the unburied bodies of men and women who had fallen dead in the public thoroughfares—more than all, the gaunt and emaciated forms of those who still survived, the ghosts of their former selves, all might have induced at least a doubt whether the suffering inflicted already were not a sufficient punishment, even for crimes so deep as heresy and schism. But this was far from being the sentiment of Don Frederick. He seemed to read defiance as well as despair in the sunken eyes which glared upon him as he entered the place, and he took no thought of the pledge which he had informally but sacredly given.

All the officers of the garrison were at once arrested. Some of them had anticipated the sentence of their conqueror by a voluntary death. Captain Bordet, a French officer of distinction, like Brutus, compelled his servant to hold the sword upon which he fell, rather than yield himself alive to the vengeance of the Spaniards.[2] Traits

[1] P. Sterlinex. Bor. Hoofd. Mendoza, ix. 205.

[2] Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd. Meteren. Mendoza. According to Pierre Sterlinex, the instrument of death selected was a harque-

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of generosity were not wanting. Instead of Peter Hasselaer, a young officer who had displayed remarkable bravery throughout the siege, the Spaniards by mistake arrested his cousin Nicholas. The prisoner was suffering himself to be led away to the inevitable scaffold without remonstrance, when Peter Hasselaer pushed his way violently through the ranks of the captors. "If you want Ensign Hasselaer, I am the man. Let this innocent person depart," he cried.[1] Before the sun set his head had fallen. All the officers were taken to the House of Kleef, where they were immediately executed.[2] Captain Ripperda, who had so heroically rebuked the craven conduct of the magistracy, whose eloquence had inflamed the soldiers and citizens to resistance, and whose skill and courage had sustained the siege so long, was among the first to suffer.[3] A natural son of Cardinal Granvelle, who could have easily saved his life by proclaiming a parentage which he loathed,[4] and Lancelot Brederode, an illegitimate scion of that ancient house, were also among these earliest victims.

The next day Alva came over to the camp. He rode about the place, examining the condition of the fortifications from the outside, but returned to Amsterdam without having entered the city.[5] On the following morning the massacre commenced. The plunder had

bus, Bordet's words to his servant being: "Et toy, mon ami, qui m'avez faict plusieurs services faitez moy astheure la dernière, me donnant un coup d'harquebouze." "Het welcke," continues Sterlincx, "den knegt naar lange weygheren volbragt heeft."—Corte Beschr., etc.

[1] Hoofd, viii. 316.
[2] Bor, vi. 441.
[3] P. Sterlincx. Hoofd, viii. 315.
[4] Hoofd, viii. 315. Wagenaer, vi. 431.
[5] Hoofd, viii. 315.

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been commuted for two hundred and forty thousand guilders, which the citizens bound themselves to pay in four instalments;[1] but murder was an indispensable accompaniment of victory, and admitted of no compromise. Moreover, Alva had already expressed the determination to effect a general massacre upon this occasion.[2] The garrison, during the siege, had been reduced from four thousand to eighteen hundred.[3] Of these the Germans, six hundred in number, were, by Alva's order, dismissed on a pledge to serve no more against the king. All the rest of the garrison were immediately butchered, with at least as many citizens. Drummers went about the city daily, proclaiming that all who harbored persons having, at any former period, been fugitives were immediately to give them up, on pain of being instantly hanged themselves in their own doors. Upon these refugees and upon the soldiery fell the brunt of the slaughter, although, from day to day, reasons were perpetually discovered for putting to death every individual at all distinguished by service, station, wealth, or liberal principles; for the carnage could not be accomplished at once, but, with all the industry and heartiness employed, was necessarily protracted through several days. Five executioners, with their attendants, were kept constantly at work; and when at last they were exhausted with fatigue, or perhaps sickened with horror, three hundred wretches

[1] Bor, vi. 441. Meteren, iv. 80.

[2] "Comme le Duc d'Albe me dist *encores hier* se convertira en justice car il n'est pas délibéré d'en *laisser eschapper pas ung.*"—Letter of Mondoucet, 14th July, 1573, Correspondance Charles IX. and Mondoucet, Com. Roy. d'Hist., iv. 340 sqq.

[3] Hoofd, viii. 316.

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were tied two and two, back to back, and drowned in the Haarlem Lake.[1]

At last, after twenty-three hundred human creatures[2] had been murdered in cold blood, within a city where so many thousands had previously perished by violent or by lingering deaths, the blasphemous farce of a pardon was enacted.[3] Fifty-seven of the most prominent burghers of the place were, however, excepted from the act of amnesty, and taken into custody as security for the future good conduct of the other citizens. Of these hostages some were soon executed, some died in prison, and all would have been eventually sacrificed had not the naval defeat of Bossu soon afterward enabled the Prince of Orange to rescue the remaining prisoners.[4]

[1] P. Sterlincx. Bor, vi. 441. Hoofd, viii. 315, 316. Meteren, iv. 81.

Compare Mendoza, ix. 205; Bentivoglio, vii. 129; Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1257; Cabrera, Felipe Segundo, x. 754–759. Even Bentivoglio is shocked at the barbarities committed after the surrender of the city. "Più di 2 mille furono giustiziati, e nell' operatione restarono ò stracchi, ò satii, ò inhorriditi per maniera i carnefici stessi . . . resto in dubbio, se fossero stati più atroci, ò da una parte i falli commessi ò dall' altra i supplicij eseguiti."—Bentivoglio, ubi sup.

Cabrera, on the contrary, expresses great disgust that any one should be moved to compassion for the fate of these heretics.

[2] This is the number given by Alva (Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1257). The Dutch historians make the amount of slaughter less than it is estimated by the Spanish writers, who, as usual, exaggerate these achievements, which they think commendable. Only Meteren, among the Netherland authorities, puts the number of the executed as high as two thousand, three hundred less than that stated by Alva, while Carnero raises it to three thousand. Compare Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, Bentivoglio, et al.

[3] Bor, vi. 442, 443. Meteren, iv. 80, 82.

[4] Bor, vi. 443. Meteren.

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Ten thousand two hundred and fifty-six shots had been discharged against the walls during the siege.[1] Twelve thousand of the besieging army had died of wounds or disease during the seven months and two days between the investment and the surrender.[2] In the earlier part of August,[3] after the executions had been satisfactorily accomplished, Don Frederick made his triumphal entry, and the first chapter in the invasion of Holland was closed. Such was the memorable siege of Haarlem, an event in which we are called upon to wonder equally at human capacity to inflict and to endure misery.

The Spaniards celebrated a victory, while in Utrecht they made an effigy of the Prince of Orange, which they carried about in procession, broke upon the wheel, and burned.[4] It was, however, obvious that if the reduction of Haarlem were a triumph, it was one which the conquerors might well exchange for a defeat. At any rate, it was certain that the Spanish empire was not strong enough to sustain many more such victories. If it had required thirty thousand choice troops—among which were three regiments called by Alva, respectively, the "Invincibles," the "Immortals," and the "Nonesuch"[5]—to conquer the weakest city of Holland in seven months, and with the loss of twelve thousand men, how many men, how long a time, and how many deaths would it require to reduce the rest of that little province? For, as the sack of Naarden had produced the contrary effect from the one intended, inflaming rather

[1] Mendoza, ix. 203.

[2] According to Hoofd, viii. 316, and Bor, vi. 444. The Spanish writers estimate the number at four or five thousand (Mendoza, ix. 206; Cabrera, x. 759).

[3] Wagenaer, vi. 433.

[4] Ibid., vi. 433, 434.

[5] Meteren, iv. 81.

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than subduing the spirit of Dutch resistance, so the long and glorious defense of Haarlem, notwithstanding its tragical termination, had only served to strain to the highest pitch the hatred and patriotism of the other cities in the province. Even the treasures of the New World were inadequate to pay for the conquest of that little sand-bank. Within five years twenty-five millions of florins had been sent from Spain for war expenses in the Netherlands.[1] Yet this amount, with the addition of large sums annually derived from confiscations,[2] of five millions at which the proceeds of the hundredth penny were estimated, and the two millions yearly for which the tenth and twentieth pence had been compounded, was insufficient to save the treasury from beggary and the unpaid troops from mutiny.

Nevertheless, for the moment the joy created was intense. Philip was lying dangerously ill at the wood of Segovia[3] when the happy tidings of the reduction of Haarlem, with its accompanying butchery, arrived. The account of all this misery, minutely detailed to him by Alva, acted like magic. The blood of twenty-three hundred of his fellow-creatures—coldly murdered, by his orders, in a single city—proved for the sanguinary monarch the elixir of life: he drank and was refreshed. "The *principal medicine which has cured his Majesty*," wrote Secretary Cayas from Madrid to Alva, "is the joy

[1] From 1569 to 1572. Vide Kluit, Hol. Staatsreg., iv. 512, 513, and Van Wyn op Wagen., d. i. bl. 287, and d. vi. 17. In June, 1559, Philip had to pay his army in the Netherlands 8,689,581 florins of arrearage.

[2] According to Meteren, iv. 86, eight millions annually; but the statement is a great exaggeration.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1259.

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caused to him by the *good news* which you have communicated of *the surrender of Haarlem*."[1] In the height of his exultation, the king forgot how much dissatisfaction he had recently felt with the progress of events in the Netherlands; how much treasure had been annually expended with an insufficient result. "Knowing your necessity," continued Cayas, "his Majesty instantly sent for Dr. Velasco, and ordered him to provide you with funds, if he had to descend into the earth to dig for it."[2]

While such was the exultation of the Spaniards, the Prince of Orange was neither dismayed nor despondent. As usual, he trusted to a higher power than man. "I had hoped to send you better news," he wrote to Count Louis; "nevertheless, since it has otherwise pleased the good God, we must conform ourselves to his divine will. I take the same God to witness that I have done everything, according to my means, which was possible to succor the city."[3] A few days later, writing in the same spirit, he informed his brother that the Zealanders had succeeded in capturing the castle of Rammekens, on the isle of Walcheren. "I hope," he said, "that this will reduce the pride of our enemies, who, after the surrender of Haarlem, have thought that they were about to swallow us alive. I assure myself, however, that they will find a very different piece of work from the one which they expect."[4]

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1259.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 175.
[4] Ibid., iv. 181.

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CHAPTER IX

Position of Alva—Hatred entertained for him by elevated personages—Quarrels between him and Medina-Celi—Departure of the latter—Complaints to the king by each of the other—Attempts at conciliation addressed by government to the people of the Netherlands—Grotesque character of the address—Mutinous demonstration of the Spanish troops—Secret overtures to Orange—Obedience with difficulty restored by Alva—Commencement of the siege of Alkmaar—Sanguinary menaces of the duke—Encouraging and enthusiastic language of the prince—Preparations in Alkmaar for defense—The first assault steadily repulsed—Refusal of the soldiers to storm a second time—Expedition of the carpenter-envoy—Orders of the prince to flood the country—The carpenter's despatches in the enemy's hands—Effect produced upon the Spaniards—The siege raised—Negotiations of Count Louis with France—Uneasiness and secret correspondence of the duke—Convention with the English government—Objects pursued by Orange—Cruelty of De la Marck—His dismissal from office and subsequent death—Negotiations with France—Altered tone of the French court with regard to the St. Bartholomew—Ill effects of the crime upon the royal projects—Hypocrisy of the Spanish government—Letter of Louis to Charles IX.—Complaints of Charles IX.—Secret aspirations of that monarch and of Philip—Intrigues concerning the Polish election—Renewed negotiations between Schomberg and Count Louis, with consent of Orange—Conditions prescribed by the prince—Articles of secret alliance—Remarkable letter of Count Louis to Charles IX.—Responsible and isolated situation of Orange—The "Address" and the "Epistle"—Religious sentiments of the prince—Naval action on the Zuyder Zee—Captivity of Bossu and of Sainte-Aldegonde—Odious position of Alva—His unceasing cruelty—Execution of Uitenhoove—Fraud

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practised by Alva upon his creditors—Arrival of Requesens, the new governor-general—Departure of Alva—Concluding remarks upon his administration.

For the sake of continuity in the narrative, the siege of Haarlem has been related until its conclusion. This great event constituted, moreover, the principal stuff in Netherland history up to the middle of the year 1573. A few loose threads must be now taken up before we can proceed further.

Alva had for some time felt himself in a false and uncomfortable position. While he continued to be the object of a popular hatred as intense as ever glowed, he had gradually lost his hold upon those who, at the outset of his career, had been loudest and lowest in their demonstrations of respect. "Believe me," wrote Secretary Albornoz to Secretary Cayas, "this people abhor our nation worse than they abhor the devil. As for the Duke of Alva, they foam at the mouth when they hear his name."[1] Viglius, although still maintaining smooth relations with the governor, had been, in reality, long since estranged from him. Even Aerschot, with whom the duke had long maintained an intimacy half affectionate, half contemptuous, now began to treat him with a contumely which it was difficult for so proud a stomach to digest.[2]

But the main source of discomfort was doubtless the presence of Medina-Celi. This was the perpetual thorn in his side, which no cunning could extract. A successor who would not and could not succeed him,

[1] "Escupen en oir su nombre."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1208.

[2] Ibid., ii. 1298, 1177.

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yet who attended him as his shadow and his evil genius; a confidential colleague who betrayed his confidence, mocked his projects, derided his authority, and yet complained of ill treatment; a rival who was neither compeer nor subaltern, and who affected to be his censor; a functionary of a purely anomalous character, sheltering himself under his abnegation of an authority which he had not dared to assume, and criticizing measures which he was not competent to grasp—such was the Duke of Medina-Celi, in Alva's estimation.

The bickering between the two dukes became unceasing and disgraceful. Of course each complained to the king, and each, according to his own account, was a martyr to the other's tyranny; but the meekness manifested by Alva in all his relations with the newcomer was wonderful, if we are to believe the accounts furnished by himself and by his confidential secretary.[1] On the other hand, Medina-Celi wrote to the king, complaining of Alva in most unmitigated strains, and asserting that he *was himself never allowed to see any despatches*, nor to have the slightest information as to the policy of the government.[2] He reproached the duke with shrinking from personal participation in military operations, and begged the royal forgiveness if he withdrew from a scene where he felt himself to be superfluous.[3]

Accordingly, toward the end of November, he took his departure, without paying his respects. The governor complained to the king of this unceremonious proceeding, and assured his Majesty that never were courtesy and gentleness so ill requited as his had been by this ingrate and cankered duke. "He told me," said Alva,

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1174, 1177, 1178.
[2] Ibid., ii. 1178. [3] Ibid.

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"that if I did not stay in the field he would not remain with me in peaceful cities, and he asked me if I intended to march into Holland with the troops which were to winter there. I answered that I should go wherever it was necessary, even should I be obliged to swim through all the canals of Holland."[1] After giving these details, the duke added, with great appearance of candor and meekness, that he was certain Medina-Celi had only been influenced by extreme zeal for his Majesty's service, and that, finding so little for him to do in the Netherlands, he had become dissatisfied with his position.[2]

Immediately after the fall of Haarlem, another attempt was made by Alva to win back the allegiance of the other cities by proclamations. It had become obvious to the governor that so determined a resistance on the part of the first place besieged augured many long campaigns before the whole province could be subdued. A circular was accordingly issued upon the 26th July from Utrecht, and published immediately afterward in all the cities of the Netherlands. It was a paper of singular character, commingling an affectation of almost ludicrous clemency with honest and hearty brutality. There was consequently something very grotesque about the document. Philip, in the outset, was made to sustain toward his undutiful subjects the characters of the brooding hen and the prodigal's father—a range of impersonation hardly to be allowed him, even by the most abject flattery. "Ye are well aware," thus ran the address, "that the king has, over and over again, manifested his willingness to receive his children, in however forlorn a condition the prodigals might return. His

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1193.

[2] Ibid.

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Majesty assures you once more that your sins, however black they may have been, shall be forgiven and forgotten in the plenitude of royal kindness, if you repent and return in season to his Majesty's embrace. Notwithstanding your manifold crimes, his Majesty still seeks, *like a hen calling her chickens, to gather you all under the parental wing.* The king hereby warns you once more, therefore, to place yourselves in his royal hands, *and not to wait for his rage, cruelty, and fury,* and the approach of his army."

The affectionate character of the address, already fading toward the end of the preamble, soon changes to bitterness. The domestic maternal fowl dilates into the sanguinary dragon as the address proceeds. "But if," continues the monarch, "ye disregard these offers of mercy, receiving them with closed ears, as heretofore, then we warn you that there is no rigor nor cruelty, however great, which you are not to expect by laying waste, starvation, and the sword, in such manner that nowhere shall *remain a relic of that which at present exists;* but his Majesty will strip bare and *utterly depopulate the land,* and cause it to be inhabited *again by strangers,* since otherwise his Majesty could not believe that the *will of God and of his Majesty* had been accomplished."[1]

It is almost superfluous to add that this circular remained fruitless. The royal wrath, thus blasphemously identifying itself with divine vengeance, inspired no terror, the royal blandishments no affection.

The next point of attack was the city of Alkmaar, situate quite at the termination of the peninsula, among the lagunes and redeemed prairies of North Holland. The Prince of Orange had already provided it with a

[1] The document is published in Bor, vi. 445, 446.

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small garrison.[1] The city had been summoned to surrender by the middle of July, and had returned a bold refusal.[2] Meantime the Spaniards had retired from before the walls, while the surrender and chastisement of Haarlem occupied them during the next succeeding weeks. The month of August, moreover, was mainly consumed by Alva in quelling a dangerous and protracted mutiny which broke out among the Spanish soldiers at Haarlem,[3] between three and four thousand of them having been quartered upon the ill-fated population of that city.[4] Unceasing misery was endured by the inhabitants at the hands of the ferocious Spaniards, flushed with victory, mutinous for long arrears of pay, and greedy for the booty which had been denied. At times, however, the fury of the soldiery was more violently directed against their own commanders than against the enemy. A project was even formed by the malcontent troops to deliver Haarlem into the hands of Orange. A party of them, disguised as Baltic merchants, waited upon the prince at Delft, and were secretly admitted to his bedside before he had risen. They declared to him that they were Spanish soldiers, who had compassion on his cause, were dissatisfied with their own government, and were ready, upon receipt of forty thousand guilders, to deliver the city into his hands. The prince took the matter into consideration, and promised to accept the offer if he could raise the required sum. This, however, he found himself unable to do within the stipulated time, and thus, for

[1] Bor, vi. 444.
[2] Ibid., vi. 444, 445.
[3] Ibid. Hoofd, viii. 317.
[4] Bor, vi. 449.

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want of so paltry a sum, the offer was of necessity declined.[1]

Various were the excesses committed by the insubordinate troops in every province in the Netherlands upon the long-suffering inhabitants. "Nothing," wrote Alva, "had given him so much pain during his forty years of service."[2] He avowed his determination to go to Amsterdam in order to offer himself as a hostage to the soldiery, if by so doing he could quell the mutiny.[3] He went to Amsterdam accordingly, where by his exertions, ably seconded by those of the Marquis Vitelli, and by the payment of thirty crowns to each soldier,—fourteen on account of arrearages and sixteen as his share in the Haarlem compensation money,—the rebellion was appeased, and obedience restored.[4]

There was now leisure for the general to devote his whole energies against the little city of Alkmaar. On that bank and shoal, the extreme verge of habitable earth, the spirit of Holland's freedom stood at bay. The gray towers of Egmont Castle and of Egmont Abbey rose between the city and the sea, and there the troops sent by the Prince of Orange were quartered during the very brief period in which the citizens wavered as to receiving them. The die was soon cast, however, and the prince's garrison admitted. The Spaniards advanced, burned the village of Egmont to the ground as soon as the patriots had left it, and on the 21st of August Don Frederick, appearing before the walls, pro-

[1] Meteren, iv. 81. Hoofd (viii. 318) also tells the story, but does not vouch for it.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1260.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Hoofd, viii. 318. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1264.

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ceeded formally to invest Alkmaar.[1] In a few days this had been so thoroughly accomplished that, in Alva's language, "it was impossible for a sparrow to enter or go out of the city."[2] The odds were somewhat unequal. Sixteen thousand veteran troops constituted the besieging force.[3] Within the city were a garrison of *eight hundred*[4] soldiers, together with *thirteen hundred* burghers capable of bearing arms.[5] The rest of the population consisted of a very few refugees, besides the women and children. Two thousand one hundred able-bodied men, of whom only about one third were soldiers, to resist sixteen thousand regulars!

Nor was there any doubt as to the fate which was reserved for them, should they succumb. The duke was vociferous at the ingratitude with which his *clemency* had hitherto been requited. He complained bitterly of the ill success which had attended his monitory circulars, reproached himself with incredible vehemence for

[1] Nanning van Foreest, Een kort Verhael van de strenghe Belegheringe ende Aftrek der Spangiaerden van de Stadt Alckmaar (Delft, 1573).

This is much the most important and detailed account of the siege of Alkmaar. The story is told with vigor and ferocity, by a man who was daily and nightly on the walls during the whole siege, and who wrote his narrative as soon as the Spaniards had been repulsed.

The author, who was a magistrate and a pensionary of the city, observes that his "slumberous and sleepy fellow-burghers were converted into experienced soldiers by the Spaniard, who summoned them every moment out of bed to the walls" (p. 41).

Compare Hoofd, viii. 317–319. Wagenaer, vi. 441.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1264.

[3] Wagenaer, vi. 441. Hoofd, viii. 321.

[4] Wagenaer, vi. 441, 442. Hoofd.

[5] Wagenaer, vi. 441, 442. Hoofd, viii. 321.

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his previous mildness, and protested that, after having executed only twenty-three hundred persons at the surrender of Haarlem, besides a few additional burghers since, he had met with no correspondent demonstrations of affection. He promised himself, however, an ample compensation for all this ingratitude in the wholesale vengeance which he purposed to wreak upon Alkmaar. Already he gloated in anticipation over the havoc which would soon be let loose within those walls. Such ravings, if invented by the pen of fiction, would seem a puerile caricature; proceeding, authentically, from his own, they still appear almost too exaggerated for belief. "If I take Alkmaar," he wrote to Philip, "I am resolved not to leave a single creature alive; the knife shall be put to every throat. Since the example of Haarlem has proved of no use, *perhaps an example of cruelty* will bring the other cities to their senses."[1] He took occasion also to read a lecture to the party of conciliation in Madrid, whose counsels, as he believed, his sovereign was beginning to heed. Nothing, he maintained, could be more senseless than the idea of pardon and clemency. This had been sufficiently proved by recent events. It was easy for people at a distance to talk about gentleness, but those upon the spot knew better. *Gentleness had produced nothing*, so far; violence alone could succeed in future. "Let your Majesty," he said, "be disabused of the impression that with kindness anything can be done with these people. Already have matters reached such a point that many of those born in the country, who have hitherto advocated clemency, are now undeceived,

[1] "Estoy resuelto en no dexar criatura con la vida, sino hazerlos passar todos à cuchillo quizà con al exemplo de la crueldad, vernan las demas villas."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1264.

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and acknowledge their mistake. They are of opinion *that not a living soul should be left in Alkmaar, but that every individual should be put to the sword.*"[1] At the same time he took occasion, even in these ferocious letters, which seem dripping with blood, to commend his own natural benignity of disposition. "Your Majesty may be certain," he said, "that no man on earth desires the path of clemency more than I do, notwithstanding my particular hatred for heretics and traitors."[2] It was therefore with regret that he saw himself obliged to take the opposite course, and to stifle all his gentler sentiments.

Upon Diedrich Sonoy, lieutenant-governor for Orange in the province of North Holland, devolved the immediate responsibility of defending this part of the country.[3] As the storm rolled slowly up from the south, even that experienced officer became uneasy at the unequal conflict impending. He despatched a letter to his chief, giving a gloomy picture of his position.[4] All looked instinctively toward the prince, as to a god, in their time of danger; all felt as if upon his genius and fortitude depended the whole welfare of the fatherland. It was hoped, too, that some resource had been provided in a secret foreign alliance. "If your princely grace," wrote Sonoy, "have made a contract for assistance with any powerful potentate, it is of the highest importance that it should be known to all the cities, in

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1266.

[2] "V. M. sea cierto que nadie en la tierra desea mas el camino de la blandura que yo; aunque es odio particular el que tengo con los hereges y traidores," etc.—Ibid.

[3] Hoofd, viii. 321. Bor, vi. 451, 452.

[4] Bor (vi. 446, 447) publishes the letter.

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order to put an end to the emigration, and to console the people in their affliction."[1]

The answer of the prince was full of lofty enthusiasm. He reprimanded with gentle but earnest eloquence the despondency and little faith of his lieutenant and other adherents. He had not expected, he said, that they would have so soon forgotten their manly courage. They seemed to consider the whole fate of the country attached to the city of Haarlem. He took God to witness that he had spared no pains, and would willingly have spared no drop of his blood, to save that devoted city. "But as, notwithstanding our efforts," he continued, "it has pleased God Almighty to dispose of Haarlem according to his divine will, shall we, therefore, deny and deride his holy word? Has the strong arm of the Lord thereby grown weaker? Has his Church therefore come to naught? You ask if I have entered into a firm treaty with any great king or potentate, to which I answer that before I ever took up the cause of the oppressed Christians in these provinces I had entered *into a close alliance with the King of kings;* and I am firmly convinced that all who put their trust in him shall be saved by his almighty hand. The God of armies will raise up armies for us to do battle with our enemies and his own." In conclusion, he stated his preparations for attacking the enemy by sea as well as by land, and encouraged his lieutenant and the citizens of the northern quarter to maintain a bold front before the advancing foe.[2]

And now, with the dismantled and desolate Haarlem

[1] Bor, ubi sup.

[2] See this remarkable and eloquent letter, dated Dort, August 9, 1573, in Bor, vi. 447, 448.

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before their eyes, a prophetic phantom, perhaps, of their own imminent fate, did the handful of people shut up within Alkmaar prepare for the worst. Their main hope lay in the friendly sea. The vast sluices called the Zyp, through which an inundation of the whole northern province could be very soon effected, were but a few miles distant. By opening these gates, and by piercing a few dikes, the ocean might be made to fight for them. To obtain this result, however, the consent of the inhabitants was requisite, as the destruction of all the standing crops would be inevitable. The city was so closely invested that it was a matter of life and death to venture forth, and it was difficult, therefore, to find an envoy for this hazardous mission. At last a carpenter in the city, Peter van der Mey by name, undertook the adventure,[1] and was intrusted with letters to Sonoy, to the Prince of Orange, and to the leading personages in several cities of the province. These papers were inclosed in a hollow walking-staff, carefully made fast at the top.[2]

Affairs soon approached a crisis within the beleaguered city. Daily skirmishes, without decisive result, had taken place outside the walls. At last, on the 18th of September, after a steady cannonade of nearly twelve hours, Don Frederick, at three in the afternoon, ordered an assault.[3] Notwithstanding his seven months' experience at Haarlem, he still believed it certain that he should carry Alkmaar by storm. The attack took place at once upon the Frisian Gate and upon the red tower on the opposite side. Two choice regiments, recently arrived from Lombardy, led the onset, rending the air

[1] Bor, vi. 452. [2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid., vi. 453. Hoofd, viii. 323. Mendoza, x. 217–219.

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with their shouts, and confident of an easy victory. They were sustained by what seemed an overwhelming force of disciplined troops. Yet never, even in the recent history of Haarlem, had an attack been received by more dauntless breasts. Every living man was on the walls. The storming-parties were assailed with cannon, with musketry, with pistols. Boiling water, pitch, and oil, molten lead, and unslaked lime were poured upon them every moment. Hundreds of tarred and burning hoops were skilfully quoited around the necks of the soldiers, who struggled in vain to extricate themselves from these fiery ruffs, while as fast as any of the invaders planted foot upon the breach, they were confronted face to face with sword and dagger by the burghers, who hurled them headlong into the moat below.[1]

Thrice was the attack renewed with ever-increasing rage, thrice repulsed with unflinching fortitude. The storm continued four hours long. During all that period not one of the defenders left his post till he dropped from it dead or wounded.[2] The women and children, unscared by the balls flying in every direction, or by the hand-to-hand conflicts on the ramparts, passed steadily to and fro from the arsenals to the fortifications, constantly supplying their fathers, husbands, and brothers with powder and ball.[3] Thus every human being in the city that could walk had become a soldier. At last darkness fell upon the scene. The trumpet of recall was sounded, and the Spaniards, utterly discomfited, retired from the walls, leaving at least one thousand dead in

[1] Nanning van Foreest, p. 34. Bor, vi. 453. Hoofd, viii. 323.
[2] Bor, Hoofd. Compare Mendoza, x. 216–219; N. van Foreest.
[3] Nanning van Foreest, 33. Hoofd, viii. 324.

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the trenches,[1] while only thirteen burghers and twenty-four of the garrison lost their lives.[2] Thus was Alkmaar preserved for a little longer, thus a large and well-appointed army signally defeated by a handful of men fighting for their firesides and altars. Ensign Solis, who had mounted the breach for an instant, and miraculously escaped with life after having been hurled from the battlements, reported that he had seen "neither helmet nor harness" as he looked down into the city—only some plain-looking people, generally dressed like fishermen.[3] Yet these plain-looking fishermen had defeated the veterans of Alva.

The citizens felt encouraged by the results of that day's work. Moreover, they already possessed such information concerning the condition of affairs in the camp of the enemy as gave them additional confidence. A Spaniard named Jeronimo had been taken prisoner and brought into the city.[4] On receiving a promise of pardon, he had revealed many secrets concerning the position and intentions of the besieging army. It is painful to add that the prisoner, notwithstanding his disclosures and the promise under which they had been made, was treacherously executed.[5] He begged hard for his life as he was led to the gallows, offering fresh revelations, which, however, after the ample communications already made, were esteemed superfluous. Finding this of no avail, he promised his captors, with perfect simplicity, to go down on his knees and *worship*

[1] Bor, vi. 453. Hoofd, viii. 324.
[2] Hoofd. Nanning van Foreest, 38.
[3] Hoofd, viii. 324. N. van Foreest.
[4] Bor, vi. 453. Hoofd, viii. 322, 323.
[5] Bor, vi. 453. Hoofd, viii. 323.

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the devil precisely as they did,[1] if by so doing he might obtain mercy. It may be supposed that such a proposition was not likely to gain additional favor for him in the eyes of these rigid Calvinists, and the poor wretch was accordingly hanged.

The day following the assault, a fresh cannonade was opened upon the city. Seven hundred shots having been discharged, the attack was ordered. It was in vain: neither threats nor entreaties could induce the Spaniards, hitherto so indomitable, to mount the breach. The place seemed to their imagination protected by more than mortal powers; otherwise how was it possible that a few half-starved fishermen could already have so triumphantly overthrown the time-honored legions of Spain? It was thought, no doubt, that the devil, whom they worshiped, would continue to protect his children. Neither the entreaties nor the menaces of Don Frederick were of any avail. Several soldiers allowed themselves to be run through the body by their own officers rather than advance to the walls, and the assault was accordingly postponed to an indefinite period.[2]

Meantime, as Governor Sonoy had opened many of the dikes, the land in the neighborhood of the camp was becoming plashy, although as yet the threatened inundation had not taken place. The soldiers were already very uncomfortable and very refractory. The carpenter-envoy had not been idle, having, upon the 26th September, arrived at Sonoy's quarters, bearing letters from the Prince of Orange. These despatches gave distinct directions to Sonoy to flood the country at all risks, rather than allow Alkmaar to fall into the

[1] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[2] Hoofd, viii. 324. Compare Mendoza, x. 219, 220.

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enemy's hands. The dikes and sluices were to be protected by a strong guard, lest the peasants, in order to save their crops, should repair or close them in the night-time. The letters of Orange were copied, and, together with fresh communications from Sonoy, delivered to the carpenter. A note on the margin of the prince's letter directed the citizens to kindle four beacon-fires in specified places as soon as it should prove necessary to resort to extreme measures. When that moment should arrive, it was solemnly promised that an inundation should be created which should sweep the whole Spanish army into the sea. The work had, in fact, been commenced. The Zyp and other sluices had already been opened, and a vast body of water, driven by a strong northwest wind, had rushed in from the ocean. It needed only that two great dikes should be pierced to render the deluge and the desolation complete. The harvests were doomed to destruction, and a frightful loss of property rendered inevitable, but, at any rate, the Spaniards, if this last measure were taken, must fly or perish to a man.[1]

This decisive blow having been thus ordered and promised, the carpenter set forth toward the city. He was, however, not so successful in accomplishing his entrance unmolested as he had been in effecting his departure. He narrowly escaped with his life in passing through the enemy's lines, and while occupied in saving himself was so unlucky, or, as it proved, so fortunate, as to lose the stick in which his despatches were inclosed. He made good his entrance into the city, where, by word of mouth, he encouraged his fellow-burghers as to the intentions of the prince and Sonoy. In the

[1] Bor, vi. 454. Hoofd, viii. 325. Mendoza, x 219, 220.

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meantime his letters were laid before the general of the besieging army. The resolution taken by Orange, of which Don Frederick was thus unintentionally made aware, to flood the country far and near, rather than fail to protect Alkmaar, made a profound impression upon his mind. It was obvious that he was dealing with a determined leader and with desperate men. His attempt to carry the place by storm had signally failed, and he could not deceive himself as to the temper and disposition of his troops ever since that repulse. When it should become known that they were threatened with submersion in the ocean, in addition to all the other horrors of war, he had reason to believe that they would retire ignominiously from that remote and desolate sand-hook, where, by remaining, they could only find a watery grave. These views having been discussed in a council of officers, the result was reached that sufficient had been already accomplished for the glory of Spanish arms. Neither honor nor loyalty, it was thought, required that sixteen thousand soldiers should be sacrificed in a contest, not with man, but with the ocean.[1]

On the 8th of October, accordingly, the siege, which had lasted seven weeks, was raised,[2] and Don Frederick

[1] Bor and Hoofd, ubi sup. Compare Mendoza, x. 219, 220.

[2] Bor, Hoofd, Mendoza. Letter of Noircarmes to his brother De Selles, in Corresp. de Philippe II., ii. 1280. Nanning van Foreest, Kort Verhael, etc. The stout pensionary, after recording the events of the siege, before the smoke had fairly rolled away, gives his readers two ballads—effusions of the same spirit which had pervaded the city during its energetic resistance. They are, as usual, martial and jocular. A single verse may be translated as a specimen:

"De stad van Alkmaer behielt de kroon,
Zy gaaven de Spangaerds kranssen,

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rejoined his father in Amsterdam. Ready to die in the last ditch, and to overwhelm both themselves and their foes in a common catastrophe, the Hollanders had at last compelled their haughty enemy to fly from a position which he had so insolently assumed.

These public transactions and military operations were not the only important events which affected the fate of Holland and its sister provinces at this juncture. The secret relations which had already been renewed between Louis of Nassau, as plenipotentiary of his brother, and the French court, had for some time excited great uneasiness in the mind of Alva. Count Louis was known to be as skilful a negotiator as he was valiant and accomplished as a soldier. His frankness and boldness created confidence. The "brave spirit in the loyal breast" inspired all his dealing; his experience and quick perception of character prevented his becoming a dupe of even the most adroit politicians, while his truth of purpose made him incapable either of overreaching an ally or of betraying a trust. His career indicated that diplomacy might be sometimes successful even although founded upon sincerity.

Pypen en trommeln gingen daer schoon.
Men spelde daer vreemde danssen.
De Spangaerds stonden daar vergaart
Zy tansten ecee nieuwe Spaansche galjaert.
Maar zy vergeten te komen in de schanssen," etc.

"With double-quick time the Spaniard proud
Against Alkmaar advances;
The piping and drumming are merry and loud,
We play them the best of dances.
The Spaniards stop—though they look very big;
They dance a very new Spanish jig,
But forget the use of their lances," etc.

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Alva secretly expressed to his sovereign much suspicion of France.[1] He reminded him that Charles IX., during the early part of the preceding year, had given the assurance that he was secretly dealing with Louis of Nassau *only that he might induce the count to pass over to Philip's service.*[2] At the same time Charles had been doing all he could to succor Mons, and had written the memorable letter which had fallen into Alva's hands on the capture of Genlis, and which expressed such a fixed determination to inflict a deadly blow upon the king whom the writer was thus endeavoring to cajole.[3] All this the governor recalled to the recollection of his sovereign. In view of the increasing repugnance of the English court, Alva recommended that fair words should be employed; hinting, however, that it would be by no means necessary for his master to consider himself very strictly bound by any such pledges to Elizabeth, if they should happen to become inconveniently pressing. "A monarch's promises," he delicately suggested, "were not to be considered so sacred as those of humbler mortals.[4] Not that the king should directly violate his word, but at the same time," continued the duke, "I have thought all my life, and I have learned it from the emperor, your Majesty's father, that the negotiations of kings depend upon different principles from those of us private gentlemen who walk the world; and in this manner I always observed that your Majesty's father, who was so great a gentleman and so powerful a prince, conducted his affairs."[5] The governor took oc-

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1211.

[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., ii. 269, note. [4] Ibid., ii. 1211.

[5] "Que las negociaciones de los reyes pendrian de muy differentes cabos que los negocios de los particulares cavalleros que

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casion, likewise, to express his regrets at the awkward manner in which the Ridolfi scheme had been managed. Had he been consulted at an earlier day, the affair could have been treated much more delicately; as it was, there could be little doubt but that the discovery of the plot had prejudiced the mind of Elizabeth against Spain. "From that dust," concluded the duke, "has resulted all this dirt."[1] It could hardly be matter of surprise, either to Philip or his viceroy, that the discovery by Elizabeth of a plot upon their parts to take her life and place the crown upon the head of her hated rival should have engendered unamiable feelings in her bosom toward them. For the moment, however, Alva's negotiations were apparently successful.

On the 1st of May, 1573, the articles of convention between England and Spain, with regard to the Netherland difficulty, had been formally published in Brussels.[2] The duke, in communicating the termination of these arrangements, quietly recommended his master thenceforth to take the English ministry into his pay. In particular he advised his Majesty to bestow an annual bribe upon Lord Burleigh, "who held the kingdom in his hand; for it has always been my opinion," he continued, "that it was an excellent practice for princes to give pensions to the ministers of other potentates, and to keep those at home who took bribes from nobody."[3]

andamos por el mundo, y desta manera lo vi tratar à su padre de V. M. que era tan gran cavallero y tan principe."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1211.

[1] "Porque V. M. sea cierto que de aquellos polvos han salido todos estos lodos."—Ibid.

[2] Ibid., ii. 333, 334. Meteren.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1221.

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On the other hand, the negotiations of Orange with the English court were not yet successful, and he still found it almost impossible to raise the requisite funds for carrying on the war. Certainly his private letters showed that neither he nor his brothers were self-seekers in their negotiations. "You know," said he in a letter to his brothers, "that my intention has never been to seek my private advantage. I have only aspired for the liberty of the country in conscience and in polity, which foreigners have sought to oppress. I have no other articles to propose, save that religion, reformed according to the Word of God, should be permitted, that then the commonwealth should be restored to its ancient liberty, and, to that end, that the Spaniards and other soldiery should be compelled to retire."[1]

The restoration of civil and religious liberty, *the establishment of the great principle of toleration* in matters of conscience, constituted the purpose to which his days and nights were devoted, his princely fortune sacrificed, his life-blood risked. At the same time, his enforcement of toleration to both religions excited calumny against him among the bigoted adherents of both. By the Catholics he was accused of having instigated the excesses which he had done everything in his power to repress. The enormities of De la Marck, which had inspired the prince's indignation, were even laid at the door of him who had risked his life to prevent and to chastise them. De la Marck had, indeed, more than counterbalanced his great service in the taking of Brill by his subsequent cruelties. At last, Father Cornelius Musius, pastor of St. Agatha, at the age of seventy-two, a man highly esteemed by the Prince of Orange, had

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 50.

SAN FERNANDO DISCARDED UNION HIGH SCHOOL SAN FERNANDO, CALIF. DISCARDED
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been put to torture and death by this barbarian, under circumstances of great atrocity. The horrid deed cost the prince many tears, aroused the indignation of the estates of Holland, and produced the dismission of the perpetrator from their service. It was considered expedient, however, in view of his past services, his powerful connections, and his troublesome character, that he should be induced peaceably to leave the country.[1]

It was long before the prince and the estates could succeed in ridding themselves of this encumbrance. He created several riots in different parts of the province, and boasted that he had many fine ships of war and three thousand men devoted to him, by whose assistance he could make the estates "dance after his pipe." At the beginning of the following year (1574) he was at last compelled to leave the provinces, which he never again troubled with his presence. Some years afterward he died of the bite of a mad dog—an end not inappropriate to a man of so rabid a disposition.[2]

While the prince was thus steadily striving for a lofty and generous purpose, he was, of course, represented by his implacable enemies as a man playing a game which, unfortunately for himself, was a losing one. "That poor prince," said Granvelle, "has been ill advised. I doubt now whether he will ever be able to make his peace, and I think we shall rather *try to get rid of him and his brother as if they were Turks.* The marriage

[1] Hoofd, vii. 281, 282. Bor, vi. 422. Brandt, Hist. der Ref., x. 538–540, d. i. "De tijding van so vervlockt een handel koste den prince klagten en traenen: deese onmenschelijkheit deed den Staaten wee, en strekte den pleeger self een trap tot sijne ondergank."—Brandt.

[2] Meteren. Strada. Hoofd, vii. 289, 290. Bor, vi. 424–431. Wagenaer, vi. 434–436.

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with the daughter of Maurice, *unde mala et quia ipse talis*, and his brothers have done him much harm. So have Schwendi and German intimacies. I saw it all very plainly, but he did not choose to believe me."[1]

Ill-starred, worse-counseled William of Orange! Had he but taken the friendly cardinal's advice, kept his hand from German marriages and his feet from conventicles, had he assisted his sovereign in burning heretics and hunting rebels, it would not then have become necessary "to treat him like a Turk." This is unquestionable. It is equally so that there would have been one great lamp the less in that strait and difficult pathway which leads to the temple of true glory.

The main reliance of Orange was upon the secret negotiations which his brother Louis was then renewing with the French government. The prince had felt an almost insurmountable repugnance toward entertaining any relation with that blood-stained court since the massacre of St. Bartholomew. But a new face had recently been put upon that transaction. Instead of glorying in their crime, the king and his mother now assumed a tone of compunction, and averred that the deed had been unpremeditated; that it had been the result of a panic or an ecstasy of fear inspired by the suddenly discovered designs of the Huguenots; and that, in the instinct of self-preservation, the king, with his family and immediate friends, had plunged into a crime which they now bitterly lamented.[2] The French

[1] Cardinal Granvelle to Morillon, 18th March, 1573, in Groen van Prinst., Archives, iv. 35*.

[2] M. Groen van Prinsterer, in the second part of vol. iv. of the Archives de la Maison d'Orange Nassau. Compare De Thou, t. vi. liv. lv. 590 et seq.

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envoys at the different courts of Europe were directed to impress this view upon the minds of the monarchs to whom they were accredited. It was certainly a very different instruction from that which they had at first received. Their cue had originally been to claim a full meed of praise and thanksgiving in behalf of their sovereign for his meritorious exploit. The salvos of artillery, the illuminations and rejoicings, the solemn processions and masses by which the auspicious event had been celebrated, were yet fresh in the memory of men. The ambassadors were sufficiently embarrassed by the distinct and determined approbation which they had recently expressed. Although the king, by formal proclamation, had assumed the whole responsibility, as he had notoriously been one of the chief perpetrators of the deed, his agents were now to stultify themselves and their monarch by representing as a deplorable act of frenzy the massacre which they had already extolled to the echo as a skilfully executed and entirely commendable achievement.[1]

To humble the power of Spain, to obtain the hand of Queen Elizabeth for the Duc d'Alençon, to establish an insidious kind of protectorate over the Protestant princes of Germany, to obtain the throne of Poland for the Duke of Anjou, and even to obtain the imperial crown for the house of Valois—all these cherished projects seemed dashed to the ground by the Paris massacre and the abhorrence which it had created. Charles and Catherine were not slow to discover the false position in which they had placed themselves, while the Spanish jocularity at the immense error committed by France

[1] See the letters in the second part of vol. iv., Archives de la Maison d'Orange.

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was visible enough through the assumed mask of holy horror.

Philip and Alva listened with mischievous joy to the howl of execration which swept through Christendom upon every wind. They rejoiced as heartily in the humiliation of the malefactors as they did in the perpetration of the crime. "Your Majesty," wrote Louis of Nassau, very bluntly, to King Charles, "sees how the Spaniard, your mortal enemy, feasts himself full with the desolation of your affairs; how he laughs, to split his sides, at your misfortunes. This massacre has enabled him to weaken your Majesty more than he could have done by a war of thirty years." [1]

Before the year had revolved, Charles had become thoroughly convinced of the fatal impression produced by the event. Bitter and almost abject were his whinings at the Catholic king's desertion of his cause. "He knows well," wrote Charles to Saint-Goard, "that if he can terminate these troubles and leave me alone in the dance, he will have leisure and means to establish his authority, not only in the Netherlands but elsewhere, and that he will render himself more grand and formidable than he has ever been. This is the return they render for *the good received from me, which is such* as every one knows." [2]

[1] "Que S. M. voit l'Espagnol, son ennemy mortel, faire ses choux gras de la désolation de ses affaires, se rire à gorge ouverte de ses malheurs, et employer tout son industrie et estude à entretenir les troubles en son royaume; s'asseurant avec bonne raison que c'est le seul moyen de parvenir à ses fins sans coup frapper, veu que desjà, tant les guerres passées que par le dernier massacre et troubles présens, l'Espagnol a plus affoibli S. M. que s'il eust faict la guerre trente ans."—Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 85*.

[2] Ibid., iv. 33*.

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Gaspar de Schomberg, the adroit and honorable agent of Charles in Germany, had at a very early day warned his royal master of the ill effect of the massacre upon all the schemes which he had been pursuing, and especially upon those which referred to the crowns of the empire and of Poland. The first project was destined to be soon abandoned. It was reserved neither for Charles nor Philip to divert the succession in Germany from the numerous offspring of Maximilian; yet it is instructive to observe the unprincipled avidity with which the prize was sought by both. Each was willing to effect its purchase by abjuring what were supposed his most cherished principles. Philip of Spain, whose mission was to extirpate heresy throughout his realms, and who, in pursuance of that mission, had already perpetrated more crimes, and waded more deeply in the blood of his subjects, than monarch had often done before; Philip, for whom his apologists have never found any defense, save that he believed it his duty to God rather to depopulate his territories than to permit a single heretic within their limits—now entered into secret negotiations with the princes of the empire. He pledged himself, if they would confer the crown upon him, that he would withdraw the Spaniards from the Netherlands; that he would tolerate in those provinces the exercise of the Reformed religion; that he would recognize their union with the rest of the German Empire, and their consequent claim to the benefits of the Passau treaty; that he would restore the Prince of Orange "and all his accomplices" to their former possessions, dignities, and condition; and that he would cause to be observed, throughout every realm incorporated with the empire, all the edicts and ordinances which had been constructed

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to secure religious freedom in Germany.[1] In brief, Philip was willing, in case the crown of Charlemagne should be promised him, to undo the work of his life, to reinstate the archrebel whom he had hunted and proscribed, and to bow before that Reformation whose disciples he had so long burned and butchered. So much extent and no more had that religious conviction by which he had for years had the effrontery to excuse the enormities practised in the Netherlands. God would never forgive him so long as one heretic remained unburned in the provinces; yet give him the imperial scepter, and every heretic, without forswearing his heresy, should be purged with hyssop and become whiter than snow.

Charles IX., too, although it was not possible for him to recall to life the countless victims of the Parisian wedding, was yet ready to explain those murders to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced mind. This had become strictly necessary. Although the accession of either his Most Christian or Most Catholic Majesty to the throne of the Cæsars was a most improbable event, yet the humbler elective throne actually vacant was indirectly

[1] " . . . le roy d'Espagne à l'estat de l'empereur veu les honestes offres qu'il leur propose, a sçavoir si les princes veulent consentir à l'eslire empereur, il promet qu'avant que d'entrer en ceste dignité, il ostera les Espagnols du Pays Bas; qu'il réunira le dict Pays Bas au corps de l'Empire, qu'il remettera le Prince d'Orange et tous ses complices en leur bien et premier estat, et qu'il fera observer et maintenir dedans tous les pays de son obeissance, qui auroient esté ou seront incorporez à l'Empire, les mêmes édicts et ordonnances qui ont été establis et se gardent par le reste d'Allemagne sur le faict de la religion."—G. de Schomberg au Duc d'Anjou, Paris, February 10, 1573, in Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, etc., iv. 30*. See also the same volume, p. 2.

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in the gift of the same powers. It was possible that the crown of Poland might be secured for the Duke of Anjou.[1] That key unlocks the complicated policy of this and the succeeding year. The Polish election is the clue to the labyrinthian intrigues and royal tergiversations during the period of the interregnum. Sigismund Augustus, last of the Jagellons, had died on the 7th July, 1572.[2] The prominent candidates to succeed him were the Archduke Ernest, son of the emperor, and Henry of Anjou. The Prince of Orange was not forgotten. A strong party were in favor of compassing his election, as the most signal triumph which Protestantism could gain, but his ambition had not been excited by the prospect of such a prize. His own work required all the energies of all his life. His influence, however, was powerful, and eagerly sought by the partizans of Anjou. The Lutherans and Moravians in Poland were numerous, the Protestant party there and in Germany holding the whole balance of the election in their hands.

It was difficult for the prince to overcome his repugnance to the very name of the man whose crime had at once made France desolate and blighted the fair prospects under which he and his brother had, the year before, entered the Netherlands. Nevertheless, he was willing to listen to the statements by which the king and his ministers endeavored, not entirely without success, to remove from their reputations, if not from their souls, the guilt of deep design. It was something that the murderers now affected to expiate their offense in sackcloth and ashes; it was something that, by favoring

[1] Compare De Thou, t. vi. liv. lv.

[2] Ibid., t. vi. liv. liii. 448.

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the pretensions of Anjou, and by listening with indulgence to the repentance of Charles, the siege of Rochelle could be terminated, the Huguenots restored to freedom of conscience, and an alliance with a powerful nation established by aid of which the Netherlands might once more lift their heads.[1] The French government, deeply hostile to Spain, both from passion and policy, was capable of rendering much assistance to the revolted provinces. "I entreat you most humbly, my good master," wrote Schomberg to Charles IX., "to beware of allowing the electors to take into their heads that you are favoring the affairs of the King of Spain in any manner whatsoever. Commit against him no act of open hostility, if you think that imprudent; but look sharp, if you do not wish to be thrown clean out of your saddle. I should split with rage if I should see you, in consequence of the wicked calumnies of your enemies, fail to secure the prize."[2] Orange was induced, therefore, to accept, however distrustfully, the expression of a repentance which was to be accompanied with healing measures. He allowed his brother Louis to resume negotiations with Schomberg in Germany. He drew up and transmitted to him the outlines of a treaty which he was willing to make with Charles.[3] The main conditions of this arrangement illustrated the disinterested character of the man. He stipulated that the King of France should immediately make peace with his subjects, declaring expressly that he had been abused by those who, under

[1] Letters in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. part ii., passim. Compare De Thou, t. vi. liv. liii. and lv., et al.

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 15*, 16*.

[3] Ibid., iv. 116–118.

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pretext of his service, had sought their own profit at the price of ruin to the crown and people. The king should make religion free. The edict to that effect should be confirmed by all the parliaments and estates of the kingdom, and such confirmations should be distributed without reserve or deceit among all the princes of Germany. If his Majesty were not inclined to make war for the liberation of the Netherlands, he was to furnish the Prince of Orange with one hundred thousand crowns at once, and every three months with another hundred thousand. The prince was to have liberty to raise one thousand cavalry and seven thousand infantry in France. Every city or town in the provinces which should be conquered by his arms, except in Holland or Zealand, should be placed under the scepter and in the hands of the King of France. The provinces of Holland and Zealand should also be placed under his protection, but should be governed by their own gentlemen and citizens. Perfect religious liberty and maintenance of the ancient constitutions, privileges, and charters were to be guaranteed "without any caviling whatsoever."[1] The Prince of Orange, or the estates of Holland or Zealand, were to reimburse his Christian Majesty for the sums which he was to advance. In this last clause was the only mention which the prince made of himself, excepting in the stipulation that he was to be allowed a levy of troops in France. His only personal claims were to enlist soldiers to fight the battles of freedom, and to pay their expense if it should not be provided for by the estates. At nearly the same period he furnished his

[1] "Sans contredit ou cavillation quelconque."—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, iv. 118.

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secret envoys, Lumbres and Dr. Taijaert, who were to proceed to Paris, with similar instructions.[1]

The indefatigable exertions of Schomberg, and the almost passionate explanations on the part of the court of France, at length produced their effect. "You will constantly assure the princes," wrote the Duke of Anjou to Schomberg, "that the things written to you concerning that which had happened in this kingdom are true; *that the events occurred suddenly*, without having been in any manner premeditated; that neither the king nor *myself have ever had any intelligence with the King of Spain* against those of the religion, and that all is utter imposture which is daily said on this subject to the princes."[2]

Count Louis required peremptorily, however, that the royal repentance should bring forth the fruit of salvation for the remaining victims. Out of the nettles of these dangerous intrigues his fearless hand plucked the "flower of safety" for his downtrodden cause. He demanded not words, but deeds, or at least pledges. He maintained with the agents of Charles and with the monarch himself the same hardy skepticism which was manifested by the Huguenot deputies in their conferences with Catherine de' Medici. "Is the word of a king," said the dowager to the commissioners, who were insisting upon guaranties—"is the word of a king not sufficient?" "No, madame," replied one of them—"*by St. Bartholomew*, no!"[3] Count Louis told Schomberg roundly, and repeated it many times, that he must have

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 109–124, and 43*–48*. Compare De Thou, t. vi. liv. lv. 593 et seq.

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 26*, 27*.

[3] Vide Raumer, Gesch. Eur., ii. 265.

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in a very few days a categorical response, "not to consist in words alone, but in deeds, and that he could not, and would not, risk forever the honor of his brother, nor the property, blood, and life of those poor people who favored the cause."[1]

On the 23d March, 1573, Schomberg had an interview with Count Louis, which lasted seven or eight hours. In that interview the enterprises of the count, "which," said Schomberg, "are assuredly grand and beautiful," were thoroughly discussed, and a series of conditions, drawn up partly in the hand of one, partly in that of the other negotiator, definitely agreed upon.[2] These conditions were on the basis of a protectorate over Holland and Zealand for the King of France, with sovereignty over the other places to be acquired in the Netherlands. They were in strict accordance with the articles furnished by the Prince of Orange. Liberty of worship for those of both religions, sacred preservation of municipal charters, and stipulation of certain annual subsidies on the part of France in case his Majesty should not take the field, were the principal features.[3]

Ten days later Schomberg wrote to his master that the count was willing to use all the influence of his family to procure for Anjou the crown of Poland,[4] while Louis, having thus completed his negotiations with the agent, addressed a long and earnest letter to the royal principal.[5] This remarkable despatch was stamped throughout with the impress of the writer's frank and fearless character. "Thus diddest thou" has rarely

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 38*.
[2] Ibid., iv. 43* et seq.
[3] Ibid., iv. 43*–48*.
[4] Ibid., iv. 53*, 54*.
[5] June 1, 1573. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 81*–90*.

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been addressed to anointed monarch in such unequivocal tones. The letter painted the favorable position in which the king had been placed previously to the fatal summer of 1572. The Queen of England was then most amicably disposed toward him, and inclined to a yet closer connection with his family. The German princes were desirous to elect him King of the Romans, a dignity for which his grandfather had so fruitlessly contended. The Netherlanders, driven to despair by the tyranny of their own sovereign, were eager to throw themselves into his arms. All this had been owing to his edict of religious pacification. How changed the picture now! Who now did reverence to a king so criminal and so fallen? "Your Majesty to-day," said Louis, earnestly and plainly, "is near to ruin. The state, crumbling on every side and almost abandoned, is a prey to any one who wishes to seize upon it; the more so because your Majesty, having, by the late excess and by the wars previously made, endeavored to force men's consciences, is now so destitute, not only of nobility and soldiery but of that which constitutes the strongest column of the throne, the love and good wishes of the lieges, that your Majesty resembles an ancient building propped up, day after day, with piles, but which it will be impossible long to prevent from falling to the earth."[1] Certainly here were wholesome truths told in straightforward style.

The count proceeded to remind the king of the joy which the "Spaniard, his mortal enemy," had conceived from the desolation of his affairs, being assured that he

[1] "Qu'elle resemble à ung viel bastiment qu'on appuye tous les jours de quelques pillotis, mais enfin on ne le peult empescher de tomber."—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 85*.

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should, by the troubles in France, be enabled to accomplish his own purposes without striking a blow.[1] This, he observed, had been the secret of the courtesy with which the writer himself had been treated by the Duke of Alva at the surrender of Mons.[2] Louis assured the king, in continuation, that if he persevered in these oppressive courses toward his subjects of the new religion, there was no hope for him, and that his two brothers would to no purpose take their departure for England and for Poland, leaving him with a difficult and dangerous war upon his hands. So long as he maintained a hostile attitude toward the Protestants in his own kingdom, his fair words would produce no effect elsewhere. "We are beginning to be vexed," said the count, "with the manner of negotiation practised by France. Men do not proceed roundly to business there, but angle with their dissimulation as with a hook."[3]

He bluntly reminded the king of the deceit which he had practised toward the admiral—a sufficient reason why no reliance could in future be placed upon his word. Signal vengeance on those concerned in the attempted assassination of that great man had been promised, in the royal letters to the Prince of Orange, just before St. Bartholomew. "Two days afterward," said Louis, "*your Majesty took that vengeance, but in rather ill fashion.*"[4] It was certain that the king was surrounded by men who desired to work his ruin, and who, for their

[1] Groen v. Prinst, Archives, etc., iv. 85*.

[2] Letter of Count Louis to Charles IX., June 1, 1573, Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 86*.

[3] "Descouvrant qu'on ne procède point rondement et ne sert-on que de dissimulation, comme ung hameçon."—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 87*.

[4] "A deux jours de là elle la fist assez mal."—Ibid., 88*.

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own purposes, would cause him "*to bathe still deeper than he had done before in the blood of his subjects.*[1] This ruin his Majesty could still avert by making peace in his kingdom, and by ceasing to torment his poor subjects of the religion."[2]

In conclusion, the count, with a few simple but eloquent phrases, alluded to the impossibility of chaining men's thoughts. The soul, being immortal, was beyond the reach of kings. Conscience was not to be conquered, nor the religious spirit imprisoned. This had been discovered by the Emperor Charles, who had taken all the cities and great personages of Germany captive, but who had nevertheless been unable to take religion captive. "That is a sentiment," said Louis, "*deeply rooted in the hearts of men, which is not to be plucked out by force of arms.* Let your Majesty, therefore, not be deceived by the flattery of those who, like bad physicians, keep their patients in ignorance of their disease, whence comes their ruin."[3]

It would be impossible, without insight into these private and most important transactions, to penetrate the heart of the mystery which inwrapped at this period the relations of the great powers with each other. Enough has been seen to silence forever the plea, often entered in behalf of religious tyranny, that the tyrant acts in obedience to a sincere conviction of duty; that, in performing his deeds of darkness, he believes himself to be accomplishing the will of Heaven. Here we have seen Philip offering to restore the Prince of Orange and to establish freedom of religion in the Netherlands,

[1] "Mais pour le faire, plus que devant, baigner au sang de ses subjetstz."—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 89*.

[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., iv. 90*.

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if by such promises he can lay hold of the imperial diadem. Here also we have Charles IX. and his mother—their hands reeking with the heretic blood of St. Bartholomew—making formal engagements with heretics to protect heresy everywhere, if by such pledges the crown of the Jagellons and the hand of Elizabeth can be secured.

While Louis was thus busily engaged in Germany, Orange was usually established at Delft. He felt the want of his brother daily,[1] for the solitude of the prince, in the midst of such fiery trials, amounted almost to desolation. Not often have circumstances invested an individual with so much responsibility and so little power. He was regarded as the protector and father of the country, but from his own brains and his own resources he was to furnish himself with the means of fulfilling those high functions. He was anxious thoroughly to discharge the duties of a dictatorship without grasping any more of its power than was indispensable to his purpose. But he was alone on that little isthmus, in single combat with the great Spanish monarchy. It was to him that all eyes turned during the infinite horrors of the Haarlem siege and in the more prosperous leaguer of Alkmaar. What he could do he did. He devised every possible means to succor Haarlem, and was only restrained from going personally to its rescue by the tears of the whole population of Holland. By his decision and the spirit which he diffused through the country, the people were lifted to a pitch of heroism by which Alkmaar was saved. Yet, during all this harassing period, he had no one to lean upon but himself. "Our affairs are in pretty good condition in Holland

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 74, 177, 191.

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and Zealand," he wrote, "if I only had some aid. 'T is impossible for me to support alone so many labors, and the weight of such great affairs as come upon me hourly —financial, military, political. I have no one to help me, not a single man, wherefore I leave you to suppose in what trouble I find myself."[1]

For it was not alone the battles and sieges which furnished him with occupation and filled him with anxiety. Alone he directed in secret the politics of the country, and, powerless and outlawed though he seemed, was in daily correspondence not only with the estates of Holland and Zealand, whose deliberations he guided, but with the principal governments of Europe. The estates of the Netherlands, moreover, had been formally assembled by Alva in September, at Brussels, to devise ways and means for continuing the struggle.[2] It seemed to the prince a good opportunity to make an appeal to the patriotism of the whole country. He furnished the province of Holland, accordingly, with the outlines of an address which was forthwith despatched, in their own and his name, to the general assembly of the Netherlands.[3] The document was a nervous and rapid review of the course of late events in the provinces, with a cogent statement of the reasons which should influence them all to unite in the common cause against the common enemy. It referred to the old affection and trueheartedness with which they had formerly regarded each other, and to the certainty that the Inquisition would be forever established in the land, upon the ruins of all their ancient institutions, unless they now united to

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 191.

[2] Bor, vi. 459.

[3] See the Address in Bor, vi. 459–464.

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overthrow it forever. It demanded of the people, thus assembled through their representatives, how they could endure the tyranny, murders, and extortions of the Duke of Alva. The princes of Flanders, Burgundy, Brabant, or Holland had never made war or peace, coined money, or exacted a stiver from the people without the consent of the estates. How could the nation now consent to the daily impositions which were practised? Had Amsterdam and Middelburg remained true, had those important cities not allowed themselves to be seduced from the cause of freedom, the northern provinces would have been impregnable. "'T is only by the Netherlands that the Netherlands are crushed," said the appeal. "Whence has the Duke of Alva the power of which he boasts, but from yourselves—from Netherland cities? Whence his ships, supplies, money, weapons, soldiers? From the Netherland people. Why has poor Netherland thus become degenerate and bastard? Whither has fled the noble spirit of our brave forefathers, that never brooked the tyranny of foreign nations, nor suffered a stranger even to hold office within our borders? If the little province of Holland can thus hold at bay the power of Spain, what could not all the Netherlands—Brabant, Flanders, Friesland, and the rest united—accomplish?[1] In conclusion, the States-General were earnestly adjured to come forward like brothers in blood, and join hands with Holland, that together they might rescue the fatherland and restore its ancient prosperity and bloom.[2]

At almost the same time the prince drew up and put in circulation one of the most vigorous and impassioned productions which ever came from his pen. It was en-

[1] Address, etc., Bor, vi. 461. [2] Ibid., vi. 464.

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titled an "Epistle, in form of supplication, to his Royal Majesty of Spain, from the Prince of Orange and the estates of Holland and Zealand."[1] The document produced a profound impression throughout Christendom. It was a loyal appeal to the monarch's loyalty—a demand that the land privileges should be restored, and the Duke of Alva removed. It contained a startling picture of his atrocities and the nation's misery, and with a few energetic strokes demolished the pretense that these sorrows had been caused by the people's guilt. In this connection the prince alluded to those acts of condemnation which the governor-general had promulgated under the name of pardons, and treated with scorn the hypothesis that any crimes had been committed for Alva to forgive. "We take God and your Majesty to witness," said the "Epistle," "that if we have done such misdeeds as are charged in the pardon, we neither desire nor deserve the pardon. Like the most abject creatures which crawl the earth, we will be content to atone for our misdeeds with our lives. We will not murmur, O merciful King, if we be seized one after another, and torn limb from limb, if it can be proved that we have committed the crimes of which we have been accused."[2]

After having thus set forth the tyranny of the government and the innocence of the people, the prince, in his own name and that of the estates, announced the determination at which they had arrived. "The tyrant," he continued, "would rather stain every river and brook with our blood, and hang our bodies upon every tree in

[1] "Sendbrief in forme van supplicatie 'aen Coningklijke Majesteit van Spangien, van wegen des Prinzen van Orangien en der Staten van Holland en Zealand," etc., in Bor, vi. 464–472.

[2] Ibid., vi. 469.

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the country, than not feed to the full his vengeance and steep himself to the lips in our misery. Therefore we have taken up arms against the Duke of Alva and his adherents, to free ourselves, our wives and children, from his bloodthirsty hands. If he prove too strong for us, we will rather die an honorable death and leave a praiseworthy fame than bend our necks and reduce our dear fatherland to such slavery. Herein are all our cities pledged to each other to stand every siege, to dare the utmost, to endure every possible misery, yea, rather to set fire to all our homes, and be consumed with them into ashes together, than ever submit to the decrees of this cruel tyrant."[1]

These were brave words, and destined to be bravely fulfilled, as the life and death of the writer and the records of his country proved, from generation unto generation. If we seek for the mainspring of the energy which thus sustained the prince in the unequal conflict to which he had devoted his life, we shall find it in the one pervading principle of his nature—confidence in God. He was the champion of the political rights of his country, but before all he was the defender of its religion. Liberty of conscience for his people was his first object. To establish Luther's axiom that thoughts are toll-free was his determination. The peace of Passau, and far more than the peace of Passau, was the goal for which he was striving. Freedom of worship for all denominations, toleration for all forms of faith, this was the great good in his philosophy. For himself, he had now become a member of the Calvinist or Reformed Church, having delayed for a time his public adhesion to this communion in order not to give offense to the

[1] Sendbrief, etc., Bor, vi. 471.

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Lutherans and to the emperor. He was never a dogmatist, however, and he sought in Christianity for that which unites rather than for that which separates Christians. In the course of October he publicly joined the Church at Dort.[1]

The happy termination of the siege of Alkmaar was followed, three days afterward, by another signal success on the part of the patriots. Count Bossu, who had constructed or collected a considerable fleet at Amsterdam, had, early in October, sailed into the Zuyder Zee, notwithstanding the sunken wrecks and other obstructions by which the patriots had endeavored to render the passage of the Y impracticable.[2] The patriots of North Holland had, however, not been idle, and a fleet of five-and-twenty vessels, under Admiral Dirkzoon, was soon cruising in the same waters. A few skirmishes took place, but Bossu's ships, which were larger and provided with heavier cannon, were apparently not inclined for the close quarters which the patriots sought.[3] The Spanish admiral, Hollander as he was, knew the mettle of his countrymen in a close encounter at sea, and preferred to trust to the caliber of his cannon. On the 11th October, however, the whole patriot fleet, favored by a strong easterly breeze, bore down upon the Spanish armada, which, numbering now thirty sail of all denominations, was lying off and on in the neighborhood of Horn and Enkhuizen. After a short and general engagement nearly all the Spanish fleet retired with precipitation, closely pursued by most of the patriot Dutch vessels. Five of the king's ships were eventually

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 226.
[2] Bor, vi. 455.
[3] Ibid., vi. 455, 456. Hoofd, viii. 326, 327.

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THE SEA-BEGGAR "ADMIRAL DIRKZOON" PUTTING THE SPANISH FLEET UNDER ADMIRAL BOSSO TO FLIGHT.
Drawing by W. H. Overend.

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taken; the rest effected their escape. Only the admiral remained, who scorned to yield, although his forces had thus basely deserted him.[1] His ship, the *Inquisition*,[2] for such was her insolent appellation, was far the largest and best manned of both the fleets. Most of the enemy had gone in pursuit of the fugitives, but four vessels of inferior size had attacked the *Inquisition* at the commencement of the action. Of these one had soon been silenced, while the other three had grappled themselves inextricably to her sides and prow. The four drifted together before wind and tide, a severe and savage action going on incessantly, during which the navigation of the ships was entirely abandoned. No scientific gunnery, no military or naval tactics, were displayed or required in such a conflict. It was a life-and-death combat, such as always occurred when Spaniard and Netherlander met, whether on land or water. Bossu and his men, armed in bullet-proof coats of mail, stood with shield and sword on the deck of the *Inquisition*, ready to repel all attempts to board. The Hollander, as usual, attacked with pitch hoops, boiling oil, and molten lead. Repeatedly they effected their entrance to the admiral's ship, and as often they were repulsed and slain in heaps, or hurled into the sea. The battle began at three in the afternoon, and continued without intermission through the whole night. The vessels, drifting together, struck on the shoal called the Nek, near Wydeness. In the heat of the action the occurrence was hardly heeded. In the morning twilight, John Haring

[1] Bor, vi. 456. Hoofd, viii. 326, 327. Letters of Alva to Philip, and of Bossu to Alva, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1274, and pp. 420, 421, notes.

[2] Bor, vi. 456. Hoofd, viii. 326.

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of Horn, the hero who had kept one thousand soldiers at bay upon the Diemerdyk, clambered on board the *Inquisition* and hauled her colors down. The gallant but premature achievement cost him his life. He was shot through the body and died on the deck of the ship, which was not quite ready to strike her flag. In the course of the forenoon, however, it became obvious to Bossu that further resistance was idle. The ships were aground near a hostile coast, his own fleet was hopelessly dispersed, three quarters of his crew were dead or disabled, while the vessels with which he was engaged were constantly recruited by boats from the shore, which brought fresh men and ammunition, and removed their killed and wounded. At eleven o'clock Admiral Bossu surrendered, and with three hundred prisoners was carried into Holland. Bossu was himself imprisoned at Horn, in which city he was received, on his arrival, with great demonstrations of popular hatred. The massacre of Rotterdam, due to his cruelty and treachery, had not yet been forgotten or forgiven.[1]

This victory, following so hard upon the triumph at Alkmaar, was as gratifying to the patriots as it was galling to Alva. As his administration drew to a close, it was marked by disaster and disgrace on land and sea. The brilliant exploits by which he had struck terror into the heart of the Netherlanders, at Jemmingen and in Brabant, had been effaced by the valor of a handful of Hollanders, without discipline or experience. To the patriots the opportune capture of so considerable a personage as the admiral and governor of the northern province was of great advantage. Such of the hostages

[1] Bor. Hoofd. Letters of Alva and of Bossu, ubi sup. Mendoza, x. 214.

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from Haarlem as had not yet been executed now escaped with their lives. Moreover, Sainte-Aldegonde, the eloquent patriot and confidential friend of Orange, who was taken prisoner, a few weeks later, in an action at Maaslandsluis,[1] was preserved from inevitable destruction by the same cause. The prince hastened to assure the Duke of Alva that the same measure would be dealt to Bossu as should be meted to Sainte-Aldegonde.[2] It was therefore impossible for the governor-general to execute his prisoner, and he was obliged to submit to the vexation of seeing a leading rebel and heretic in his power whom he dared not strike. Both the distinguished prisoners eventually regained their liberty.

The duke was doubtless lower sunk in the estimation of all classes than he had ever been before, during his long and generally successful life. The reverses sustained by his army, the belief that his master had grown cold toward him, the certainty that his career in the Netherlands was closing without a satisfactory result, the natural weariness produced upon men's minds by the contemplation of so monotonous and unmitigated a tyranny during so many years, all contributed to diminish his reputation. He felt himself odious alike to princes and to plebeians. With his cabinet councilors he had long been upon unsatisfactory terms. President Tisnacq had died early in the summer, and Viglius, much against his will, had been induced, provisionally, to supply his place.[3] But there was now hardly a pretense of friendship between the learned Frisian and the

[1] Hoofd, viii. 331. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1283. Meteren, iv. 85. Bor, vi. 472.

[2] Hoofd, viii. 331.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1234, p. 359, note.

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governor. Each cordially detested the other. Alva was weary of Flemish and Frisian advisers, however subservient, and was anxious to fill the whole council with Spaniards of the Vargas stamp. He had forced Viglius once more into office, only that, by a little delay, he might expel him and every Netherlander at the same moment. "Till this ancient set of dogmatizers be removed," he wrote to Philip, "with Viglius, their chief, who teaches them all their lessons, nothing will go right. 'T is of no use adding one or two Spaniards to fill vacancies; that is only pouring a flask of good wine into a hogshead of vinegar: it changes to vinegar likewise.[1] Your Majesty will soon be able to reorganize the council at a blow, so that Italians or Spaniards, as you choose, may entirely govern the country."[2]

Such being his private sentiments with regard to his confidential advisers, it may be supposed that his intercourse with his council during the year was not like to be amicable. Moreover, he had kept himself, for the most part, at a distance from the seat of government. During the military operations in Holland his headquarters had been at Amsterdam. Here, as the year drew to its close, he had become as unpopular as in Brussels. The time-serving and unpatriotic burghers, who, at the beginning of the spring, set up his bust in their houses and would give large sums for his picture in little, now broke his images and tore his portraits from their walls, for it was evident that the power of his

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1234: "Yendo los poniendo poco à poco, los que estàn gastan á los que entran, que es como hechar un jarro de buen vino en cuba de vinagre, que lo convierte luego en vinagre."

[2] Ibid.

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name was gone, both with prince and people. Yet, certainly, those fierce demonstrations which had formerly surrounded his person with such an atmosphere of terror had not slackened or become less frequent than heretofore. He continued to prove that he could be barbarous, both on a grand and a minute scale, even as in preceding years he could ordain wholesale massacres with a breath, and superintend in person the executions of individuals. This was illustrated, among other instances, by the cruel fate of Uitenhoove.[1] That unfortunate nobleman, who had been taken prisoner in the course of the summer, was accused of having been engaged in the capture of Brill, and was therefore condemned by the duke to be roasted to death before a slow fire. He was accordingly fastened by a chain, a few feet in length, to a stake, around which the fagots were lighted. Here he was kept in slow torture for a long time, insulted by the gibes of the laughing Spaniards who surrounded him, until the executioner and his assistants, more humane than their superior, despatched the victim with their spears—a mitigation of punishment which was ill received by Alva.[2] The governor had, however, no reason to remain longer in Amsterdam. Haarlem had fallen; Alkmaar was relieved; and Leyden —destined in its second siege to furnish so signal a chapter to the history of the war—was beleaguered,[3] it was true, but, because known to be imperfectly supplied, was to be reduced by blockade rather than by active operations. Don Francis Valdez was accordingly left

[1] Brandt, Hist. der Ref. in de Nederl., d. i. b. x. 546. Hoofd, viii. 433.

[2] Brandt, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[3] Bor, vi. 472.

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in command of the siege,[1] which, however, after no memorable occurrences, was raised, as will soon be related.

The duke had contracted in Amsterdam an enormous amount of debt, both public and private. He accordingly, early in November, caused a proclamation to be made throughout the city, by sound of trumpet, that all persons having demands upon him were to present their claims, in person, upon a specified day.[2] During the night preceding the day so appointed, the duke and his train very noiselessly took their departure, without notice or beat of drum.[3] By this masterly generalship his unhappy creditors were foiled upon the very eve of their anticipated triumph; the heavy accounts which had been contracted on the faith of the king and the governor remained for the most part unpaid, and many opulent and respectable families were reduced to beggary.[4] Such was the consequence of the unlimited confidence which they had reposed in the honor of their tyrant.

On the 17th of November, Don Luis de Requesens y Cuñiga, Grand Commander of St. Jago, the appointed successor of Alva, arrived in Brussels, where he

[1] Bor, vi. 472. Hoofd, viii. 330.

[2] Hoofd, viii. 329, 330.

[3] Ibid. Compare Correspondance Charles IX. and Mondoucet, Com. Roy. d'Hist., iv. 340 sqq. "Et craignant," says the envoy, "toutes sortes de personnes à qu'il est deu argent que se tenir ainsi reserré ne soit ung commencement pour peu à peu se partir tout en ung coup sans dire adieu, manquant son credit en Anvers et ailleurs comme ilz voient qu'il faict. Ce que je ne puis croyre qu'il veuille faire, et que avec la disgrace des affaires publicques qu'il laisse en mauvais estat, il veuille ainsi engager son particulier. Nous verrons," etc.

[4] Hoofd, viii. 329, 330.

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was received with great rejoicings. The duke, on the same day, wrote to the king, "kissing his feet" for thus relieving him of his functions. There was, of course, a profuse interchange of courtesy between the departing and the newly arrived governors. Alva was willing to remain a little while to assist his successor with his advice, but preferred that the grand commander should immediately assume the reins of office. To this Requesens, after much respectful reluctance, at length consented. On the 29th of November he accordingly took the oaths, at Brussels, as lieutenant-governor and captain-general, in presence of the Duke of Aerschot, Baron Berlaymont, the president of the council, and other functionaries.[1]

On the 18th of December the Duke of Alva departed from the provinces forever.[2] With his further career this history has no concern, and it is not desirable to enlarge upon the personal biography of one whose name certainly never excites pleasing emotions. He had kept his bed for the greater part of the time during the last few weeks of his government—partly on account of his gout, partly to avoid being seen in his humiliation, but mainly, it was said, to escape the pressing demands of his creditors.[3] He expressed a fear of traveling homeward through France, on the ground that he might very

[1] Bor, vi. 474. Hoofd, viii. 331. Corresp. de Philippe II., ii. 1283, 1284.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1291.

[3] ". . . il a toujours gardé le lict, soit qu'il a les gouttes, ou bien qu'il ne se veuille monstrer au monde pr mauvais succes qu'il a eus . . . il laissa le lyct sans encores passer outre, plus a ce que je veois de crainte des importunitez et demandemens d'argent dont il est fort pressé."—Corresp. Charles IX. and Mondoucet, Com. Roy. d'Hist., iv. 340 sqq.

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probably receive a shot out of a window as he went by. He complained pathetically that, after all his labors, he had not "gained the approbation of the king," while he had incurred "the malevolence and universal hatred of every individual in the country." Mondoucet, to whom he made the observation, was of the same opinion, and informed his master that the duke "had engendered such an extraordinary hatred in the hearts of all persons in the land that they would have fireworks in honor of his departure if they dared."[1]

On his journey from the Netherlands, he is said to have boasted that he had caused eighteen thousand six hundred inhabitants of the provinces to be executed during the period of his government.[2] The number of those who had perished by battle, siege, starvation, and massacre defied computation. The duke was well received by his royal master, and remained in favor until a new adventure of Don Frederick brought father and son into disgrace. Having deceived and abandoned a maid of honor, he suddenly espoused his cousin, in order to avoid that reparation by marriage which was demanded for his offense.[3] In consequence, both the duke and Don Frederick were imprisoned and banished, nor was Alva released till a general of experience was re-

[1] Corresp. de Charles IX. et Mondoucet, Com. Roy. d'Hist., iv. 340 sqq. The duke used nearly the language which the poet, at a little later epoch, was placing in the mouth of another tyrant:

> "There is no creature loves me,
> And, if I die, no soul will pity me."
>
> King Richard III.

[2] Bor, vi. 474. Hoofd, viii. 332. Reidani, l. i. 10. Apologie d'Orange, 88.

[3] Vie du Duc d'Albe, ii. Hoofd, viii. 332.

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quired for the conquest of Portugal.[1] Thither, as it were with fetters on his legs, he went. After having accomplished the military enterprise intrusted to him, he fell into a lingering fever, at the termination of which he was so much reduced that he was only kept alive by milk, which he drank from a woman's breast.[2] Such was the gentle second childhood of the man who had almost literally been drinking blood for seventy years. He died on the 12th December, 1582.[3]

The preceding pages have been written in vain if an elaborate estimate be now required of his character. His picture has been painted, as far as possible, by his own hand. His deeds, which are not disputed, and his written words, illustrate his nature more fully than could be done by the most eloquent pen. No attempt has been made to exaggerate his crimes or to extenuate his superior qualities. Virtues he had none, unless military excellence be deemed, as by the Romans, a virtue. In war, both as a science and a practical art, he excelled all the generals who were opposed to him in the Netherlands, and he was inferior to no commander in the world during the long and belligerent period to which his life belonged. Louis of Nassau possessed high reputation throughout Europe as a skilful and daring general. With raw volunteers he had overthrown an army of Spanish regulars, led by a Netherland chieftain of fame and experience; but when Alva took the field in person the scene was totally changed. The duke dealt him such a blow at Jemmingen as would have disheartened forever a less indomitable champion. Never had a defeat

[1] Vie du Duc d'Albe, Hoofd, ubi sup.
[2] Von Raumer, Gesch. Europas, iii. 170.
[3] Vie du Duc d'Albe, Hoofd, ubi sup.

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been more absolute. The patriot army was dashed out of existence, almost to a man, and its leader, naked and beggared, though not disheartened, sent back into Germany to construct his force and his schemes anew.

Having thus flashed before the eyes of the country the full terrors of his name and vindicated the ancient military renown of his nation, the duke was at liberty to employ the consummate tactics in which he could have given instruction to all the world against his most formidable antagonist. The country, paralyzed with fear, looked anxiously but supinely upon the scientific combat between the two great champions of Despotism and Protestantism which succeeded. It was soon evident that the conflict could terminate in but one way. The prince had considerable military abilities and enthusiastic courage; he lost none of his well-deserved reputation by the unfortunate issue of his campaign; he measured himself in arms with the great commander of the age, and defied him, day after day, in vain, to mortal combat. But it was equally certain that the duke's quiet game was played in the most masterly manner. His positions and his encampments were taken with faultless judgment, his skirmishes wisely and coldly kept within the prescribed control, while the inevitable dissolution of the opposing force took place exactly as he had foreseen, and within the limits which he had predicted. Nor in the disastrous commencement of the year 1572 did the duke less signally manifest his military genius. Assailed as he was at every point, with the soil suddenly upheaving all around him, as by an earthquake, he did not lose his firmness nor his perspicacity. Certainly, if he had not been so soon assisted by that other earthquake which on St. Bartholomew's day caused all Chris-

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tendom to tremble, and shattered the recent structure of Protestant freedom in the Netherlands, it might have been worse for his reputation. With Mons safe, the Flemish frontier guarded, France faithful, and thirty thousand men under the Prince of Orange in Brabant, the heroic brothers might well believe that the duke was "at their mercy." The treason of Charles IX. "smote them as with a club," as the prince exclaimed in the bitterness of his spirit. Under the circumstances, his second campaign was a predestined failure, and Alva easily vanquished him by a renewed application of those dilatory arts which he so well understood.

The duke's military fame was unquestionable when he came to the provinces, and both in stricken fields and in long campaigns he showed how thoroughly it had been deserved; yet he left the Netherlands a baffled man. The prince might be many times defeated, but he was not to be conquered. As Alva penetrated into the heart of the ancient Batavian land he found himself overmatched as he had never been before, even by the most potent generals of his day. More audacious, more inventive, more desperate than all the commanders of that or any other age, the spirit of national freedom now taught the oppressor that it was invincible, except by annihilation. The same lesson had been read in the same thickets by the Nervii to Julius Cæsar, by the Batavians to the legions of Vespasian; and now a loftier and a purer flame than that which inspired the national struggles against Rome glowed within the breasts of the descendants of the same people, and inspired them with the strength which comes from religious enthusiasm. More experienced, more subtle, more politic than Hermann; more devoted, more patient, more magnani-

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mous than Civilis, and equal to either in valor and determination, William of Orange was a worthy embodiment of the Christian national resistance of the German race to a foreign tyranny. Alva had entered the Netherlands to deal with them as with conquered provinces. He found that the conquest was still to be made, and he left the land without having accomplished it. Through the sea of blood the Hollanders felt that they were passing to the promised land. More royal soldiers fell during the seven months' siege of Haarlem than the rebels had lost in the defeat of Jemmingen and in the famous campaign of Brabant. At Alkmaar the rolling waves of insolent conquest were stayed, and the tide then ebbed forever.

The accomplished soldier struggled hopelessly with the wild and passionate hatred which his tyranny had provoked. Neither his legions nor his consummate strategy availed him against an entirely desperate people. As a military commander, therefore, he gained, upon the whole, no additional laurels during his long administration of the Netherlands. Of all the other attributes to be expected in a man appointed to deal with a free country in a state of incipient rebellion, he manifested a signal deficiency. As a financier he exhibited a wonderful ignorance of the first principles of political economy. No man before ever gravely proposed to establish confiscation as a permanent source of revenue to the state; yet the annual product from the escheated property of slaughtered heretics was regularly relied upon, during his administration, to replenish the king's treasury and to support the war of extermination against the king's subjects. Nor did statesman ever before expect a vast income from the commerce of a na-

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tion devoted to almost universal massacre. During the daily decimation of the people's lives he thought a daily decimation of their industry possible. His persecutions swept the land of those industrious classes which had made it the rich and prosperous commonwealth it had been so lately, while, at the same time, he found a "Peruvian mine," as he pretended, in the imposition of a tenth penny upon every one of its commercial transactions. He thought that a people crippled as this had been by the operations of the Blood-Council could pay ten per cent., not annually, but daily; not upon its income, but upon its capital; not once only, but every time the value constituting the capital changed hands. He had boasted that he should require no funds from Spain, but that, on the contrary, he should make annual remittances to the royal treasury at home from the proceeds of his imposts and confiscations; yet, notwithstanding these resources, and notwithstanding twenty-five millions of gold in five years sent by Philip from Madrid, the exchequer of the provinces was barren and bankrupt when his successor arrived. Requesens found neither a penny in the public treasury nor the means of raising one.

As an administrator of the civil and judicial affairs of the country, Alva at once reduced its institutions to a frightful simplicity. In the place of the ancient laws of which the Netherlanders were so proud he substituted the Blood-Council. This tribunal was even more arbitrary than the Inquisition. Never was a simpler apparatus for tyranny devised than this great labor-saving machine. Never was so great a quantity of murder and robbery achieved with such despatch and regularity. Sentences, executions, and confiscations, to

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an incredible extent, were turned out daily with appalling precision. For this invention Alva is alone responsible. The tribunal and its councilors were the work and the creatures of his hand, and faithfully did they accomplish the dark purpose of their existence. Nor can it be urged, in extenuation of the governor's crimes, that he was but the blind and fanatically loyal slave of his sovereign. A noble nature could not have contaminated itself with such slaughter-house work, but might have sought to mitigate the royal policy without forswearing allegiance. A nature less rigid than iron would at least have manifested compunction as it found itself converted into a fleshless instrument of massacre. More decided than his master, however, he seemed by his promptness to rebuke the dilatory genius of Philip. The king seemed at times to loiter over his work, teasing and tantalizing his appetite for vengeance before it should be gratified. Alva, rapid and brutal, scorned such epicureanism. He strode with gigantic steps over haughty statutes and popular constitutions, crushing alike the magnates who claimed a bench of monarchs for their jury, and the ignoble artisans who could appeal only to the laws of their land. From the pompous and theatrical scaffolds of Egmont and Horn, to the nineteen halters prepared by Master Karl to hang up the chief bakers and brewers of Brussels on their own thresholds; from the beheading of the twenty nobles on the Horse Market, in the opening of the governor's career, to the roasting alive of Uitenhoove at its close; from the block on which fell the honored head of Antony Straalen, to the obscure chair in which the ancient gentlewoman of Amsterdam suffered death for an act of vicarious mercy; from one year's end to another's;

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from the most signal to the most squalid scenes of sacrifice, the eye and hand of the great master directed, without weariness, the task imposed by the sovereign.

No doubt the work of almost indiscriminate massacre had been duly mapped out. Not often in history has a governor arrived to administer the affairs of a province where the whole population, three millions strong, had been formally sentenced to death. As time wore on, however, he even surpassed the bloody instructions which he had received. He waved aside the recommendations of the Blood-Council to mercy; he dissuaded the monarch from attempting the path of clemency, which, for secret reasons, Philip was inclined at one period to attempt. The governor had, as he assured the king, been using gentleness in vain, and he was now determined to try what a little wholesome severity could effect. These words were written immediately after the massacres at Haarlem.

With all the bloodshed at Mons and Naarden and Mechlin, and by the Council of Tumults, daily for six years long, still crying from the ground, he taxed himself with a misplaced and foolish tenderness to the people. He assured the king that when Alkmaar should be taken he would not spare a "living soul among its whole population"; and, as his parting advice, he recommended that *every city in the Netherlands should be burned to the ground*, except a few which could be occupied permanently by the royal troops.[1] On the whole, so finished a picture of a perfect and absolute tyranny has rarely been presented to mankind by history as in Alva's administration of the Netherlands.

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1276.

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The tens of thousands in those miserable provinces who fell victims to the gallows, the sword, the stake, the living grave, or to living banishment, have never been counted, for those statistics of barbarity are often effaced from human record. Enough, however, is known, and enough has been recited in the preceding pages. No mode in which human beings have ever caused their fellow-creatures to suffer was omitted from daily practice. Men, women, and children, old and young, nobles and paupers, opulent burghers, hospital patients, lunatics, dead bodies, all were indiscriminately made to furnish food for the scaffold and the stake.[1] Men were tortured, beheaded, hanged by the neck and by the legs, burned before slow fires, pinched to death with red-hot tongs, broken upon the wheel, starved, and flayed alive. Their skins, stripped from the living body, were stretched upon drums, to be beaten in the march of their brethren to the gallows.[2] The bodies of many who had died a natural death were exhumed, and their festering remains hanged upon the gibbet, on pretext that they had died without receiving the sacrament, but in reality that their property might become the legitimate prey of the treasury.[3] Marriages of long standing were dissolved by order of government, that rich heiresses might be married against their will to foreigners whom they abhorred.[4] Women and children were ex-

[1] ". . . plonderen, roven en ruiten, verjagen en verwoesten, in 't vangen en spannen, in 't bannen, verdrijven en goederen confisqueren, ja in 't branden en blanken, hangen, koppen, hacken, raeybraken met afgrijselijke tormenten pijnigen en vermoorden de ondersaten, so wel edele als onedele, arme als rijke, jonk als oud, weduwen en weesen, mannen, vrouwen en maegden."—Sendbrief in forme van supplicatie, etc., in Bor, vi. 467.

[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

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ecuted for the crime of assisting their fugitive husbands and parents with a penny in their utmost need, and even for consoling them with a letter in their exile.[1] Such was the regular course of affairs as administered by the Blood-Council. The additional barbarities committed amid the sack and ruin of those blazing and starving cities are almost beyond belief: unborn infants were torn from the living bodies of their mothers; women and children were violated by thousands, and whole populations burned and hacked to pieces by soldiers in every mode which cruelty, in its wanton ingenuity, could devise.[2] Such was the administration of which Vargas affirmed, at its close, that too much mercy—"nimia misericordia"—had been its ruin.[3]

Even Philip, inspired by secret views, became wearied of the governor, who, at an early period, had already given offense by his arrogance. To commemorate his victories, the viceroy had erected a colossal statue, not to his monarch, but to himself. To proclaim the royal pardon, he had seated himself upon a golden throne. Such insolent airs could be ill forgiven by the absolute king. Too cautious to provoke an open rupture, he allowed the governor, after he had done all his work, and more than all his work, to retire without disgrace, but without a triumph. For the sins of that administration, master and servant are in equal measure responsible.

The character of the Duke of Alva, so far as the Netherlands are concerned, seems almost like a caricature. As a creation of fiction, it would seem grotesque; yet even that hardy historical skepticism, which delights in reversing the judgment of centuries and in reëstab-

[1] Sendbrief, etc., Bor, vi. 467. [2] Ibid.
[3] Meteren, iv. 86.

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lishing reputations long since degraded to the dust, must find it difficult to alter this man's position. No historical decision is final; an appeal to a more remote posterity, founded upon more accurate evidence, is always valid; but when the verdict has been pronounced upon facts which are undisputed, and upon testimony from the criminal's lips, there is little chance of a reversal of the sentence.[1] It is an affectation of philosophical candor to extenuate vices which are not only avowed, but claimed as virtues.

[1] The time is past when it could be said that the cruelty of Alva, or the enormities of his administration, have been exaggerated by party violence. Human invention is incapable of outstripping the truth upon this subject. To attempt the defense of either the man or his measures at the present day is to convict one's self of an amount of ignorance or of bigotry against which history and argument are alike powerless. The publication of the duke's letters in the Correspondence of Simancas and in the Besançon papers, together with that compact mass of horror, long before the world under the title of "Sententien van Alva," in which a portion only of the sentences of death and banishment pronounced by him during his reign have been copied from the official records—these in themselves would be a sufficient justification of all the charges ever brought by the most bitter contemporary of Holland or Flanders. If the investigator should remain skeptical, however, let him examine the "Registre des Condamnés et Bannis à Cause des Troubles des Pays-Bas," in three, together with the records of the "Conseil des Troubles," in forty-three folio volumes, in the Royal Archives at Brussels. After going through all these chronicles of iniquity the most determined historic doubter will probably throw up the case.

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NOTE

As specimens of the songs made by the people while Alva was making their laws, the author ventures the following translations of popular ballads. The originals may be found, the one in the collection of Ernst Münch, "Niederländsches Museum," i. 125, 126; the other in Van Vloten's excellent republication of Netherland Historical Songs, "Nederlandsche Geschiedzangen," i. 393. Professor Altmeyer has also quoted them in his "Succursale du Tribunal de Sang."

Slaet op den tromele, van dirre dom deyne;
Slaet op den tromele, van dirre dom does:
Slaet op den tromele, van dirre dom deyne,
Vive le geus! is nu de loes.

De Spaensche Inquisitie, voor Godt malitie,
De Spaensche Inquisitie, als draecx bloet fel;
De Spaensche Inquisitie ghevoelt punitie,
De Spaensche Inquisitie ontvaelt haer spel.

Vive le geus! wilt christenlyk leven,
Vive le geus! houdt fraeye moet:
Vive le geus! Godt behoedt voor sneven,
Vive le geus! edel christen bloedt.

TRANSLATION

Beat the drum gaily, rubadow, rubadub;
Beat the drum gaily, rubadub, rubadow;
Beat the drum gaily, rubadow, rubadub:
Long live the Beggars! is the watchword now.

The Spanish Inquisition, without intermission,
The Spanish Inquisition has drunk our blood;

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The Spanish Inquisition—may God's malediction
Blast the Spanish Inquisition and all her brood!

Long live the Beggars! wilt thou Christ's word cherish,
Long live the Beggars! be bold of heart and hand;
Long live the Beggars! God will not see thee perish,
Long live the Beggars! O noble Christian band!

De Paus en Papisten, Gods handt doet beven,
De Paus en Papisten zyn t' eynden haer raet:
De Paus en Papisten wreet boven schreven,
Ghy Paus en Papisten, soet nu oflaet.

'T swaert is getrokken, certeyn godts wraec naect,
'T swaert is getrokken, daer Joannes a schryft;
'T swaert is getrokken, dat Apocalypsis maect, naect,
'T swaert is getrokken, ghy wert nu ontlyft.

'T onschuldig bloet dat ghy heft vergoten,
'T onschuldig bloet royt over u wraeck;
'T onschuldig bloet te storten heeft u niet verdroten,
'T onschuldig bloet dat dronct ghy met den draeck.

U vleisschen arm, daer ghy op betroude,
U vleisschen arm beschwyckt u nu;
U vleisschen arm die u huys houde,
U vleisschen arm, wyckt van u schoon.

Ernst Münch, Niederländsches Museum, i. 125, 126.

TRANSLATION

The pope and papists are shivering and shaking;
The pope and papists are at their wits' ends;
The pope and papists at God's right hand are quaking:
Pope and papists, find absolution now, my friends!

The sword is drawn now, God's waking vengeance lowers;
The sword is drawn now, the Apocalypse unrolled;
The sword is drawn now, God's sword and wrath are ours;
The sword is drawn now which Apostle John foretold.

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The innocent blood which ye 've caused to flow like water;
The innocent blood which your wicked hands hath stained;
The innocent blood cries out for blood and slaughter—
That innocent blood which, like dragons fell, ye drained.

Your fleshly arm is withering and shrinking—
Your fleshly arm which ye trusted, fierce and bold;
Your fleshly arm and the house it built are sinking;
Your fleshly arm now is marrowless and cold.

The bitter blasphemy of the following is but a faint expression of the hatred which the tyranny of Alva had excited in the popular heart. It is called the Ghent Paternoster ("Gentsch Vaderonze"), and is addressed to the Duke of Alva.

GENTSCH VADERONZE

Helsche duvel, die tot Brussel syt,
Uwen naem ende faem sy vermaledyt,
U ryck vergae sonder respyt,
Want heeft geduyrt te langen tyd.
Uwen willen sal nict gewerden,
Noch in hemel noch op erden:
Ghy beneempt ons huyden ons dagelicx broot,
Wyff ende knyderen hebben 't groote noot:
Ghy en vergeeft niemant syn schult,
Want ghy met haet ende nyt syt vervult:
Ghy en laet niemant ongetempteert,
Alle dese landen ghy perturbeert.
O hemelschen vader, die in den hemel syt,
Maeckt ons desen helschen duvel quyt,
Met synen bloedigen, valschen raet,
Daer hy meede handelt alle quaet,
En syn spaens chrychsvolk allegaer,
'T welck leeft of sy des duvels waer. Amen!

Van Vloten, Nederlandsche Geschiedzangen, i. 393.

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TRANSLATION

Our devil, who dost in Brussels dwell,
Cursed be thy name in earth and hell;
Thy kingdom speedily pass away,
Which hath blasted and blighted us many a day;
Thy will nevermore be done,
In heaven above nor under the sun.
Thou takest daily our daily bread;
Our wives and children lie starving or dead.
No man's trespasses thou forgivest;
Revenge is the food on which thou livest.
Thou leadest all men into temptation;
Unto evil thou hast delivered this nation.
Our Father, in heaven which art,
Grant that this hellish devil may soon depart,
And with him his council false and bloody,
Who make murder and rapine their daily study;
And all his savage war-dogs of Spain,
Oh, send them back to the devil, their father, again. Amen.

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